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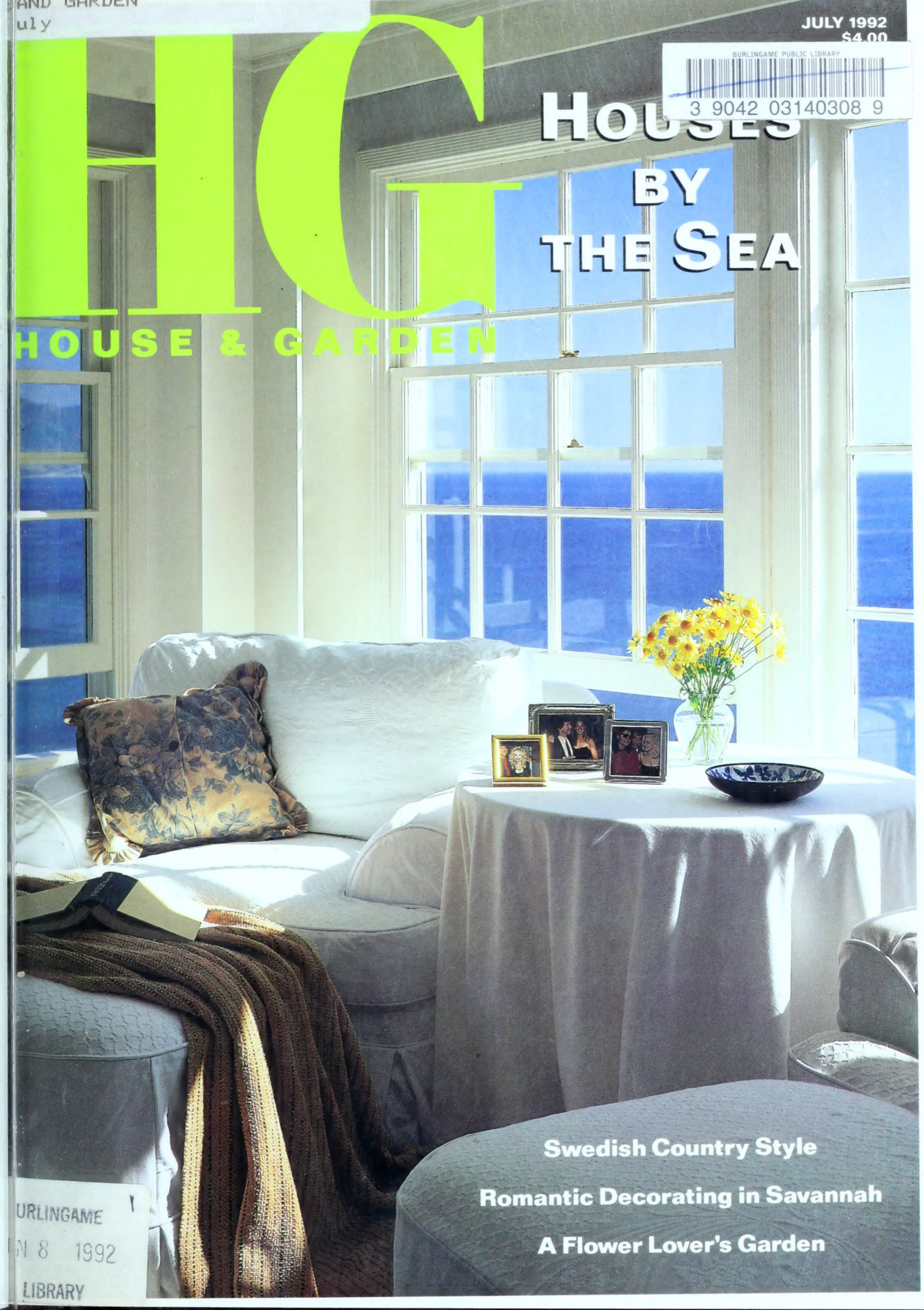
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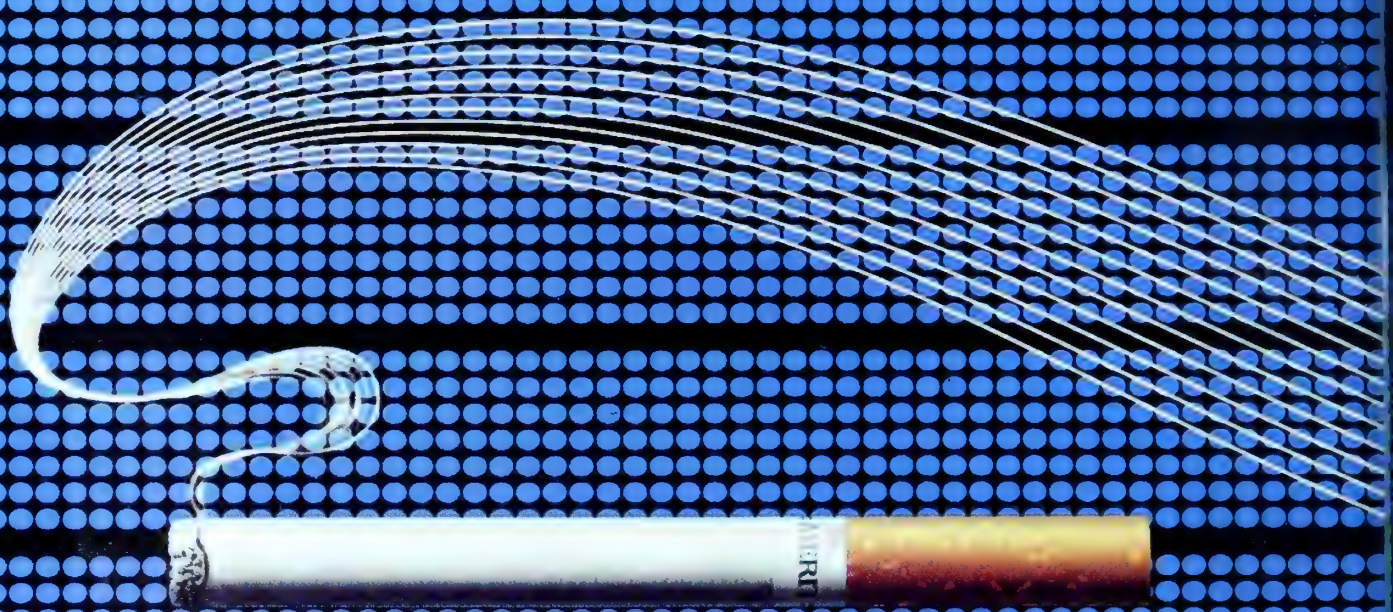
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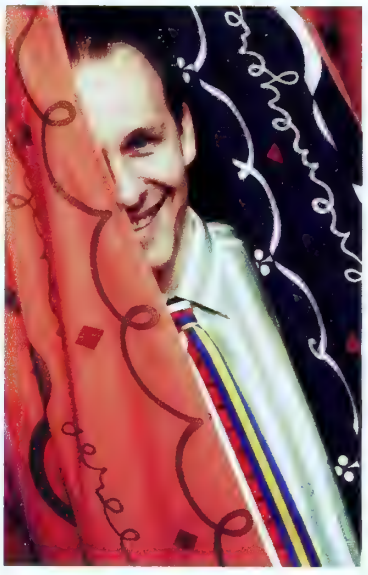




Henry Geldzahler's art-filled Southampton living room, above. Page 64. Left: Alfresco dining at the country house of Spanish decorator Paco Muñoz. Page 84.

COVER *View of the Pacific from a Malibu beach house. Page 50. Photograph by Ti Street-Porter.*





Gene Meyer with his scarves. Page 90.

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David Wingate, above, on Bermuda's Nonsuch Island, a wildlife sanctuary. Page 32. Below: Geoffrey Beene's armchair for Arkitektura. Page 46. Left: Fanciful curtain design. Page 122.



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TIMOTHY MENDELSOHN

Taraneh Tahbaz is a Madrid-based contributing editor of HG and a decorating editor of *Casa Vogue*. For this issue she ventured to the tiny medieval mountain village of Pedraza to visit the country estate of decorator Paco Muñoz, whom she credits as the "inventor of interior design in Spain." A former newspaper journalist and antiques dealer, Tahbaz is currently writing a novel.



RICHARD F

Michael Pollan focused on his own backyard landscape in *Second Nature: A Gardener's Education*, a book in which he set out to explore the garden "in the way American writers have traditionally explored the wilderness." As this month's writer in residence, Pollan shifts his attention to his 1929 mail-order house, revamped so that it relates to the garden. Executive editor of *Harper's Magazine*, Pollan is at work on a meditation about houses tentatively titled *Habitations of the Heart*.



Joan Kron, formerly editor in chief of *Avenue* magazine and the coauthor of *High-Tech*, writes about a Park Avenue apartment designed by Joe D'Urso, whose work she's been following for more than two decades. "When I first encountered D'Urso's single-minded design, I was knocked out," she says. "In this space the evolution from industrial severity to cozy eclecticism shows he's still blazing trails." An editor at large for *Allure*, Kron lives in a "previously high-tech but now postmodern" apartment in Manhattan.



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Contributors Notes



Ann Marie Valloti, a Pennsylvania-based art dealer, has spent the past twenty-five summers in Maine, where antiquing is her activity of choice. For HG's "Shopping" column she explores her favorite haunts in the Americana-rich midcoast village of Wiscasset and nearby towns. "You never know what you'll turn up in Maine," says Valloti, who is currently searching for folk art, children's books, and cherubs.



Kay Susmann came to her position as HG's editorial production manager and resident sage following a stint on the start-up of *Vanity Fair*. "The production department is where the magazine comes together," she says. "There are so many changing variables it's more like putting on a show than working on an assembly line." Susmann previously had an extensive career as a graphic designer of arts publications. She lives in Greenwich Village and spends every minute she can listening to live jazz.



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IG REPORTS ON THE NEW AND THE NOTEWORTHY By Eric Berthold

Provence has been home to the American decorator Dick Dumas (*right*) for more than ten years, but it was only in 1990 that he launched his Provençal-flavored Sun House line and only now that it is available in the U.S. "I like the Gothic spirit best," says Dumas, "as long as it doesn't become gimmicky." His designs include Gothic garden chairs (*below*) and velvet-encased Picture Stand chairs (*bottom*), as well as faux bois milking stools, marble doorstops "to keep the doors from clacking on windy days," and mirrored wall sconces (*above*) "for when the lights go out." Sun House collection, to the trade at Profiles, NYC. For stores 212-689-6903)









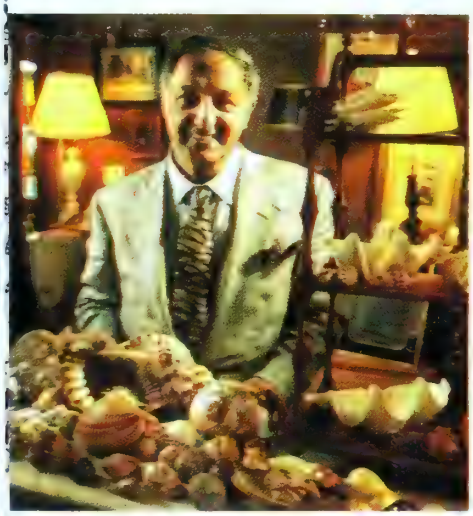
High Tied Ten-inch Les Sables jute tassel (*above*), to the trade at Houlès, (310) 652-6171.



Benchmark The oval settee and table photographed in 1913 (*above*) are produced by Weatherend Estate Furniture. For dealers (800) 456-6483.



Oceanographics Marine prints (*above*) include Seahorse at Christopher Hyland (212) 688-6121, Windemere by Brulé et Cie (310) 474-5006, and Shells at Christopher Hyland, all to the trade, atop Neptune's Treasures from Schumacher (800) 552-9255.



Prize Catch Antiques dealer Vito Giallo (*above*) displays rare and remarkable shells, 966 Madison Ave., NYC (212) 535-9885.

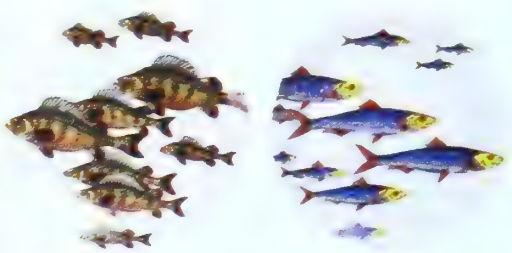
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Time Capsule Surrealism lives on in Artecnica's resin Dada clock (*below*). For stores (818) 716-9160.



Sea Fare Hand-painted table linens (*left*) designed by Lynn Chase (800) 229-9909. Glass napkin rings at ABC Carpet & Home, NYC (212) 473-3000.



Schools of Thought Fornasetti fish plates (*above*) are available to the trade at Norton Blumenthal, NYC (212) 752-2535.

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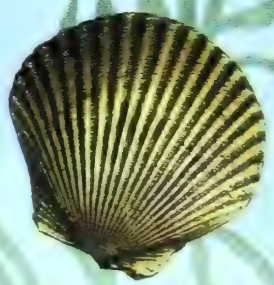
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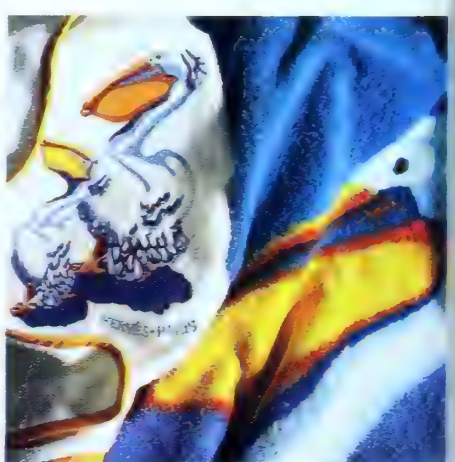
Shore Line Seashell-motif sterling flatware *(above)* by jewelry designer Angela Cummings at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC.

Tail Light Dolphin lamp in wood from La Bella Copia. To the trade at Kneedler-Fauchère, (415) 861-1011.





Shell Out Antiqued-brass cabinet hardware by Modern Objects mimics *(clockwise from above)* a scallop, sea urchin, nautilus, and starfish. For dealers (203) 845-0331.



Bathing Beauties Pelicans primp on a bath mat and oversize beach towel *(above)* in cotton terry from Hermès's Year of the Sea series. For stores (800) 441-4488.

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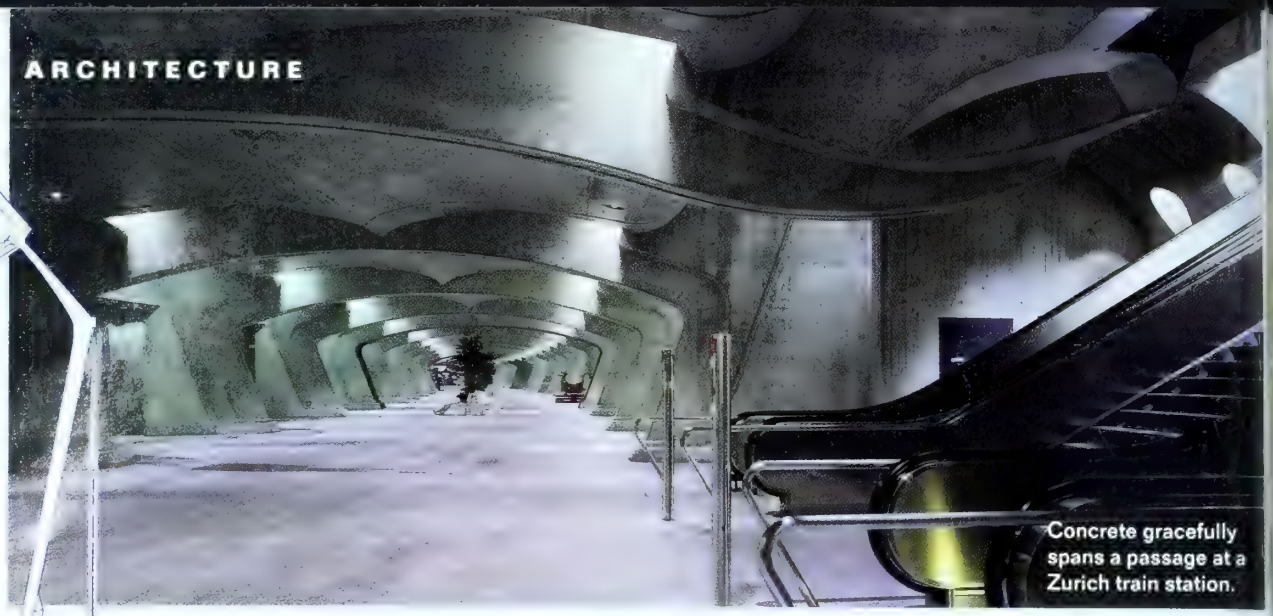


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Concrete gracefully spans a passage at a Zurich train station.

Engineering the Surreal

Fusing reason and fantasy, architect Santiago Calatrava bridges several professional worlds

BY WILLIAM BRYANT LOGAN



Bioshelter for New York's Cathedral of Saint John the Divine.

Architects are often good talkers. Even before we've seen their latest buildings we thrill to the ideas they expound, and then find theory confirmed in structure. When we look again, however, over a period of months or a year, all too soon the thrill is gone. "What did we ever see in that outsize Chippendale highboy of a skyscraper?" we wonder. But matters are otherwise with the young Spaniard Santiago Calatrava. When in 1991 he was invited, along with sixty other architects from around the world, to participate in a competition for a project to design the south transept of New York's Cathedral of Saint John the Divine, little was known of him here. In fact, it seemed a bit ludicrous that a European celebrated chiefly as an engineer—a builder of railway stations, bridges, and stadia—should compete to finish an American neo-Gothic cathedral. Yet he won the contest handily.

Calatrava's audacity wasn't in his words, it was in his plans. His model for the transept had somehow distilled the soul of Gothic geometric harmony and presented it intact to our strange, questioning time. It was as though Ralph Adams Cram's massive turn-of-the-century nave had risen lightly on its toes and done a plié. As for words, there were only a few—a quotation from Saint Matthew: "And it shall become a great tree, and the birds of the air shall nest in its branches." Whether or not this structure is ever built, it is a fair sample of Calatrava's panache. Only his forerunners Antoni Gaudí and Eugène Viollet-le-Duc could have conceived such a naked and harmonious display of the interaction between forces and materials. Looking at Calatrava's design, one is remind-





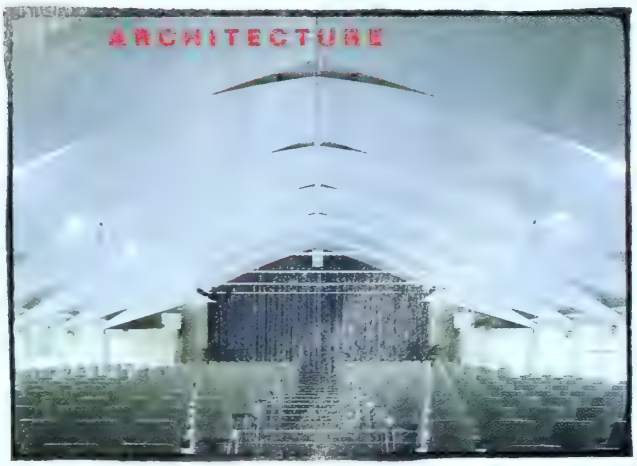


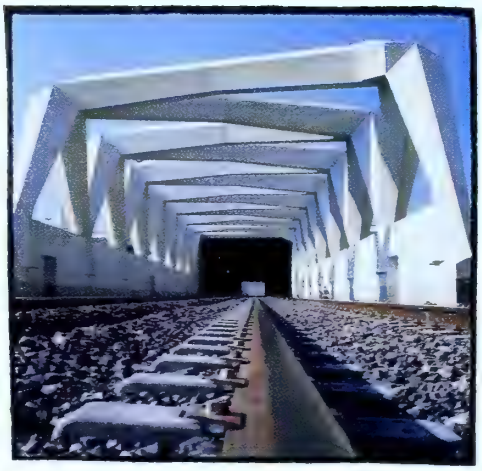
Santiago Calatrava, left. Above: The architect's daring single tilted arch helps support a bridge at Ripoll, Spain. Right: Curves echo through the Zurich station.



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ed of the pillars Gaudí planned for the nave of Barcelona's Sagrada Familia and of the strutted cantilevered structures imagined by Viollet-le-Duc.

The surprising thing is that so much of Calatrava's work to date has been built. Every piece of it contains something wild, an impulse toward beauty, movement, and laughter. There is the gigantic concrete machine built for a Swiss exposition, whose only function is to create shadows; a warehouse whose doors arch up into winged canopies; bridges in the form of a harp or a weaver's loom. The design for a bridge with an obliquely tilted arch was so extreme that some people wondered whether or not the structure could stand. Based on his work with balanced sculptural forms, however, Calatrava assured them that it would. And indeed he built the design at Ripoll in the Spanish Pyrenees, completing it in 1992. "All that is possible is permitted," says Calatrava. "That's one of the rules of the game." Not only does the bridge stand, it stands as a challenge to the sterile boredom of doctrinaire modernism and the naughty boredom of postmodernism.

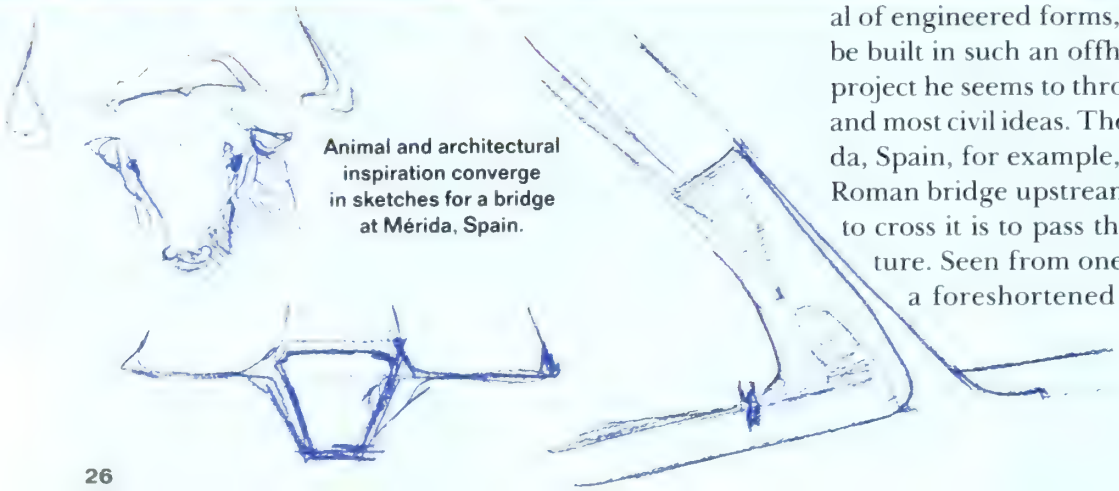
Calatrava's laughter is seri
ous. It is not thrown in you
face, but offered as a possibility
It might even point the way t
the new century. Trained firs
as an artist, then as an architect
and finally—in Switzerland—a
an engineer, he brings a fres
understanding of craft to hi
chosen profession. "Architec
ture," he says, "is made from the
inside out. The nature of the materials is decisive." O
the one hand, like a good engineer, he derives forms a
expressions of the play of forces of compression and ten
sion. On the other hand, like a good sculptor, he pushe
materials toward new and enlivening configurations. Fre
quently, a Calatrava project begins with a sculpture: chil
dren's blocks form a cantilever that seems suspended i
midair, or two granite cubes connected by a brass wire ap
pear to hover. From this suggestive ambiguity he may scal
up to a bridge with a span of 2,000 feet.

Yet Calatrava's structures do not impose themselve
on the viewer, demanding respect and submission. The
are invitations to participate in a livelier relation to the
world. He loves the English term "civil engineer" be
cause it suggests what he regards as the primary relation
ship between the structure and those whom it is built t
serve. Looking out over Manhattan, he singles out as the
premier work of civil engineering not some skyscrape
but Central Park. Perhaps for this reason, he is angry
that in recent years the design of bridges has been ne
glected. "They are by nature one of the most architectur





A winglike ribbed ceiling shelters a Swiss concert hall, above left. Above right: Sculptural trusses frame French railroad tracks. Far left: A bridge in Barcelona gives pedestrians and drivers separate but equally dramatic thoroughfares. Left: Cantilevered steel soars above a Swiss bandstand.



Animal and architectural inspiration converge in sketches for a bridge at Mérida, Spain.

al of engineered forms," he remarks. "Why should they
be built in such an offhand manner?" Into each bridge
project he seems to throw his most concentrated energy
and most civil ideas. The 1,640-foot-long bridge at Méri
da, Spain, for example, can in fact be framed by an old
Roman bridge upstream, so simple is its basic form, bu
to cross it is to pass through a whole theater of struc
ture. Seen from one end, the central arch looks like
a foreshortened parabola. As you approach it
it branches out into a nest o
crisscrossed wires; then you

Calatrava's work contains something wild, an impulse toward beauty, movement, and laughter

re inside it, with constantly changing perspectives on he pattern; and finally, as you emerge, the parabola eems to recede behind you. As with most of his bridges, Calatrava has separated the automobile and pedestrian horoughfares (as Olmsted did in Central Park), so that he rider and walker may each enjoy the experience.

Calatrava's love of bridges tells a lot about his aims. They bring together two sides that had been separate; ut of parallel melodies, as it were, bridges make possible harmony. Viollet-le-Duc praised Gothic architecture or performing just such a function. Greek architecture, e noted, was a single melody: you could extract a column and still see its beauty. Gothic, however, he conceived as a fully integrated harmony, so that no part taken out of the whole could stand alone.

Calatrava, then, is perhaps the perfect person to build a bridge, a cathedral, or any other structure that gathers people and sends them toward their hopes. Even his Zurich railway station shows this urge to integrate. Fitted into a hill, its ribbing would be a pleasure to walk through in itself, but Calatrava has made the entire station a pergola, which soon will be covered in vines, turning this central fact of urban technology into a support for the biological world. The forty-one-year-old Catalan often sketches animals, resolving the horns of a bull or the neck of a horse into the forces that govern their disposition. And at the New York cathedral he has been asked to design the project to integrate a bioshelter where trees, vines, and moss will all find their place. But his solution does not suggest a romantic return to natural form.

What is most exciting about his work is that it has nothing to do with the paralyzing dichotomy between nature and culture. He has neither Gaudí's obsession with natural curves nor the modernist fixation on the mechanics of form and function. Rather, he embraces both, then goes his own way. ("The functionalists can be so hygienic," he quips. "Their beauty is pure and clean.") Every inch a Catalan, he has an eagerness to experiment in the realm of childhood and dreams where things are both/and instead of either/or. "Why not a lobster telephone?" asks Calatrava, referring to Dali's well-known metamorphosis. "It's as legitimate as making a phone a minimal black thing that looks purely functional. Yes, you can put it up to one ear, but the part you listen to might just as well jump to the other ear and blow." He smiles after he mimes the action of a telephone blowing in someone's ear. "This is just an example of how to satisfy the need," he adds, "the need you have to live and know." ♠

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Americana the Beautiful

For midcoast Maine antiques dealers, Yankee craftsmanship is something to celebrate

BY ANN MARIE VALLOTI





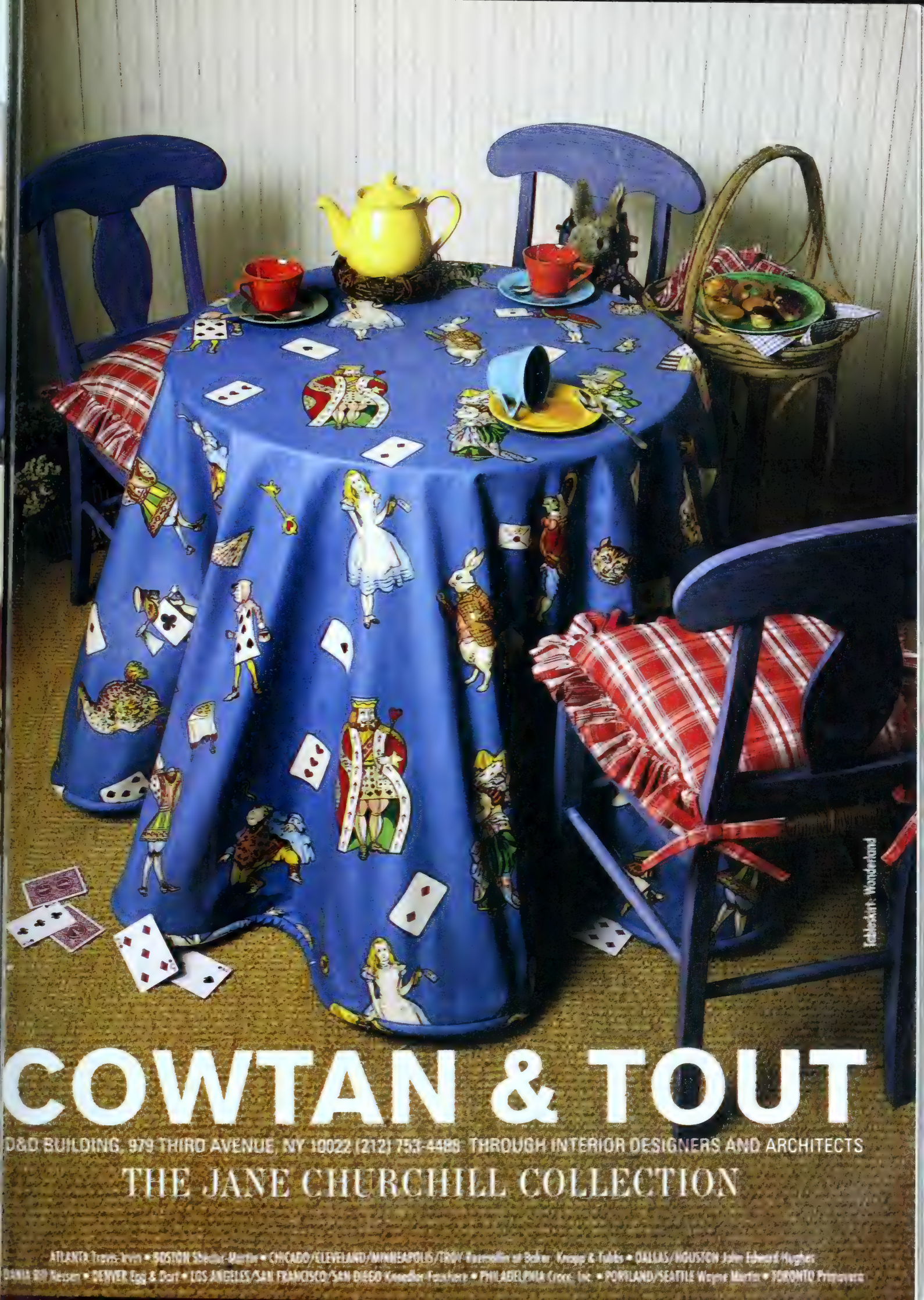


Summer and the antiques season come to midcoast Maine in late June. Yard sale signs sprout on roadsides among the lupine and Indian paintbrush, and almost every mile is marked by a flea market. But collectors in search of charm as well as choice pickings don't stop until they reach tiny Wiscasset, which unabashedly calls itself the "prettiest village in Maine." Home to a dozen antiques shops specializing in Americana, Wiscasset is also close to antiques meccas in Newcastle and Damariscotta. Here are some of the area's most tempting.

The Marston House On a spring buying trip to New England five years ago, California antiques dealer Sharon Mrozinski fell in love with Wiscasset and, in particular, with a crumbling sea captain's house at the heart of Main Street. After a quick cross-country move and weeks of nonstop renovating, Mrozinski and her architect husband, Paul, opened the Marston House on the Fourth of July and the celebration has been ongoing. During their selling season, from April to December, the front porch sports American flags, banners, pillows adorned with stars and stripes, and even patriotic birdhouses. Inside, Old Glory's colors spread across quilts, painted furniture, vintage ticking, and a pair of 1940s suede chaps. There are also Amish quilts, American samplers, and tin toys. Catering to people with houses to furnish, Mrozinski carries Thomas K. Woodard woven rugs and classic Maine upholstered furniture. In addition, she stitches bed linens from vintage fabrics and takes orders on locally made table linens. And for the shopping weary, Mrozinski operates a bed-and-breakfast in her carriage house. (Main St. at Middle St., Wiscasset, ME 04578; 207-882-6010)

Marine Antiques After twenty-seven years at the helm of Marine Antiques, John Newton is a seasoned and excellent source for ship models, figureheads, whaling journals, sea chests, camphorwood boxes—as he puts it, "Everything made or used by the seamen of yore." He can even sell you the carved mahogany gangplank that once guided passengers onto

At the Marston House, top left, owners Sharon and Paul Mrozinski, above left, put on a patriotic display. Above center: American pull toy, c. 1880, from the Marston House. Top right: John Newton of Marine Antiques stocks seaworthy relics. Above right: Marine paintings and an 1849 whaling journal. Left: Scrimshaw, c. 1880.



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The Coach House



Andrew Mellon's yacht *Enterprise*. Scrimshaw swifts, corset busks, ditty boxes, tusks, and teeth are shop staples, as are American and English marine paintings and navigational equipment—sextants, spyglasses, and lanterns. Knitting enthusiasts note that in the same building, Newton's wife, Barbara, has a shop filled with hand-spun yarns of silk wool, alpaca, mohair, and qiviut from muskox. (Rte. 1, Wiscasset, ME 04578; 207-882-7208)

The Coach House Before settling in Maine some twenty-five years ago, Bill Glennon was a playwright and theater director at the Pittsburgh Playhouse. Though he left the stage behind, Glennon's love of drama and humor is evident in his selection of stellar Americana, ranging from a child's elegant eighteenth-century Windsor chair to a calligraphy drawing of an elephant that looks "far more Democrat than Republican." Semiretired these days, Glennon still contributes inventory but leases the shop to longtime dealer Priscilla Hutchinson, who, he says, "gravitates toward the same things I do." That means folk art (figural weather vanes, schoolgirl theorems, out-of-the-ordinary tramp art) as well as country furniture with fine untouched surfaces. And Glennon and Hutchinson sell all of these things out of what many consider the best-looking barn in Maine. (Pleasant St. near Main St., Wiscasset, ME 04578; 207-882-4200)

Kaja Veilleux A Maine native who grew up helping with his father's used-furniture business, Kaja Veilleux does most of his buying from down-east families. His free appraisal service on Thursdays provides him with many opportunities to expand his inventory, which is broad and ever changing. American paintings of all sorts fill the walls of his shop overlooking the Damariscotta River, and Veilleux is particularly proud to own what he calls the "largest cat painting in the world"—an 1890 Carl Kahler tableau, measuring 8 by 10½ feet, that features forty-two life-size Persians. Veilleux also has an array of nineteenth-century sculpture (bronzes of women by women are a specialty), as well as American formal and country furniture. The only constant here is quality. (Business Rte. 1 at Newcastle Sq., Newcastle, ME 04553; 207-563-1002)

Patricia Anne Reed A former decorator and antique toy museum proprietor, Pat Reed has an eye for striking objects, from grain-painted blanket chests to four-foot vegetable parers. She can be counted on for painted furniture, fish and duck decoys, tin toys, and miniature paintings. She also has a good selection of delft, Chinese export porcelain, and Quimper. Her passion for architectural relics such as federal fan lights and Victorian brackets stems perhaps from the fact that she lives adjoining the shop in a nineteenth-century house with "more than seven gables." (Rte. 129 at School St., Damariscotta, ME 04543; 207-563-5633)

Jack Partridge Antiques Veteran dealer Jack Partridge traces his roots to the founders of Partridge's Fine Arts, the prestigious London antiques firm. Operating his own business out of a converted cow barn, Partridge and his wife, Tatiana, a fellow London transplant, sell English and American furniture of uncompromising integrity. Inventory of late has included a pair of John Linnell mahogany chests, circa 1770, that came out of Castle Howard in England; a Queen Anne maple highboy from the Crombie family of New Hampshire; and a Hepplewhite mahogany sideboard, circa 1785, with its original hardware. Also noteworthy is the Partridges' array of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century pastoral, marine, and hunting scenes in period frames. Says Jack Partridge, "Chasing paintings is my sport." (Rte. 1 at Dodge Rd., Edgecomb, ME 04556; 207-882-7745) ♠



Jack Partridge Antiques





In a former cow barn, Jack and Tatiana Partridge, below left, showcase pristine furniture such as the c. 1780 New Hampshire highboy, right. Above: A Mason's ironstone tureen, part of a service of 97 pieces, from Partridge. Top left: Bill Glennon in front of the Coach House; the interior of his shop, given over to Americana.

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Bermuda Primeval



An offshore island is transformed into a living museum for native plants and animals BY DOUGLAS BRENNER



When David Wingate stands o his porch, gazes out to sea, an says, "This is the wildest view i Bermuda," you take him at h word. A native Bermudian, he is the co ony's chief conservation office with a mandate to care for endar gered flora and fauna, encour age ecological awareness, and advise on planning—a key roles in an economy that relies on the exquisite ba ance of nature and civilization to keep visitors comin back. Wingate is also the warden and—with his compar ion, Helge, Baroness von Dittel, an amateur naturali who works with him—the sole human resident of Non such Island, a rugged fifteen-acre government natur sanctuary at the mouth of Castle Harbour. Briefly fa mous as William Beebe's headquarters for the descent o his bathysphere in 1930, Nonsuch had been the site of yellow-fever quarantine station in the nineteenth centu ry and later a reform school. Wingate began transform ing it thirty years ago into what he calls a "livin museum" for indigenous plants and animals.

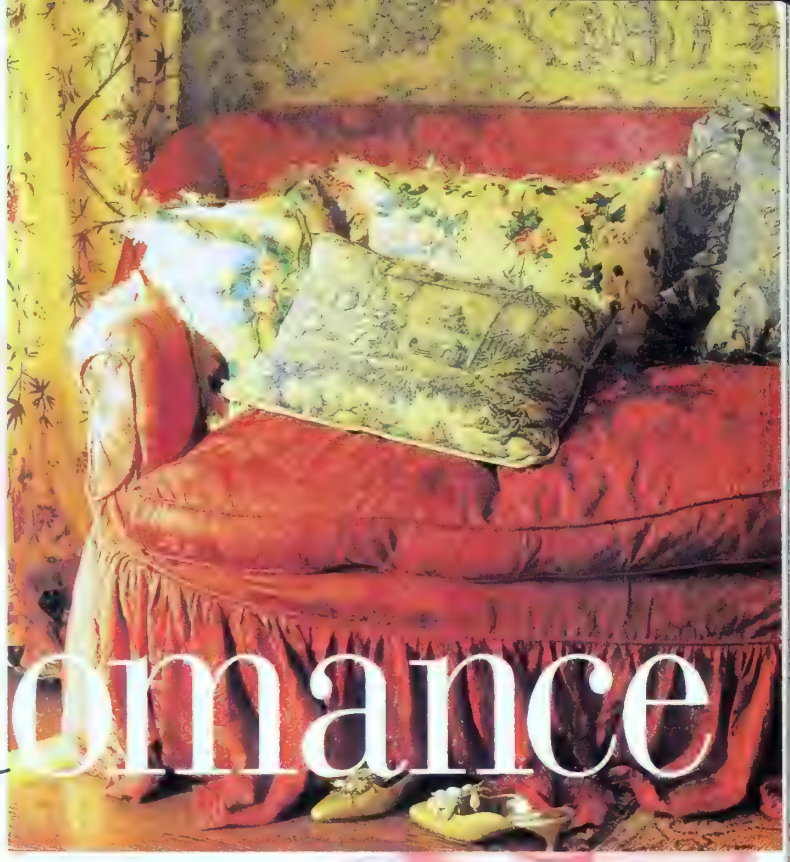
The point of his mission may bewilder travelers wh marvel at Bermuda's profusion of hibiscus and oleander the ubiquitous cry of the kiskadee, or the antics of cha meleons on every rock—all seemingly part of a scene a timeless as pink beaches and turquoise water. In fact, th flowering bushes, the bird, and the lizard are among th exotic imports that have dramatically altered the face o Bermuda ever since Spanish navigators left behind herd of pigs in the 1500s. One modern novelty, the scal insect from California, nearly wiped out the vast popula tion of Bermuda cedars shortly after World War II. B now barely five percent of the vegetation on Bermuda main island is native, and many of the animals tha thrived in an Eden devoid of predators before the arriva of man have long since grown scarce or disappeared.

It was the call of the bygone wild that first drew Davi Wingate to the Castle Harbour Islands in 1950. A school boy explorer with his first pair of field glasses, he pad dled about in a kayak, hoping to find traces of th legendary cahow, or Bermuda petrel, a once-abundan sea bird then believed to have been extinct since the sev enteenth century. Pigs, cats, dogs, and rats brought b man had quickly rooted out the eggs cahows laid in earth burrows; blinded by firelight, the nocturnal adult birds walked right into open hearths—divine providence i the eyes of famine-stricken settlers. For later generations the cahow became an emblem of precolonial paradise lost. Still, tantalizing clues led naturalists to hope, against all odds, that a few survivors might yet exist, flying in from the open seas under cover of night to breed in some remote hideaway. In 1951, with sixteen-year-old Win-

David Wingate, above left, scans the Castle Harbour Islands, top left, from his porch on Nonsuch. He set out to save the nearly extinct cahow, or Bermuda petrel, inset top, when he was sixteen. Left: The shoreline of Nonsuch, where Wingate has reintroduced sea turtles.



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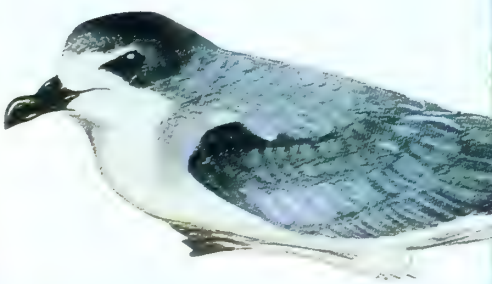


gate looking on, ornithologist Robert Cushman Murphy noosed a live bird from a crevice on one of Nonsuch's offshore islets and cried out, "By gad, the cahow!" Recalls Wingate, "It was as if a dodo had been rediscovered in some sinkhole in Mauritius. Saving the cahow instantly became my fixed aim."

His resolve was confirmed when he returned to Bermuda in 1957, after studying zoology at Cornell, and heard that there was an opening for a caretaker to live on Nonsuch Island, which was about to be declared a bird sanctuary. With repairs, a small derelict building made an airy house for Wingate, who cheerfully made do without electricity or telephone. More daunting was the bleak landscape: nothing but rocks and crabgrass and the skeletons of cedars killed by the blight. No cahows nested on Nonsuch, conditioned as they were to breeding on far more precarious rocky islets. Wingate's decision to turn his island into a habitat where the cahow would someday come back to burrow in the soil almost inevitably led to the creation of the living museum.

Saving Bermuda's native species is a "hold-your-breath struggle," says Wingate. "But we may be making progress"





Single-handedly, he planted seedlings from some of the last Bermuda cedars on the main island, followed by Bermuda palmettos, olivewood, white stopper, and other primeval stalwarts, most of which arrived in cans loaded into Wingate's open skiff. The maturing woodland has since weathered hurricanes that felled nonnative trees elsewhere in the islands, confirming the value of Nonsuch as an environmental laboratory for all Bermuda.

Wingate has also expanded his microecosystem to include two man-made marshes: one saltwater and one fresh. Sources for appropriate wildlife were as close at hand as a pond on a nearby island—a bucketful of pond water is rich in insect and fish eggs—or as far afield as a Costa Rican turtle colony or a Florida heron rookery. Yellow-crown night heron nestlings, shipped from Tampa Bay in the 1970s, not only reintroduced a species exterminated in Bermuda long ago but also proved to have a voracious appetite for the land crabs that plagued Bermuda golf courses. Night herons on the links soon became vivid advertisements for the practical benefits of Wingate's efforts. He hopes that edible whelks, now reproducing along the Nonsuch shoreline, may one day be plentiful enough to become a staple in local kitchens.

One of the best places to view wildlife on Nonsuch is a rustic blind near the freshwater marsh. "I can bring in



Wingate leaves Nonsuch, left, for a nesting site, top left, where he checks one of the concrete burrows he calls "government housing" for cahows. Above: A man-made freshwater marsh on Nonsuch. Inset center: Cahow from a series of seabird portraits by Wingate.

enty noisy kids to watch the herons the and none of the birds is disrbed," Wingate says. His goal is to ave every schoolchild in Bermuda sit the island—shepherded in roups down well-marked paths—as art of his or her primary education. otherwise, because the creatures he nares the island with are all too easi- disturbed, access is restricted. Vingate encourages grown-up birdatchers and other nature buffs to ek through the main-island preerves, which command most of his rofessional attention as conservaon officer—the sixty-acre Spittal ond sanctuary, for instance, "which enerally supports more waterfowl nan all other marshes in Bermuda ombined." Native-plant seekers will nd collections at the Botanical Gardens and Montpelier Arboretum ear Hamilton, the capital.

The most eagerly awaited visitor to Nonsuch Island is, of course, the cahow—and the wait could be a long one. The entire known population otals fewer than fifty breeding pairs, ach of which produces one chick in season, and all of the birds instinctively return to existing colonies. To help those whose nests have been destroyed or who cannot find suitable ites, Wingate constructs concrete nest tunnels he calls "government housing." He has fitted all nests with baffles to keep out larger intruders, uch as the native longtail, or white-ailed tropic bird. Recently, though, alarmed by rising tides, which may result from global warming and which have already started to flood he cahow's present breeding ground, Wingate is considering using recordd calls to trick the birds into making he leap to safer Nonsuch.

"The living museum won't really be completed until the cahow colonizes this ecosystem," he says. "I don't expect to see it in my lifetime, but then I never expected to see yellow-crown night herons raising their young in cedars I transplanted from gallon cans. It's an ongoing hold-your-breath struggle. But if you take the long long perspective, we may actually be making progress." ♠

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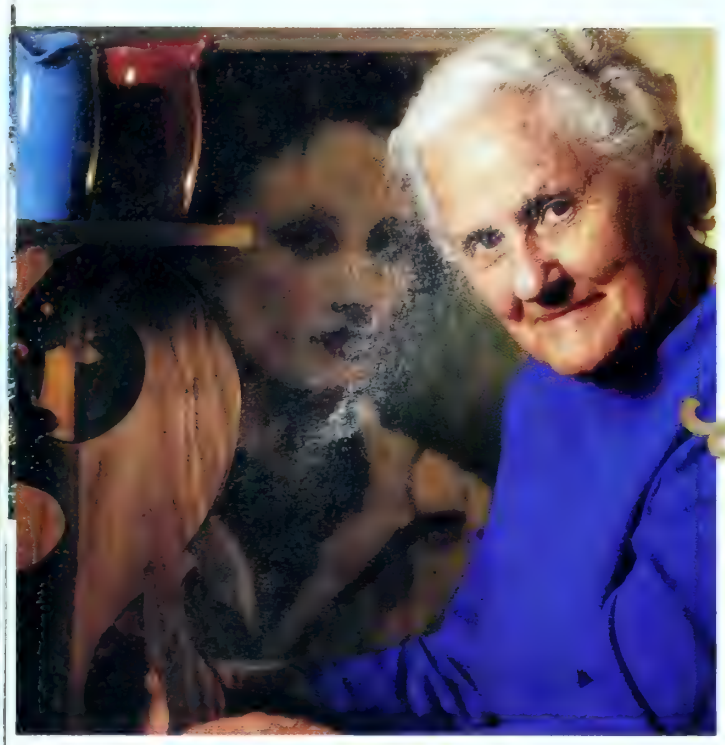
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Eva Zeisel's Second Coming

At eighty-five, a master designer has a renewed sense of mission

BY EVE M. KAHN

Pouring tea for constant rounds of visitors in her Biedermeier-packed Manhattan apartment, Eva Zeisel seems ageless: her once-chestnut hair has turned a majestic silver, her hands are only faintly gnarled with her eighty-five years, and her gaze is as searching as ever. Her sleek dinnerware ruled American tables throughout the forties and fifties, but nostalgia for past glory does not interest her. She would far prefer to discuss the foibles of contemporary design or show off photos of the new china and furniture she is now creating.

"A designer never rests," she says. This fall, Palazzetti will introduce Zeisel tables, candlesticks, a bell-trimmed ornament, a coatrack, and a screen, all with playful flared profiles that evoke bird heads, dolphin snouts, and ivy leaves. Palazzetti will also produce an ingenious chair based on her 1950 prototype with squiggly tubular-steel sides and a taut seat in fake fur or sailcloth. And she has resumed designing ceramics. All of the work is imbued with her signature exuberance, a quality she finds perplexingly rare in recent design. "Memphis, postmodernism, deconstructionism, these are attempts to eradicate what has come before. They derive from negativity, from an urge to be different and not from a desire simply to give happiness in their own right," she says, shaking her head. "For years I have been saying, 'Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice!'—and it seems I must continue."

Zeisel herself has lived by that motto; she has been battling aesthetic severity since the early 1920s, when she threw her first pots in her native Hungary. Her early works combined Central European folk with Wiener Werkstätte motifs: geometric reliefs studded their sides and their rims undulated neatly. Her haute bourgeoisie family supported her unexpected taste for hard labor, and with their encouragement she took a series of jobs at German and Hungarian ceramics factories. By age twenty-three she was designing for a large Berlin pottery firm and dabbling in Bauhaus doctrine. At the time her plates and ashtrays were boxy, her spherical pitchers and creamers shaved flat at the sides; only the gracefully curved handles hint that she was not quite committed. In 1932 she moved to the Soviet Union on a whim, there rising to art director of the Russian Republic's china and glass industry and spending sixteen months in prison for allegedly conspiring to murder Stalin. (She had taken a vacation in France, where Trotsky lived, and was falsely accused of carrying messages to and from him.)

The Soviets released her in 1937—she has never known exactly why, although the frantic urgings of in-





Zeisel, top left, with a 1930 self-portrait and 1947 vases on a new table to be produced by Palazzetti. Other designs that will be available from Palazzetti include Zeisel's bell-trimmed ornament, top right, coatrack, center, and tubular-steel chair, above left. Above: Museum dinnerware, 1946, from Castleton. Details see Resources.

luential family friends probably elped. The next year she and her ew husband, Hans Zeisel—a law nd sociology professor she had met n Germany—emigrated to New ork, where she pursued success re-ntlessly. Throughout the forties nd fifties major manufacturers like astleton, Red Wing, and Hall hired ier, and several craftsmen and mod-l makers were laboring in her base-nent studio on Manhattan's Upper West Side. Zeisel designed by instinct hen, as she does now, molding hapes until her fingers deemed hem just right and examining pro-otypes from all angles. Ameri-ans responded by buying millions of her greatest hits: earth tone salt nd pepper shakers that look like uzzling gourds, slim pitchers with drooping rims, and, most popular of ll, white dinnerware with contours hat always curl just a little further han you expect.

"Then the Vietnam War came and distracted everybody from design, ncluding me," Zeisel says. She retired, spent the next two decades researching arcane corners of American history—including the kangaroo trial and hanging of some innocent New Yorkers in the eighteenth century on charges of conspiring to burn down the city—and then let design draw her back in the early eighties. "My hands remembered something," she says. She was also reacting against contemporary design: "There has been so much patricidal sarcasm, so many empty efforts to mock one's forebears."

> "My new pieces were done swiftly but with control. Change an inch and you spoil them, and yet they have great joie de vivre"

Recovering now from the death last spring of her husband—who, like her, was still producing seminal work in his seventies and eighties—Zeisel takes comfort in her usual routines, dividing her time between her New York City apartment near Columbia University and her woods-enclosed airy studio in Rockland County. She sketches on trains and planes and in taxis—"I am always doodling"—and she is also writing a book, summarizing seven decades of experience, to be called *The Magic Language of Design*. Firm opinions fill chapters with titles like "From Compact to Lacy" or "From Melted to Crisp," and the text emphasizes, above all, the illusion of spontaneity. "Design must look effortless and somewhat obvious, it simply must," says Zeisel. "My new pieces, for instance, were done swiftly but with great control. You change a sixteenth of an inch and you spoil them, and yet they have great joie de vivre. Where it comes from, at my age, I cannot explain, but it is surely there." ▲

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The Urbane Village

Memories of Charleston and Saint Augustine echo in a new Florida town BY PILAR VILADAS



Windsor, top, boasts hundreds of acres of open land, including a golf course by Robert Trent Jones Jr. Above: The loggia of Scott Merrill's Sideyard House overlooks a courtyard and pool.

The drive north on A1A from Vero Beach, Florida, seems like an unbroken stretch of so-called golf communities where expensive cookie-cutter houses stand in splendid isolation—a latter-day suburbia seemingly airlifted onto that lush strip of land between the Indian River and the Atlantic Ocean. But just up the road, a different kind of community is taking shape, one that will feel more like a town than a tract: Windsor. Its planners, Miami architects Andres Duany and Elizabeth Plater-Zyberk—who reintroduced America to old-fashioned town planning a decade ago with Seaside, their Florida Panhandle resort—describe Windsor as a resort village "designed in the urban tradition of the Caribbean."

The three hundred or so dwellings that will eventually be built in Windsor (between two polo fields and a championship golf course designed by Robert Trent Jones Jr.) will radiate out from a village center (which will have a general store, post office, inn, restaurant, café, offices, and apartments) in a tight traditional grid of crushed-shell—not paved—streets that range in width from a fairly grand one hundred feet to an intimate alleylike twenty-eight. Small squares and green spaces are plentiful, and almost everything will be within walking distance.

But what is really remarkable about Windsor's plan is its proposed dense fabric of urban walls. With the exception of the beach cottages and the houses that overlook the golf course, most houses in Windsor must be built out to the property lines, as must their continuous garden walls. The result will be a village of courtyard and garden houses in the tradition of the historic towns of Charleston and Saint Augustine where enclosed spaces and deep porches, overhangs, and balconies provide relief from the tropical climate.

The handful of houses that have been built to date at Windsor reflect these concerns. A Sideyard House, designed by town architect Scott Merrill and decorated in a suitably modest, almost classical way by John Stefanidis, is typical of its type, with a narrow walled street façade and a front door that opens directly into the garden and covered loggia. In the Saint Augustine tradition its masonry ground floor is topped by a wooden second story that is just one room wide (these houses are also known as single houses), with each room opening onto a porch. Merrill also designed the community's first three "row houses," which owe a debt to English arts and crafts architecture. Duany and Plater-Zyberk's Windsor House

has Caribbean antecedents—its front balcony is shaded by a deep overhanging metal roof—and wraps around a large courtyard.

If Windsor's architectural aesthetic seems a historicist one, this is no accident. Along with their town plan, Duany and Plater-Zyberk drew up an architectural code that is one of the most stringent of any of the two dozen new towns they have in the works from northern California to Turkey. (Their strictest is one they proposed for a town for the prince of Wales.) The code mandates materials, roof pitches, proportions, window shapes, landscape requirements, and construction techniques, most of which are based on historical models. Ornament is discouraged, except where it develops naturally out of construction—rafters and balustrades, for example.



"The tone is high cost, low luxury," says planner Andres Duany

Andres Duany makes no bones about the strictness of the architectural code; he feels it is "self-selecting," by which he means that it will weed out those who aspire to the ostentatious. "The tone is high cost, low luxury," he says, referring to Windsor's relatively steep prices; lots range from $165,000 to $1.5 million, and the asking price for the Windsor House is $1.7 million. Although many of the houses will have guest suites, there is little provision for live-in staff. And the fact that a relatively grand single-family house looks out on a more modest row house may not appeal to the upwardly mobile. But, as Duany points out, "Real towns are that way."

If this insistence on a modest small-town atmosphere drives some would-be home buyers away, no one at Windsor seems to mind. Its founders, Galen and Hilary Weston and Geoffrey and Jorie Kent, have insisted from the beginning on the complete realization of Windsor's vision, even at the expense of sales, which suggests that they are a rare breed of developer. Duany calls Windsor "our best project—the others are constantly under assault by mediocrity."

Its radical approach to urbanism aside, Windsor's real contribution, says Duany, will be in the architectural realm, "in the reintroduction of things that are authentically Floridian. A resort has come to mean a monolithic operation. When did that happen? I thought resorts were towns." He complains that at so many luxury developments in the area "everything is either shaggy or shiny. Addison Mizner's classic Palm Beach houses have tiled floors. Floridians have completely forgotten what it's like to have sand between the toes." ▲

Windsor's architecture, below, is clearly based on historical models. Above: In a Sideyard House French windows open the living room to the loggia. Inside, John Stefanidis combines a sofa of his design with Anglo-Indian pieces and an antique dhurrie. Details see Resources.



Meals in a Jar



A cook learns how to spend summer weekends on the beach, not in the kitchen

BY PEGGY KNICKERBOCKER

My fascination with homemade food in jars started in the 1960s when I learned about buying in bulk at the health food store. It was almost as much fun to fill and label those shiny clean mason jars as it was to cook their contents; I felt like an instant hippie. Later, during my years as a caterer, we made our sauces ahead of time, and our clients were always impressed when we unpacked, placing each container of sauce alongside the food it was to accompany—leek and dill dip with the basket of crudités, sauce verte with the poached salmon, peanut sauce with the Asian chicken salad. Now I am using those same jars to get me through summer weekends with a lot of grace and very little effort.



My new relationship with mason jars stems from a conversation with an old friend about what we didn't like as kids vacationing at Aptos Beach on Monterey Bay. When we were not sneaking Pall Malls to smoke behind a log or eating Jell-O straight from the box, we were being mad at our mothers: they could *never* watch us swimming in the ocean for as long as we would have liked because they were constantly in the kitchen preparing food that we regarded with disdain.

Now I realize that my mother was quite an inspired cook and was probably happiest by herself in the kitchen; she relaxed there, sipping cooking sherry and creating dishes she never had time for at home in San Francisco. She made vitello tonnato back in 1958, when many Americans had never even heard of Tuscany, and served remarkable barbecued spareribs, marinated in bourbon and orange marmalade. Of course she also came up with some embarrassing concoctions, like a lime Jell-O and horseradish condiment for roast beef.

My father was no help on the beach either. A drama critic for the *San Francisco Chronicle,* he spent his vacations writing short stories he sent off to *The New Yorker.* I saw him cry only twice, once when my mother had a stroke and again one foggy morning at the Aptos post office when he got a rejection slip for what he insisted was the "best thing I've ever written."

Years afterwards, when I was a young bride, I seemed genetically predisposed to cook the way my mother did. I left my husband and friends at the beach on Saturday afternoons and retreated to our rented cottage to sip Chablis and make butterflied legs of lamb with Trader Vic's peanut sauce, quiche for Sunday lunch, and lemon custard cake from the Duncan Hines box. Once, weepy with wine-induced nostalgia, I came close to making the lime Jell-O and horseradish mold.

Maybe the women's movement made me change my ways, or maybe I just realized that if I got organized, I

Mason jar cuisine. Clockwise from above left: Spring-top jars, black beans, Asian chicken salad.

I finally realized that if I got organized, I could have my weekend and eat well too

uld have my weekend and eat well o. Either way, I have a new summer egimen: during the week I make a ig jar of Caesar salad dressing; a ntainer of peanut sauce to use for sian chicken salad or as a dip for ork satay; a jar of praline sauce to oon over coffee ice cream; a pot of lack beans cooked with a prosciutto one and Madeira; fresh corn sticks; spring-top jar of tomato sauce in ase we're overcome with pizza lust; nd a bottle of garlicky vinaigrette. (I ke to mix different vinegars, oils, nd spices, but I don't want to lug mpteen bottles to the beach.) I also ring a jar of healthy blueberry bran nuffin batter; the aroma of muffins aking gets everybody up early.

On Friday afternoon we pack up ll my jars plus a quick-getaway bas-et we keep loaded with coffee eans, a grinder, a milk frother, an spresso maker, and assorted herbs nd spices. When we arrive at the cot-age, dinner is ready: black beans, orn sticks, and a Caesar salad.

Early Saturday morning I make a quick stop at the grocery store for a ew odds and ends, then go to the vegetable stand to buy fresh fruit for breakfast and simple desserts (fresh berries drizzled with melted choco-ate and a splash of kirsch is a favor-te); juicy red tomatoes for a salad to accompany cheese, chile, and black ean quesadillas for lunch on Satur-day; corn, onions, and eggplant to barbecue with chicken for dinner; and celery, cabbage, cucumbers, ci-lantro, and lettuce for Sunday's Asian chicken salad. (I sometimes marinate the chicken in my ever-ready all-purpose vinaigrette and al-ways barbecue extra pieces so there will be enough left for salad.)

My childhood friend and I made a

PHOTOGRAPH BY AL SZABO



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Praline sauce. Vintage dishes from Robert Grounds, L.A. Details see Resources.

pledge to spend at least one weekend together this vacation doing with assorted children some of the things we wish our mothers had done with us. We'll watch migrating pelicans blacken the sky as the sun sets over the Pacific, while the kids stay in the water until their teeth chatter. I think I'm almost ready to keep my promise. Last weekend I timed myself: no meal took me more than a half hour, and every one drew raves.

FRIDAY NIGHT BLACK BEANS

(Adapted from Stanley Eichelbaum)

3 tablespoons olive oil
2 large onions, chopped
2 leeks, cleaned and sliced
8 cloves garlic, chopped
1 bunch celery, thinly sliced
3 cups black beans, soaked 4 hours
1 prosciutto bone
¼ pound prosciutto scraps
4 carrots, cut into ¼-inch slices
2 cups chicken stock
1 bouquet garni (parsley, whole cloves, peppercorns, thyme, rosemary, and bay leaves)
1 tablespoon ground cumin
½ cup Madeira
⅛ cup red wine vinegar
Freshly ground pepper
Sherry (optional)
Sour cream (optional)
Salsa (optional)

Heat olive oil in a large heavy pot. Add the onions, leeks, garlic, and celery and sauté 3–5 minutes. Add the drained beans, prosciutto bone, prosciutto scraps, carrots, and chicken stock, plus enough water to cover beans. Bring to a boil, then turn down to a simmer and add the bouquet garni. Cook until beans are tender, about 4 hours.

Add the cumin, Madeira, and vinegar and the pepper to taste. Remove the bone. Strip the meat and add to the pot. Remove the bouquet garni.

Allow beans to cool completely before storing in a big spring-top jar. Reheat beans with sherry and serve with sour cream and salsa. Serves 6–8.

CORN STICKS

1¼ cups cornmeal
¾ cup flour
3 tablespoons sugar
½ teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon baking soda
1 cup low-fat milk
1 egg, beaten
3 tablespoons melted butter
2 ears corn, kernels only

Preheat oven to 425 degrees. Grease a corn-stick tin or 12-muffin pan. Mix all ingredients well and spoon into pan. Bake 10–15 minutes.

When the corn sticks are cool, store them in an airtight container. Makes 12–14 sticks.

SATURDAY LUNCH QUESADILLAS

2 teaspoons vegetable oil
8 flour or corn tortillas
½ cup drained cooked black beans



1 cup grated Monterey Jack cheese
¼ cup chopped green onions
Salsa

Heat the oil in a heavy iron skillet. For each quesadilla, place one tortilla in the pan, spread with 2 tablespoons black beans (leftover from Friday dinner), sprinkle with ¼ cup cheese and 1 tablespoon green onions. Put another tortilla on top. Brown on one side, flip carefully, and brown second side. Cut in wedges and serve with salsa. Serves 4.

SUNDAY ASIAN CHICKEN SALAD

3 whole chicken breasts, roasted and cooled
6 celery stalks, thinly sliced
3 cups shredded red cabbage
3 cups shredded green cabbage
2 cucumbers, peeled, seeded, and thinly sliced
1–1½ cups peanut dressing (recipe below)
1 head curly red lettuce
¼ cup roasted peanuts, crushed
½ cup roasted sesame seeds
Cilantro leaves
Mandarin orange slices

In a large bowl shred the chicken and toss with celery, red and green cabbage, and cucumber. Mix in the peanut dressing a little at a time. Arrange red lettuce leaves on a platter and gently mound the chicken salad on top. Sprinkle with peanuts and sesame seeds and garnish with cilantro leaves and mandarin orange slices. Serves 6.

PEANUT DRESSING

1 bunch cilantro
¼ cup mint leaves
Juice of 2 limes
2 ounces gingerroot, peeled
2–3 tablespoons toasted sesame oil
4 tablespoons mirin or sherry
5 tablespoons soy sauce
1 teaspoon hot chili paste or 2 jalapeño peppers
1 cup chunky peanut butter
½ cup peanut oil

Blend well in a food processor the cilantro, mint, lime juice, and gingerroot. Add sesame oil, mirin, soy sauce, chili paste, and peanut butter. Add peanut oil and blend. Keeps for 4 weeks in tightly closed jar in refrigerator. Makes about 2 cups.

MASON JAR BLUEBERRY BRAN MUFFINS

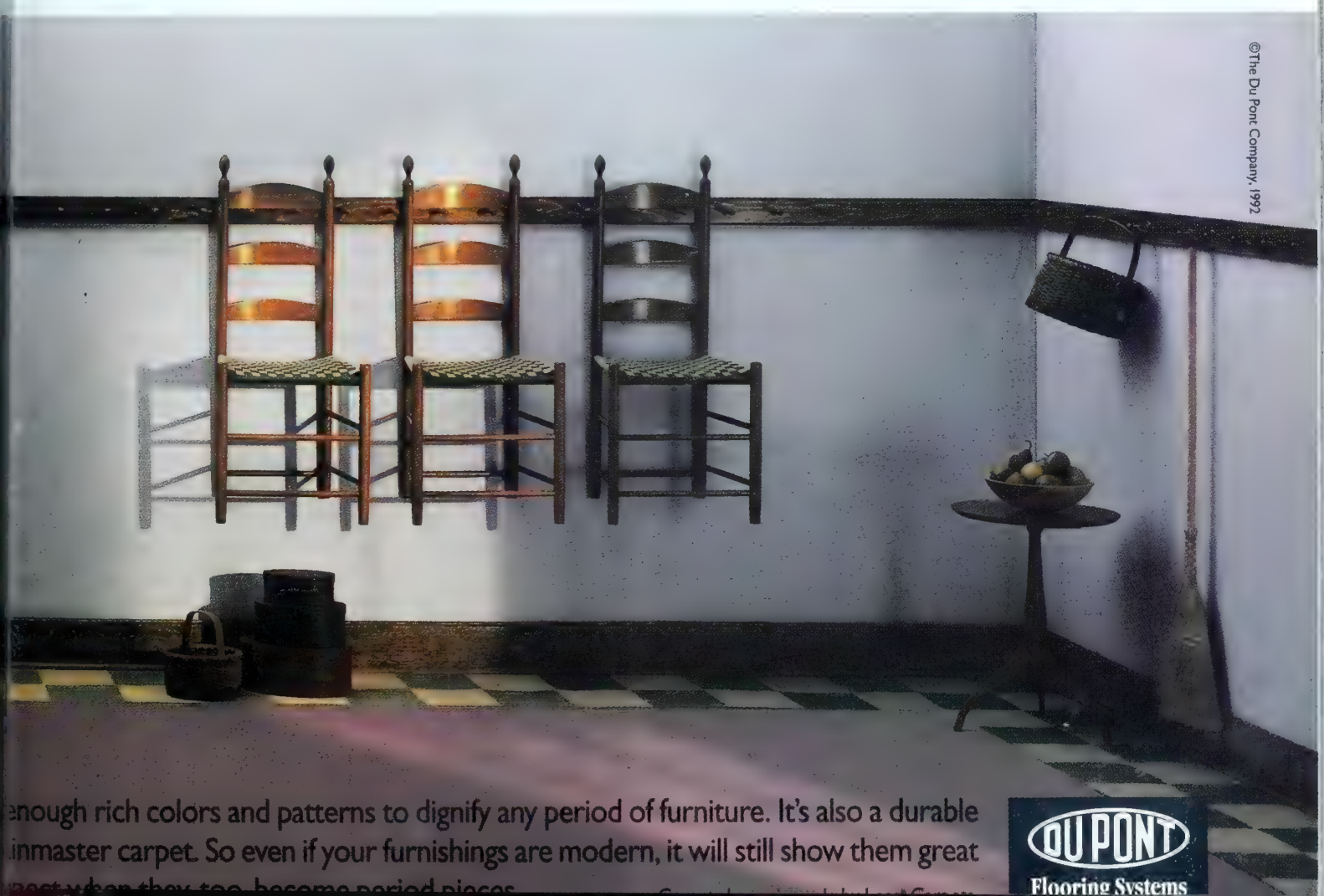
1 large apple, sliced
1 banana, sliced
⅓ cup oat bran
⅓ cup muesli
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 eggs
½ cup low-fat ricotta
2 tablespoons roasted sesame seeds
1 teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon nutmeg
1 cup blueberries

Blend all ingredients except berries in a food processor. Fold in the berries as you pour the batter into a storage jar. Before baking, preheat oven to 425 degrees. Grease a 12-muffin pan and pour in batter. Bake about 20 minutes. Makes 12 muffins.

PRALINE ICE CREAM SAUCE

1 cup heavy cream
1 cup dark brown sugar
2 tablespoons dark rum
1 cup pecan halves
Pinch of salt

In a heavy saucepan combine all ingredients and cook over low heat, 8–10 minutes, until sugar has dissolved and the texture of the sauce is silky. Keep refrigerated in a tightly covered jar. Reheat before serving. Serves 6. ▲





A Gardener Cultivates His House

Renovation raises a modest bungalow to the standard of its well-loved surrounding.

BY MICHAEL POLLAN

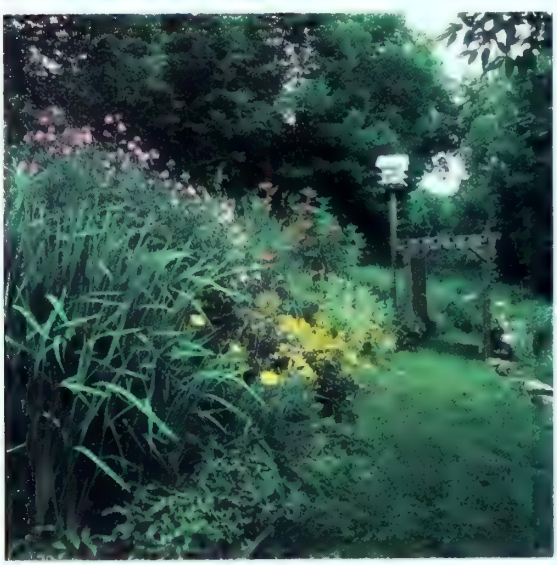
It's strictly a hunch, but I'll bet that gardeners move a lot less often than the average American—who we're told, will change houses some thirty times in the course of a life. Compared with our more restless countrymen, we gardeners are sticks-in-the-mud, literally. Gardening attaches a body to the earth, and besides it takes a whole lot longer to make a garden than it takes to outgrow a house.

Consider this place. Seven years after we bought our house in northwest Connecticut—a run-down Sears Roebuck bungalow assembled from a mail-order kit by a farm family in 1929—it started to feel uncomfortable. We needed more and different space, and the house was showing worrisome signs of entropy. Yet we'd put seven years into the gardens, gradually bringing a portion of these five rock-strewn and anarchic acres under a semblance of government, and the thought of abdicating so soon seemed slightly outrageous. After seven years a gardener is just becoming fluent in the language of his land, just learning to draw that deep map of the place which tells him where a tender Bourbon rose might make it or which spot is damp enough to sustain a fountain of Japanese iris. It takes a long time to get literate about your own land, which is why, for a gardener, to move even across the street is to find yourself in a country where you don't speak the language.



There was this, too: for both Judith and me, "working the land" had come to mean something more than the usual efforts with spades and trowels. Besides helping me reshape this landscape, Judith had been painting it, finding a rich vein of imagery in the marsh grasses and brush that march across the property's untended parts. And I'd already written half of *Second Nature: A Gardener's Education,* a book that tried to approach this particular garden as my personal Walden woods, a place to work out the terms of one man's relationship to the earth. Every chapter was rooted in some corner of the garden: here were the antique roses I'd planted for their harvest of tropes; over there was the ground where I'd battled a woodchuck to an epiphanic draw. Moving was out of the question. We would have to renovate.





With this necessity came opportunities. Spending time in a garden, you get to know a house as well as its land, and over time we had come to realize

At Michael Pollan's farm a screened-in porch, top left, now links the house to the garden and perennial border, left. Above left: Pollan, on his porch. Far left: *Seed Heads #5,* by his wife, Judith Belzer, brings the landscape beyond the garden into the living room. Details see Resources.

at one thing we didn't like about ır house was how little it had to do ith its site. Our accomplishments in ıe garden were largely invisible om the house, which had been built cing the road by people who evi-ently took little pleasure in their in-ansigent, barely arable land. The ıore extensive the garden became, ıe more out of place and irrelevant emed the house.

The garden has developed princi-ally along an east-west axis, initially t by an old stone retaining wall and ıe perennial border we planted be-eath it. The path back from the ouse is a journey from the relative efinements of the perennials and ses, through an arbor clothed in ematis, and out toward the unruly rt of growth that shows up in Ju-ith's paintings. Just when you think ıe garden has been defeated by the ıeadow grass and boulders and rush, you come upon a stone stair-ay that lifts you—deus ex machi-a!—up a slope to an unexpectedly ormal herb garden, a circle of brick et into a cool gray pool of (mostly) mb's ears, lavender, and catmint.

his orderly little retreat, which ad-ins the barn where Judith and I oth have our work spaces, is an is-nd of calm in an otherwise storm-ssed landscape. Not a bad scheme ut it couldn't be seen from the house.

Ordinarily, the house comes first nd the gardens are a kind of archi-ectural afterthought, designed to espond to a building that is always going to have pride of place. Here was an opportunity to approach mat-ers from the opposite direction. It was the garden that was fairly well long, and we wanted a house that would respond to and make use of it ather than turn its back.

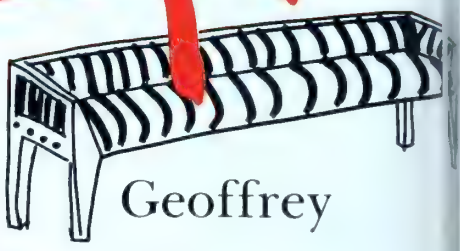
Our architect did not need to be old he was designing a house for gardeners. Charles Myer was an old friend, an accomplished gardener himself, and he set about creating a house that would provide the kinds of spaces we needed and also be on intimate terms with the garden. Now the house is oriented toward the gar-dens, whose moods and seasons make their presence felt in virtually every room. There are lots of divid-ed-light windows, many of them framing small-scale vignettes—an apple tree, a section of stone wall, a li-lac. In this the house seems to reflect a gardener's approach to the land-scape, which is a lot more familiar than that of, say, a wilderness lover, who would be more likely to favor picture windows overlooking distant vistas. Our views search out the inti-mate rather than the sublime.

On the ground floor, for example, Charlie took as his inspiration a cle-matis growing against a ramshackle toolshed immediately behind the house. From the old front door—we decided early on to preserve the original façade and the overall scale it sets up—you can catch a glimpse of the clematis, and the supporting col-umns that now run through the cen-ter of the house conduct you toward it, almost as though you were passing through an arbor to a distant point of interest in a garden. Along the way you pass through a sun-filled dou-ble-height space whose shape and surface (pine boards painted white) put you in mind of being outdoors.

But perhaps the house's most pleasing gesture toward the garden is the screened-in porch off the kitch-en. The porch sits squarely in the garden, not ten feet from the stone wall and the perennial border, whose sounds and scents inhabit it. By painting the porch dark green and trimming it with arches and trellis work, Charlie all but erased the line between house and garden, creating a space from which the garden (with the welcome exception of its flying insects) can be fully experienced. Viewed from outside, from down the garden path, the detailing of the porch makes the entire building look less like a house than the sort of inti-mate structure you'd be apt to find in a garden—delicate in scale and ame-nable to vines and climbers. In the middle of a summer afternoon, I can't decide whether the porch is the sweetest spot in the house—or the sweetest spot in the garden. ▲







Geoffrey Beene turns his hand to the home

"CLOTHING AND FURNITURE ARE both geometry: one is liquid, the other hard," says fashion designer Geoffrey Beene, whose first line of furniture for Arkitektura will be out in September. "The challenge in furniture is to make the geometry softer and less weighty." He meets the challenge. Sharp angles and stark contrasts yield to the playful and irregular. A square silver-leaf stool perches on mini black-lacquer boots, a pyramidal lamp wears an underscale shade, round black buttons create dominos. And as the finishes glisten and legs taper, the pieces grow lighter. "We call them 'objects of desire,' " explains Arkitektura president Kenneth F. Smith Jr., "because Mr. Beene feels 'furniture' sounds too grounded." Grounded or not, they're groundbreaking.

Beene, left, and his designs for Arkitektura: a silver-leaf wastebasket and footstool, a screen with gilded strips, and, below, a lamp with a faux tortoise shade. On the form, a suit from his 1992 fall collection. Details see Resources.





Beene's sketches for a chair, above, and a sofa, top right.

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BY WENDY GOODMAN

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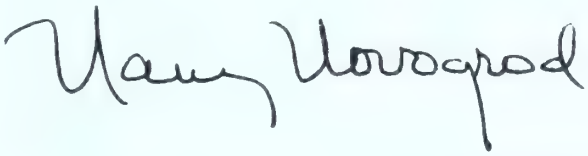


An elegant plaster relief graces the entrance to the Gustavian drawing room at Skogaholm manor house in Stockholm.

Editor's Page

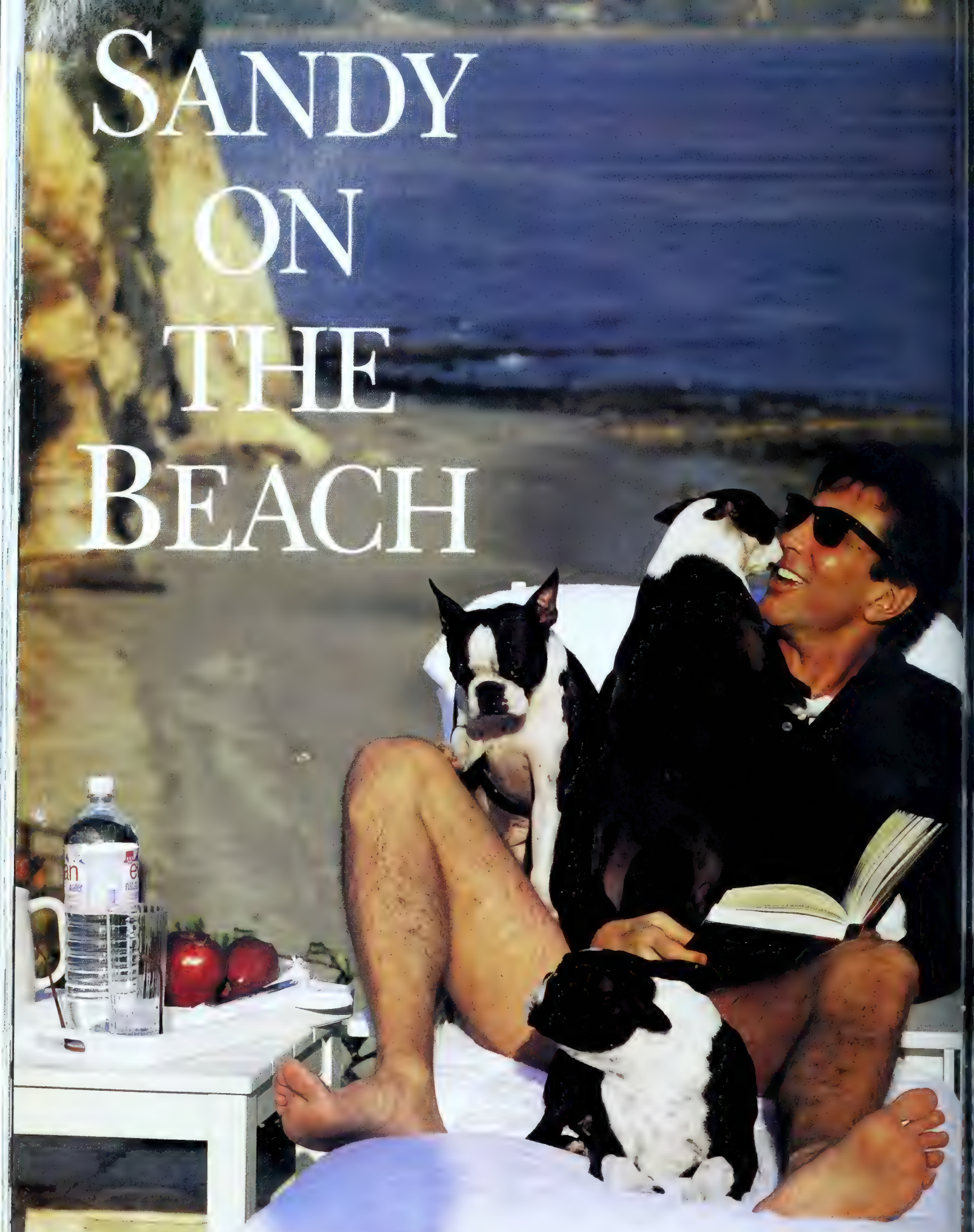
July

ONE OF MY EARLIEST and most pleasurable experiences of life at HG was a slide show masterminded by decorator David Easton. The pictures were not of the what-I-did-with-my-summer-vacation variety but were a chronicle of late eighteenth century Swedish painted floors, ceilings, walls, metal lanterns and sconces, crystal chandeliers, and plaster reliefs. More than a catalogue of the elements of Gustavian decoration, Easton's photographs were an illuminating record of how a noted designer sees. Traveling with an eye makes a trip more enjoyable and ultimately more useful, yielding riches that can be mined at home. John Rosselli, leading New York purveyor of the decorative arts, creates furniture, much of it quite fanciful, that reflects his ventures abroad. Rosselli's Savannah house evokes both the languor of its Spanish moss–draped setting and the sophistication of a well-traveled connoisseur. Sited in a copse of towering cypresses on a promontory on the Greek island of Corfu, Kouloura cast a spell on its Italian owners as they sailed past the stucco façade with its pale green-blue shutters. In four cramped village houses Spanish decorator Paco Muñoz saw an unconventional country residence; the complex he shaped is rooted equally in Iberian history and modern art. Elsewhere in July we direct our gaze to the Malibu beach house of Hollywood's Sandy Gallin, the country retreats of decorating partners Ellie Cullman and Hedi Kravis, and the Southampton house of art world guru Henry Geldzahler. In our story on Skogaholm, I experience again my own travels, through the eyes of HG contributing editor Deborah Webster and photographer Jacques Dirand. It is a vivid souvenir of my visit to Sweden, in the footsteps of David Easton.



EDITOR IN CHIEF

SANDY ON THE BEACH



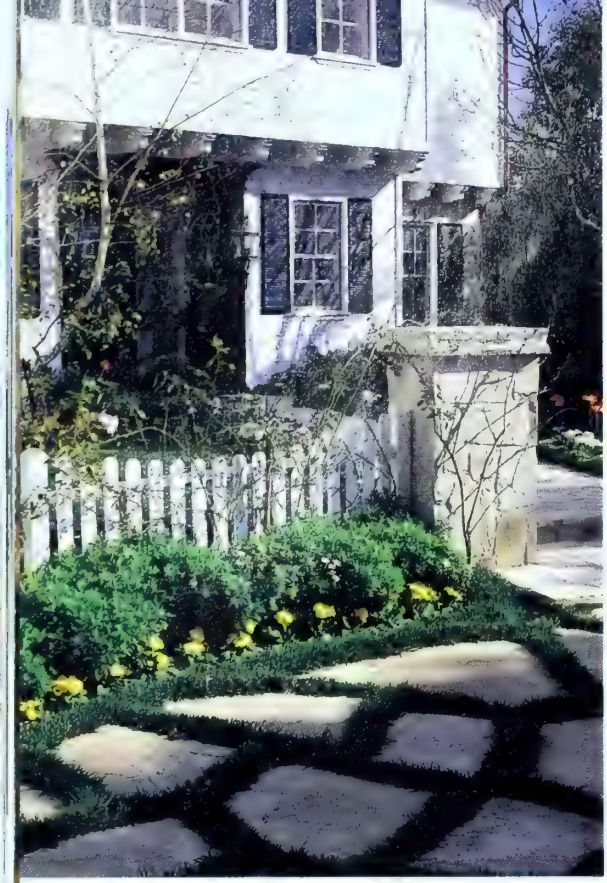
On Friday afternoons, Hollywood mega-manager Sandy Gallin hops in his 300SL and hightails it to Malibu

By Charles Gandee Photographs by Tim Street-Porter



l Jackson's
r, opposite, takes
hern California
n Uggams, Panda,
key, his Boston
Right: A mono-
tic corner in
guesthouse with
rs from Shabby
Santa Monica
med snapshots
y and Kelly and
l and Madonna.
see Resources.

t: Firooz Zahedi



ONE, TWO, THREE, four, five, six, seven, eight"... Sandy Gallin is counting... "nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen" ...the number..."fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen"...of telephones..."nineteen, twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two" ...in his new Malibu beach house ..."twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five, twenty-six"...where he spends most every..."twenty-seven, twenty-eight"...Saturday and Sunday..."twenty-nine, thirty, thirty-one"...travel schedule permitting ..."thirty-two."

I asked Gallin to tally up his telephones because, while I've been in a fair number of telephones over the years, I've never been in a house with three telephones in the master bathroom—four if you count the just-in-case jack in the closet. "I do all my business on the telephone," tries to explain Gallin, whose business is managing the careers of Dolly Parton, Neil Diamond, the Pointer Sisters, and Michael Jackson—a group it would be safe to label as telephone intensive. And then, of course, there are the mandatory hours of wire time spent monitoring Sandollar, the film and television company Gallin and Parton founded (Sandy + Dolly = Sandollar) in 1984 which has since produced *Father of the Bride, Shining Through, Straight Talk,* and the forthcoming *Buffy the Vampire Slayer,* as well as the Academy Award–winning HBO documentary

ommon Threads: Stories from the Quilt.

But never mind the thirty-two telehones or the wall-to-wall pearl gray arpeting in the garage or the very ig wet bar in the library or the Jazzi-cum-waterfall spilling into the vimming pool overlooking the Pafic or the closed-circuit-television nonitored electronic gates that wing open with a grand flourish to dmit Bentley turbos and Porsche arreras on sunny Saturday afteroons when Gallin entertains. Gallin a Hollywood mogul, and such toys nd trappings come with the terriory. Besides, all things are relative. And nowhere more so than along the ast-lane axis between Beverly Hills, here Gallin spends his weeks in a 4,000-square-foot house currently n the market for $15.5 million—"I ust reduced it from $18 million," he tempts—and Malibu, where Gallin spends his weekends. How relative? Where else would a friend try to illustrate Gallin's refreshing down-to-earthness by pointing to the "sensible" car Gallin drives—an $80,000 Mercedes-Benz roadster.

Over the past seventeen years Gallin has built or renovated four Malibu beach houses for himself, beach houses which are, to employ the local parlance, "contemporary"—picture tons of travertine, miles of mirror.



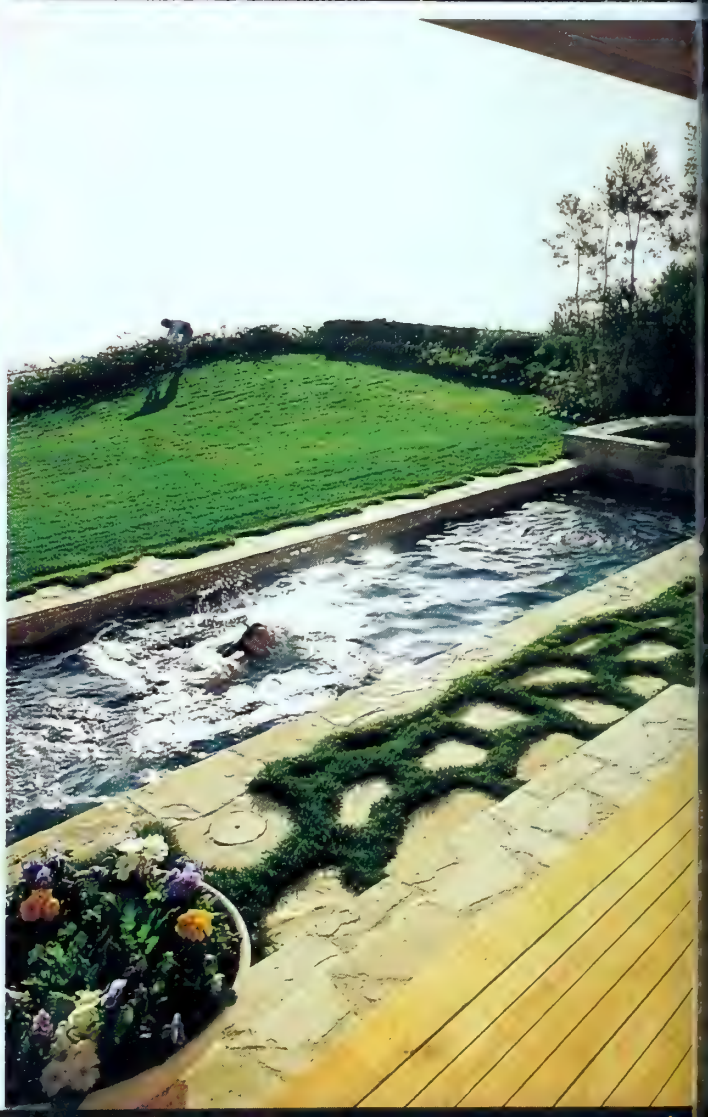
With its white picket fence, clapboard siding, and forest-green shutters, Gallin's beach house, *opposite above*, brings Americana to Malibu. *Right:* In the entry, a Biedermeier sofa from Charles Pollock, L.A. *Below* and *opposite below:* In the living room, a William Morris–style carpet adds color and pattern to a basically black and white palette. All carpets from J. H. Minassian, L.A.




Sandy,
Now tell me again how good I look in my "Mackie" shoes. I love you. Happy Birthday.
With all my heart (and sole)
1973
Dolly









ffany lamp and a 19th-century
carpet in the only-in-Malibu three-
hone master bath. Nickel-plated
t by Jado. *Opposite, clockwise from*
ft: Plexiglas-encased platforms,
thday present from Dolly Parton; a
w-strewn window seat in the living
; a cliff-top pool above the Pacific;
y corner by the fire in the library.

For Malibu beach house number five, however, Gallin wanted to try something "traditional." So he looked east for inspiration, to East Hampton to be more precise, to friends Calvin and Kelly Klein's house. "It's one of my favorite places in the whole world," says Gallin of the Kleins' rambling shingle-style retreat overlooking Georgica Pond. "It's calm, comfortable, serene." Aspiring to the same qualities, Gallin called on L.A. architect Peter Choate, who responded to his client's mandate for "something Cape Cod, something New England" with something reassuringly familiar.

In a different time (say, in the fifties), in a different place (say, on Elm Street, Anytown, U.S.A.), Gallin's house would be regarded as a respectable family affair. (To my eye, it looks more than a bit like the house that Ward and June and Wally and Beaver Cleaver called home.) Set on a stone base and capped with a slate roof, the white clapboard structure presents a retinue of familiar details: there are dormers and gables and forest-green shutters, there's a greener-than-green lawn lined with white primroses and pink roses, there's even a Tom-Sawyer-meets-David-Lynch-style white picket fence that parts at a winding stone path leading to the screened front door. In other words, welcome home to Home Sweet Home.

Behind that green front door, decorator Bill Lane, a perennial good sport who over the past twenty-five years has worked with Gallin on "somewhere between fifteen and twenty projects," took charge, as he always does. "Sandy and I have had our tiffs at times," notes Lane, who also counts Dolly Parton, Roy Disney, and Marvin Hamlisch among his list of repeat clients. "But Sandy is very loyal not only to me but to his contractor, Albino Martinez, who's fabulous." Gallin returns the compliment. "Bill is very very very *very* easy to work with," says the formidable client, who likes to establish the stylistic direction of his houses as well as join in on *(Continued on page 124)*

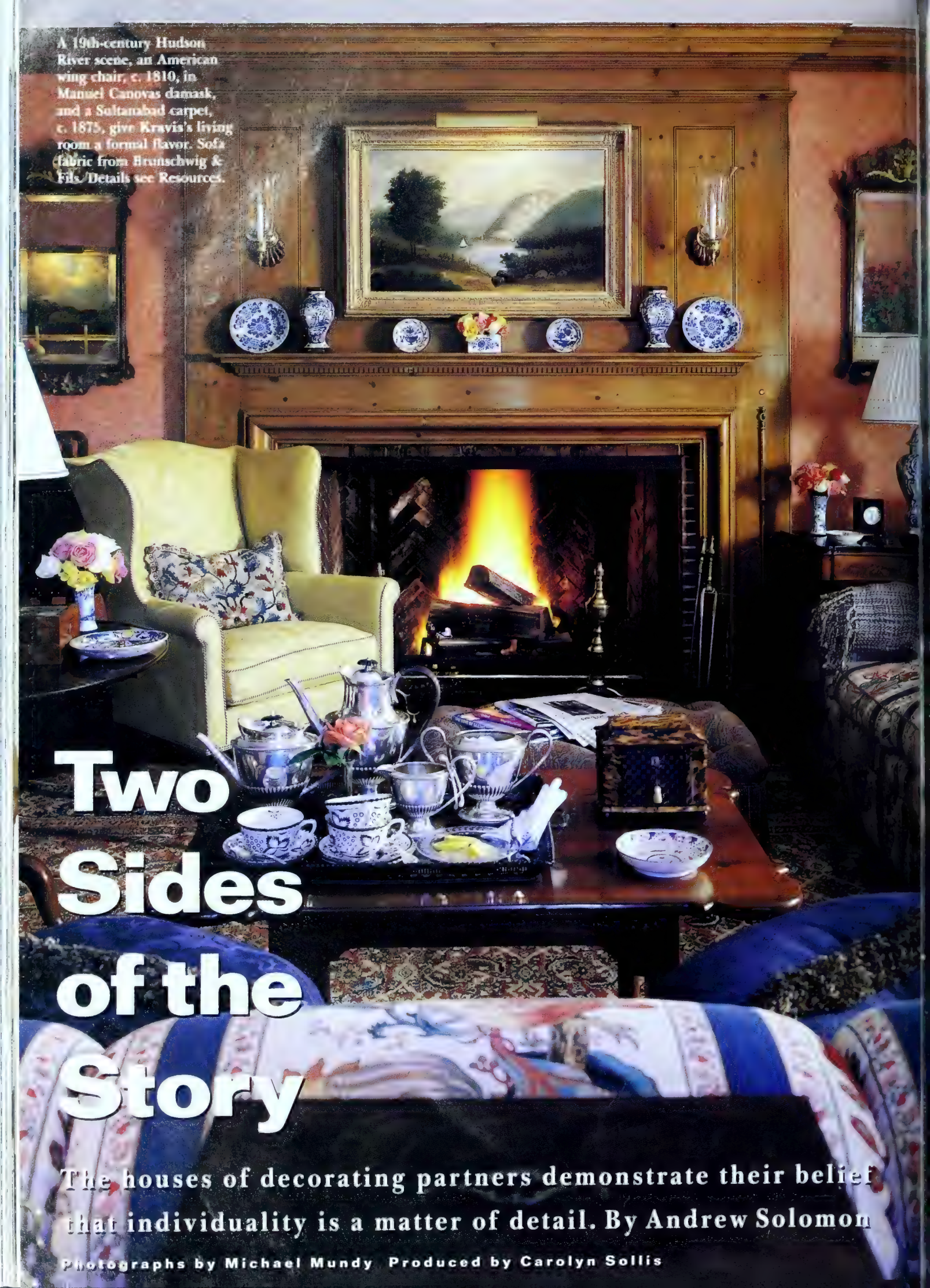


After four "contemporary" beach hous



In Gallin's bedroom the cherry-wood California king sleigh bed, from the Richelieu Collection, was elevated to catch the Pacific view over slipcovered chairs from Shabby Chic, a window seat, and a French table from Hideaway House Antiques, L.A.

of travertine, miles of mirror—Gallin decided to try "traditional"



A 19th-century Hudson River scene, an American wing chair, c. 1810, in Manuel Canovas damask, and a Sultanabad carpet, c. 1875, give Kravis's living room a formal flavor. Sofa fabric from Brunschwig & Fils. Details see Resources.

Two Sides of the Story

The houses of decorating partners demonstrate their belief that individuality is a matter of detail. By Andrew Solomon

Photographs by Michael Mundy Produced by Carolyn Sollis



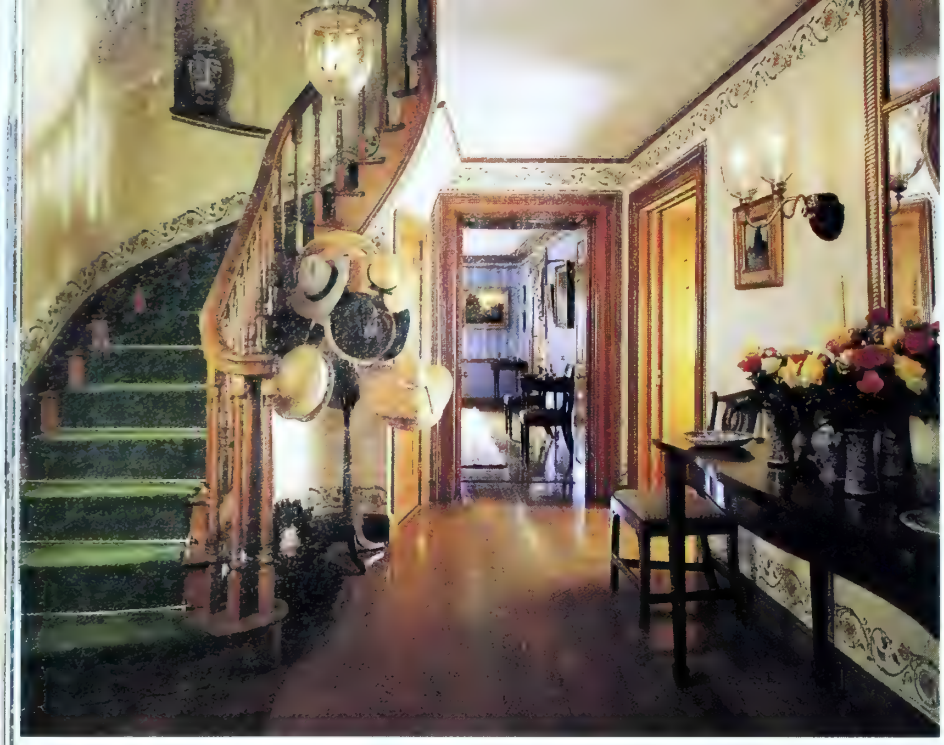
A cigar store Indian, an 1848 portrait, and a weather vane, c. 1880, reflect Cullman's interest in folk art. Custom Scalamandré fringe edges curtains in a Bronze/Ivig cotton. Plaid from Christopher Hyland



HEDI KRAVIS



ELLIE CULLMAN





Kravis's dining room sparkles with bull's-eye mirrors, touches of gold on the walls, painted Regency chairs, and Tiffany silverware. Doris Leslie Blau carpet. *Above:* The hall border was inspired by antique wallpaper.

ELLIE CULLMAN AND HEDI KRAVIS are the kind of women who know about the best of everything. They know where you can get the best sandwiches in New York. They know who makes the best stationery, the best shoe polish, the best fountain pens. Partners in a seven and a half year old decorating firm, they expend a lot of energy to find the best everything, but like any effort sustained until it becomes a character trait, their insistence on perfection has a casual off-hand quality about it. It's not so much that they strive valiantly for the best as that they would feel rather uncomfortable with anything else.

The details of Hedi Kravis's style are different from the details of Ellie Cullman's, but the two women have in common the fact that their styles are all about details. They are such good friends that each has a keen grasp of the other's mode: Ellie made suggestions about Hedi's house which are plausibly Hedi-ish, and Hedi made suggestions about Ellie's house which seem authentically Ellie-ish. Talking to them is bewildering, since they keep interrupting each other to explain each other. In the end you feel each one is the other's most impressive invention.

Their summer houses are about twenty minutes apart and their husbands get along famously—which is great, since it means that the men can go golfing while the women sit by the pool (either pool) or in the living room (either living room) and make plans for clients. Each of them has a largish but unpretentious house on a large piece of land, and each has been redoing her house in stages for years. "You can never say that you've done your house and it's finished, like women who find their look in their twenties and stick with the same eyeliner and hairstyle straight through middle age," Ellie Cullman remarks. "You have to keep everything fluid and open." Both women wanted houses in which you could put your feet up and feel comfortable, houses in which children could run free—"reasonably free," says Hedi—but both also wanted elegant spaces in which to entertain.

There are a thousand differences of detail. Ellie's house is clever and whimsical where Hedi's is classical and serious. Ellie's is full of folk art and has a slightly primitive stripped-back feeling; Hedi's is full of English furniture and has a rich finished feeling. "When you walk into Ellie's house, you smile, and you keep on smiling as long as you're there," says Hedi with her trademark perkiness. "Hedi's house does all the things you'd want to do in the country to which some clients would probably say, 'No, that's too formal'—but

Ellie's house is clever and whimsical, where her partner Hedi's house is classical and serious

feels like the country anyway," says Ellie.

Ellie's place has been in her husband's family for two generations; by rights it should have gone to other Cullmans but it was "so hideously ugly," he says, that no one else wanted it. She brought in Robert A. M. Stern to do her first phase of alteration. He opened up the entire space, making it light and bright and linking what had been wholly unrelated rooms. Architect Rink DuPont later designed a new five-bedroom wing. Ellie has been a guest curator at the Museum of American Folk Art, and her collection creates the mood that is sustained throughout the house. "I didn't want to have only American folk art," she says. "In the museum world everyone is so purist—I used to take objects off to a little man in Delaware who would do experiments on wood shavings to disqualify foreign pieces. I wanted to have the sort of collection that might have been put together in the late nineteenth century by an American with a good eye who liked to travel."

Since Ellie herself is an American with a good eye who likes to travel, the only requisite leap of imagination was temporal. She has painted furniture of the Napoleon III period, provincial English carvings, and wonderful American material: the eagle from a Connecticut courthouse dominates the dining room and cigar store Indians—Ellie's husband is in the tobacco industry—appear in most of the main rooms. There are little stars and big stars leaning against cupboards or lying on end tables or stacked in bookcases. Some were ornaments; others were used in shooting ranges or board games.

The details are, of course, superb. In both houses the sheets have been custom-made with Ellie and Hedi's own designs brocaded in ombré threads on dreamily soft Egyptian cotton. The door hinges and radiator grilles are either old ones that have been restored or new ones made to their specifications. "We love hardware," Ellie and Hedi confess simultaneously.

Hedi's house, too, was originally a mess, full of crystal sconces and wall-to-wall carpeting. She knew she couldn't change everything at once, so she painted it white, called it a blank canvas, and worked from there. "I wanted a high-country style," she says. "If you look around the house now, you'll see that it has brass picture frames,



Cullman favors a more rustic trestle dining table, c. 1920, set with Ralph Lauren linens. Chair fabric from Brunschwig. *Below:* Old signs and game boards on the porch.





not silver. I've kept that shine and twinkle but tried to drop the stiffness and pretension."

A long and beautiful drive leads to Hedi's house, through woods and past horse fields. From a big hall with a shining wood floor—Hedi found it beneath the wall-to-wall—you can go into the living room, where traces of gold on the glazed walls make the whole room shimmer. Or you can, instead, go to the dining room, which is in some ways the focus of the house. Hedi had planned to paint the walls in yellow stripes with highlights in gold pencil and had been suffering over the exact yellow for weeks when Ellie said, "You know what? It should be blue." And all at once Hedi saw that it should indeed be blue. Now the stripes are cornflower and cobalt, and the gold pencil makes them look like a rural fantasy for the royal family of Sweden. The mirror-back chairs and miniature bull's-eye mirrors add to the sparkle Hedi is so keen on.

"You'd never mistake a photo of my house for a photo of Ellie's house," says Hedi, and this is true, but you'd also never mistake their work for anyone else's. These houses are two distinct variations on a single theme. One may be in waltz time, the other in march time, but the melodic structure is unmistakably consistent. ♠

The details are superb, right down to the custom bed linens



A Clarence House print and a Cowtan & Tout plaid mix in Kravis's bedroom, *top*, and dressing room, *above*. Faux bamboo vanity and bedroom table from Margot Johnson, NYC; carpet from Elizabeth Eakins, NYC.

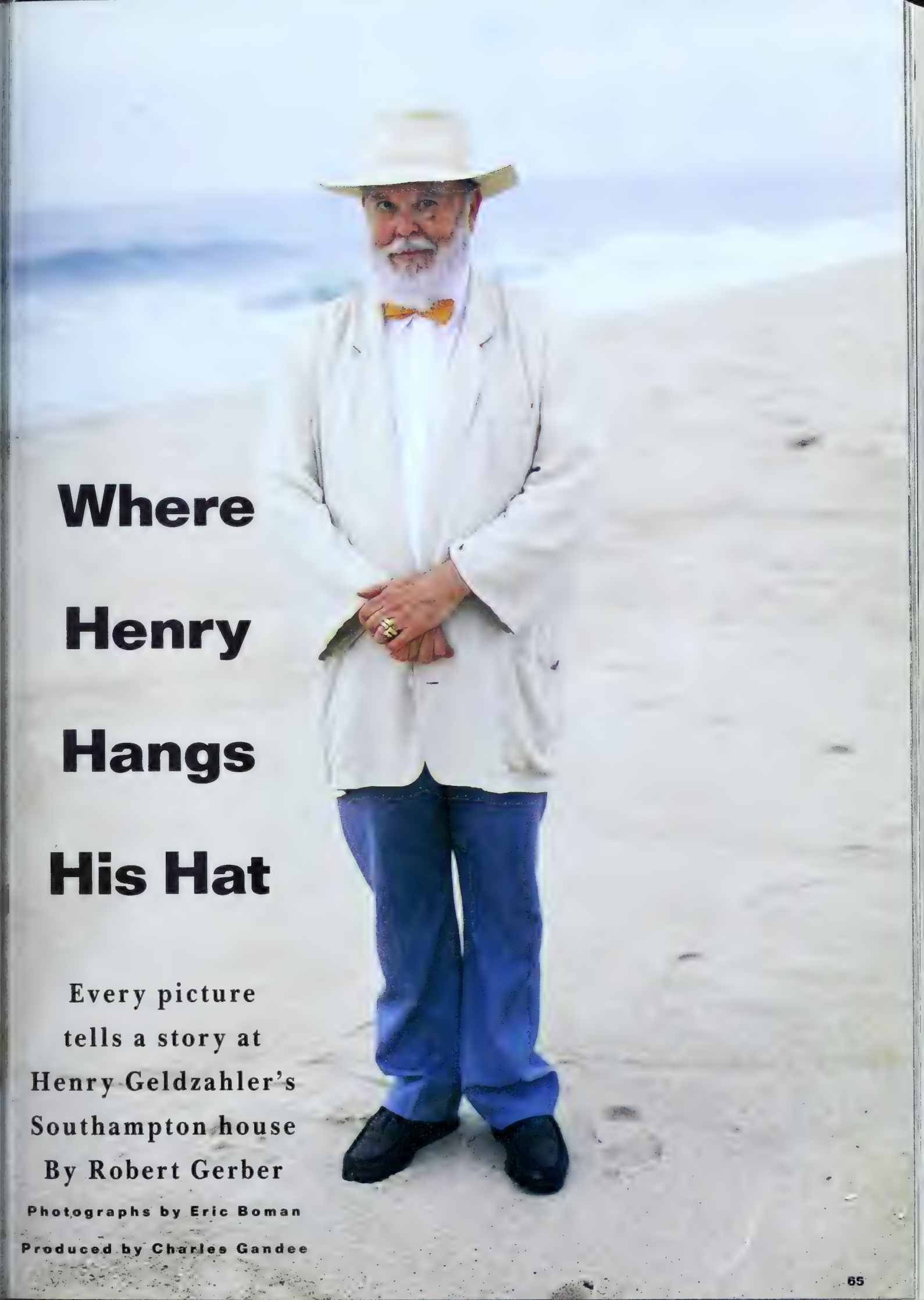




ain's bedroom,
and dressing room,
ve a light and
ery airy thanks to
d cotton from
chwig and a 1930s
d carpet. The
-back chair, c. 1860,
n Bardith, NYC.



Connoisseur of
and hats—Hen
Geldzahler, *opp*
wears straw fro
Worth & Worth
the beach near
Southampton h
Left: Tom Slau
homage to hea
hangs in the liv
room above a v
Hans Wegner c
and glass by O
Venini, and Ste
Details see Res



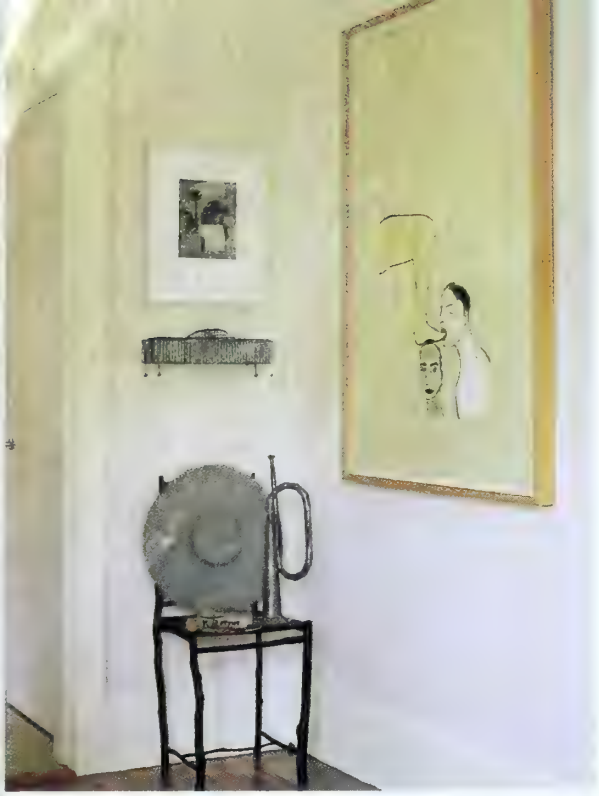
Where Henry Hangs His Hat

Every picture tells a story at Henry Geldzahler's Southampton house

By Robert Gerber

Photographs by Eric Boman

Produced by Charles Gandee



PAUL STRAND SENT ME that just before he died," Henry Geldzahler says of a photograph of Egypt hanging in a corner of his dining room. "When I told Ellsworth Kelly that Strand had given me a print I liked, he looked through two volumes of Strand's work and picked it out. 'This must be the one,' he told me, 'because it's half Hans Hofmann and half David Hockney.' "

Thirty-two years after Geldzahler first "tickled the sleeping giant"—his phrase for establishing a contemporary art presence in the Metropolitan Museum of Art—he can sit in any room in his two-story stucco house in Southampton and offer an abbre ated art history lesson with appr priate illustration and person anecdotes. "I had this on my desk the Met," he recalls, pointing to bust of Christ he bought at a fl market. "A curator came in one d and said, 'Oh, Raoul Larche. W don't have one in the collectio That night I took it home." Th there's Andy Warhol's portrait Geldzahler, now in the living roo It is, the story goes, the second ve sion: "When he showed me the fi version, I said, 'Andy, you left som thing out. You forgot the art.' "

In a 1981 lecture at Yale, *Looking Pictures,* recently published by Han man Books, Geldzahler revealed t master's secret to evaluating art: "I all anecdote and autobiography Geldzahler's own life has become i separable from the history of a since 1960, when he began worki in New York: the first curator twentieth-century art at the Metr politan, organizer of the visual a division of the National Endowme for the Arts, commissioner of cultu al affairs for New York City, art h torian, writer, and artist's subject. 1969 he parlayed his sharp eye a titanic self-assurance into the le endary exhibition "New York Pai ing and Sculpture, 1940–1970" the Metropolitan. "Henry's show," it was always called, filled 35 galleri with 413 works by 43 artists, many whom Geldzahler had been encou aging since the early 1960s.

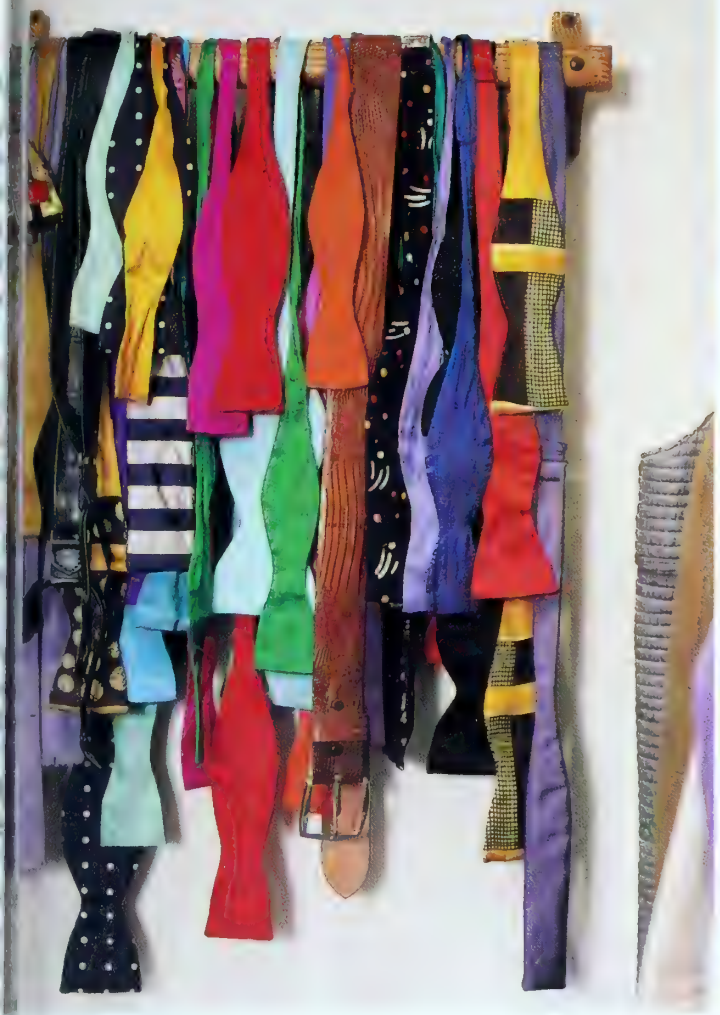
"I'm always amazed that peop look back and say, 'Gosh, you were ways right in the sixties and seventi and eighties.' But when I say, 'Lo at Tom Slaughter, look at Scott K gour or Robert Harms,' they do pay much attention." Geldzahl pauses. "People trust their own a sence of acuity."

Slides of work by Slaughter, who grid of hats hangs in the living roo are piled around the typewriter the upstairs workroom, along wi images by Francesco Clemente a Roy Lichtenstein. Geldzahler is wr ing catalogue essays on all three, well as working on a book, *Modern A*





I didn't think about eating when I picked it," says Geldzahler of the Francesco Clemente drawing in his dining room, *top left. Above:* A trio of 1950s armchairs by Hans Wegner, Julius Rindler, and Eero Saarinen face a 1930s sofa with pillows made by Geldzahler's mother. *Left:* Hats in a Dale Chihuly glass shell. *Opposite, clockwise from top left:* Bow ties. Tom Slaughter painting and lights by Judy Markham in the kitchen. Calvin Churchman furniture with a basket of Italian glass fruits and vegetables. A William Tarr tree in the living room.





"It's not a collection," says Geldzahler. "It's the track of my life"





in America, and curating exhibitions at the Dia Center for the Arts in Bridgehampton. "Learning and teaching" is how he describes his current occupation. "It is more important that a proposition be interesting than true," he says, quoting Alfred North Whitehead as he moves around a worktable.

Geldzahler, who left Manhattan for the Hamptons in 1983, bought this house two years ago. "An absolute nondriver," in Hockney's words, Geldzahler had one major requirement: "If I can't walk to the bookstore, I don't want it." But the place has other advantages as well, including daylight from all sides, "which I've never had before." The famous sofa in Hockney's double portrait



Henry Geldzahler and Christopher Scott is in storage, but there is room for one designed in the 1930s, by Swiss-born architect William Lescaze for a Manhattan town house, and for an assortment of chairs from the 1950s.

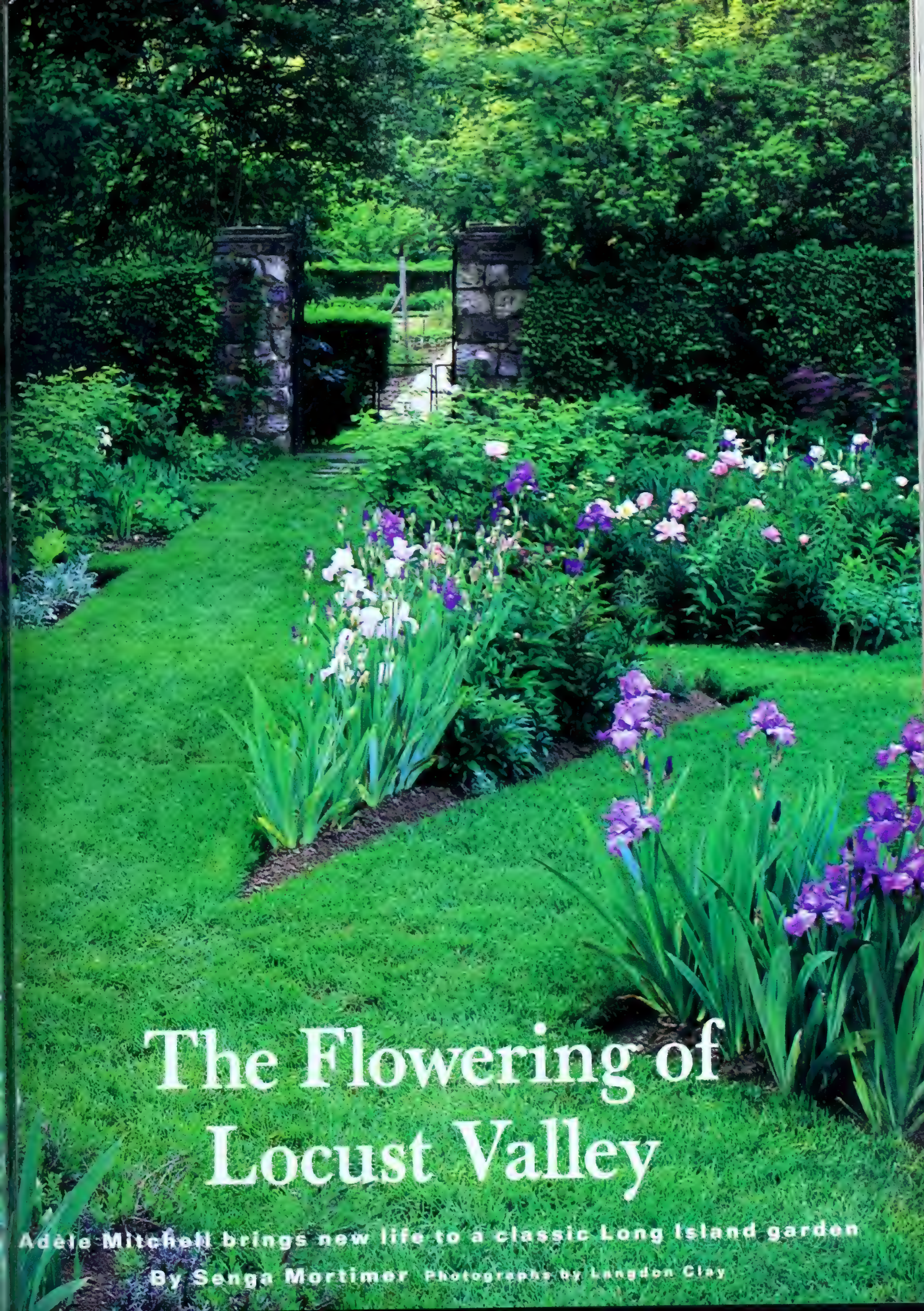
Because he is proud of his orderly house but has a famously low threshold for boredom, Geldzahler decides to call people who have asked to visit and invite them all over together. One Sunday sixteen friends, who have been *(Continued on page 125)*

Arnold Newman's portraits of Picasso and Mondrian survey a well-worn Eames lounge chair and ottoman in the library, *right,* where the walls were painted to match a Dansk cup. A roll of brown paper serves as a pedestal for a glass sculpture by Dale Chihuly, while a family of cats, souvenirs of an Alaskan cruise with David Hockney, perch atop a bookcase. *Above:* A painted plaster model of a Hockney theater curtain design.

PERSONAE
W.H.AUDEN
Collected Poems
TIME DOMD
of English Literature
HORACE
TRANSLATIONS
EZRA POUND
ANDY WARHOL
WARHOL
POP ART



In the formal sunken garden an antique lead statue watches over plantings of bearded irises, peonies, oriental poppies, and Asiatic, oriental, and aurelian lilies. The pillared birdhouse is a replica of the main house at Floralyn. Details see *Brookfield*.



The Flowering of Locust Valley

Adèle Mitchell brings new life to a classic Long Island garden

By Senga Mortimer Photographs by Langdon Clay





IT HAS OFTEN BEEN SAI that for a garden to hav character it must have a his tory. Floralyn is endowe with both. A seventeenth century map of the Quake settlement in Locust Valley New York, shows the site of what wa originally a Long Island farmhous and the land over which it preside The house was later enlarged an embellished with grand porticoes and in the early part of this centur the landscape architect Noel Cham berlin laid out a suitably elaborate se ries of steps and terraces stretchin downhill from the rear façade.

Over the years a formal sunke garden was bedded out with low growing plants—mostly annuals— whose bold contrasting colors an dense grouping accentuated the pat tern of the beds. Trees and shrub bery discreetly concealed a secre water garden. Sadly though, by th time Floralyn came into the hands o the present owners much of th man-made landscape had been over grown or had vanished without trace. The estate still displayed th enviable stamp of age, however, wit its long sweeping drive, towerin yews, and ivy-clad garden walls.

Although the new mistress of Flor alyn was intent on preserving thi legacy, she also hoped to adapt wha survived of prewar grandeur to th more informal life of her young fam ily. Above all, she wanted a profusio of perennials and roses that woul soften the geometry of parterre-lik beds and make the paths and hedge enclosures more inviting as places t explore and linger in. Every one o these goals appealed to the woma who was engaged to compose the lat est chapter in Floralyn's history, Ne York–based landscape designe Adèle Mitchell. Like Russell Page

Landscape designer Adèle Mitchell, *above left,* photographed by Horst. *Left:* Tulips bloom within view of Floralyn's rear portico. Between mown paths, *opposite above,* Mitchell replaced carpets of low-growing annuals with groupings of peonies and other perennials alongside roses and clematis trained up twisted metal supports, *opposite below.*









Both formal borders and the vegetable garden evoke old-fashioned abundance

with whom she apprenticed in Europe, the English born and bred Mitchell prefers to be called simply a gardener. (Her friend the photographer Horst sees her as a "garden artist.") "I looked, I listened, I learned, and I weeded, weeded, weeded," she says of her education under Page. The lessons of Page's horticultural pragmatism have proven endlessly useful, but his tutelage also taught her the importance of the "bones" of the garden as the basis for design.

Even today, when planning a project, Mitchell prefers to pay her first visit in winter when there are the fewest possible distractions from the structure of the landscape, or the ways in which it might relate to the architecture of the house. Since founding her firm in Manhattan in the late 1970s, she has applied this principle to sites as diverse as the rocky heights of the Adirondacks, the arid hills of West Texas, and the lush green valleys of Wales.

Mitchell's assured reworking of the pastoral formality at Floralyn is further evidence of her professional kinship to Russell Page. She also cites the inspiration of another friend, the late Luther Greene, Broadway producer and offstage gardener. Mitchell herself has long enjoyed planning gardens as if they were stage sets. "You need entrances and exits so the players don't trip over one another," she says. The entrance avenue to Floralyn's sunken garden is lined by tall junipers and twisted metal columns for climbing roses—'Queen Elizabeth', 'New Dawn', 'Paul's Scarlet'—and clematis. Mitchell painted the columns the blackish bottle green she favors for garden architecture but placed an off-white antique iron bench against a stone wall in deep shade as a focus for the vista down the avenue. *(Continued on page 124)*



to and swan spray
y pool in the
el secret garden.
s brighten the
enclosure. *Opposite*
Tomatoes are
branch poles in
getable garden.
ite below: Clematis
ose 'Candida'
s above purple
hite columbine.



Joe D'Urso, a pioneer of high tech, is now open to floral rugs and velvet pillows. The master bedroom's sofa is copied from an antique in the living room. D'Urso sacrificed a window for storage area with mirrored doors. *Opposite:* In the dining room a D'Urso stool, French table, and Picasso plate. Details see Resources.



Rooms with a Past

Joe D'Urso gives modernist spaces a sense of history

By Joan Kron Photographs by Richard Payne Structure by Charles Gandee

AN OBSERVANT ELEVEN-year-old has an eye for inconsistency. In the apartments of all her friends, she tells her mother, the lamps are deployed in pairs. "In our house, nothing matches."

Give that young woman a design scholarship. The absence of symmetry is no accident. Her family's Park Avenue apartment was designed by Joe D'Urso, a master at challenging cherished decorating assumptions. But this time he does it not with the carpeted platforms and industrial accessories of his high-tech period or with the don't-move-a-chair rigidity of his later homage-to-Josef-Hoffmann period but with a decorating Trojan horse: flowered rugs, great-grandma's tufted sofas, pretty throw pillows, antiques from many times and places, curtains, hanging plates —the traditional decorator's bag of tricks. Has iron Joe gone *Iron John?* If this is a Joseph Paul D'Urso job, pass the smelling salts.

But don't be fooled by the conventional vocabulary. In a period when couturiers are turning clothes inside out and leaving edges unfinished and international architects have forsaken parallel walls, D'Urso is deconstructing "trad" genteelly. There is no loss of equilibrium, no bewil-

Typical of D'Urso's unbalancing act, the Victorian sofa from Kentshire, NYC, in the living room, *right,* is set across a dining room entrance. The furniture mix includes an Otto Wagner étagère, a 1950s Lucite chair, a French garden chair, and a Kolo Moser chest. The *Airship* sculpture is by Bryan Hunt. *Below:* D'Urso ripped out French doors that divided the foyer from the living and dining rooms.



With a Trojan horse of floral rugs and g



ıdma's sofas, D'Urso challenges cherished decorating assumptions





lerment or confusion. Still, it's not your mother's living room. He may be using old things—but he's not designing by the old rules. "There are no rules," says D'Urso, who rocks the boat gently here with odd choices, juxtapositions, and placements.

In the past, he admits, "I was less interested in furniture per se. I struggled to get the perfect scheme, erasing the edges between furniture and architecture. Today I'm looser, more freewheeling, more in tune with what people need to be comfortable." His clients indicated that they were tired of contemporary, so he provided an environment that is more furnished than designed. "I'm perfectly comfortable now with the idea of a piece of furniture being placed in one spot and then being able to move it."

D'Urso describes himself today as "looser, more freewheeling, more in tune with what people need to be comfortable"

Several structural changes were made in the rented apartment. Quirky ones. "It was very gutsy of Joe—and of us—to close up three windows," says the woman of the house, a graduate student in photography who vowed fifteen years ago, when she had a low-level job at Calvin Klein, that one day she would live in a D'Urso creation. This is his second job for her and her husband.

Making war on twosomes, D'Urso boarded up one of a pair of windows behind the living room sofa and one of a pair in the bedroom as well as an odd window in the dining room. Then he turned the spacious living room—the reason most people hanker after prewar apartments—into four areas, building an L-shaped bar counter in the middle of it. "I kept asking Joe, 'Are you sure? Are you sure?' " recalls the wife, who has come to respect the decision.

The furnishings, gems of eclecti-

D'Urso and clients trekked to ten marble yards before finding the right slab for the living room fireplace surround, *above*. Its veining echoes the lines of the African grain-storage ladder. *Opposite:* Hardly noticeable is the generation gap between D'Urso's sofa in muslin, Pierre Chareau's c. 1920 wicker armchair, and Jean Royère's iron coffee table and the Artemide lamp, both from the 1950s.



A curtain of beads [illegible] from Manhattan Looms [illegible] a headboard in the master bedroom. The rose photograph is by Irving Penn. *Opposite:* Imogen Cunningham's *Magnolia* hangs above a Chinese chair outside the precisely detailed master bath, which features basswood cabinets and a marble counter.

Throughout the apartment, the designer rocks the boat with

cism spanning at least a dozen decades, may look as if they've been passed down in the family, but they were all purchased within the same year, with no rigid plan in mind. Like an old-fashioned decorator, D'Urso savored the process of shopping with his clients—at auctions, antiques shows, and galleries, searching for the serendipitous find. "Spontaneity interests me now," he says.

"You go looking for a sofa and a chair, and you come home with $10,000 worth of art glass vases," says the wife, describing an expedition to SoHo. "Or you'll see a sofa



and he'll say, 'I don't know where we'll put it,' but we buy it and put it in storage. You have to have a lot of trust." Eventually, they also came home with an Aubusson rug and exemplary early modern pieces by Otto Wagner, Josef Hoffmann, Pierre Chareau, and Kolo Moser. ("Joe will tolerate nothing less than the best of a period," says his client.) Many pieces, including an $80,000 chest, were bought on approval and sent back. "We could have been finished a hundred times, but the rooms are always evolving. Joe keeps experimenting. He doesn't lose steam."

While D'Urso's choices may be traditional, *(Continued on page 124)*

ces, placements, and jolting juxtapositions



Retreat to Castile

Doyen of Spanish decoration Paco Muñoz brings urbanity to a medieval village

By Taraneh Tahbaz

Photographs by Amparo Garrido



oz crafted his country
e, opposite, from four
18th-century structures.
nal timbers define the
in the two-story library,
r, where a collage by
isco Farreras coexists
antiques ranging from
century bronze eagle
ns to a Sheraton globe.
ils see Resources.





ORSON WELLES FLASHED through my head the first time I set eyes on Paco Muñoz. Relaxing at his country house in Pedraza in a flowing robe, his magnifying glass hanging from a leather cord around his neck, Paco Muñoz seems larger than life. Like Welles, he is tall and solid with a taste for the theatrical and a commanding presence softened by a mischievous smile. And like Welles, he has been a pioneer: he was one of a talented handful who virtually invented interior design in Spain in the early fifties. "Houses used to be furnished, not decorated," he says. "We have all learned on the job."

Muñoz studied architecture and dabbled in set design before turning to interior design and decoration. "My father always expected me to

Paco and Sabine Muñoz, *left,* with Goofy. *Above:* A mirror made fro an 18th-century wooden doorfram dominates one end of the library over a sofa from Muñoz's Casa & Jardin, a pair of rare 14th-century Spanish chairs, a a low table dresse in linen. *Opposite above:* The garde centers on a 2nd-century baptismal font. *Opposite bel* Even the beams a yellow in the vivi breakfast room; t tablecloth is by Souleiado, availab at Pierre Deux.

ttle eventually into the family busi-
ess of banking," he says. "But since
ie thing I did best was draw, I decid-
l to make the best of my abilities."
oday his firm, Casa & Jardin, is an
stitution in Spain, with about a
undred employees and a full line of
rvices, from decorating to manu-
acturing to retailing.

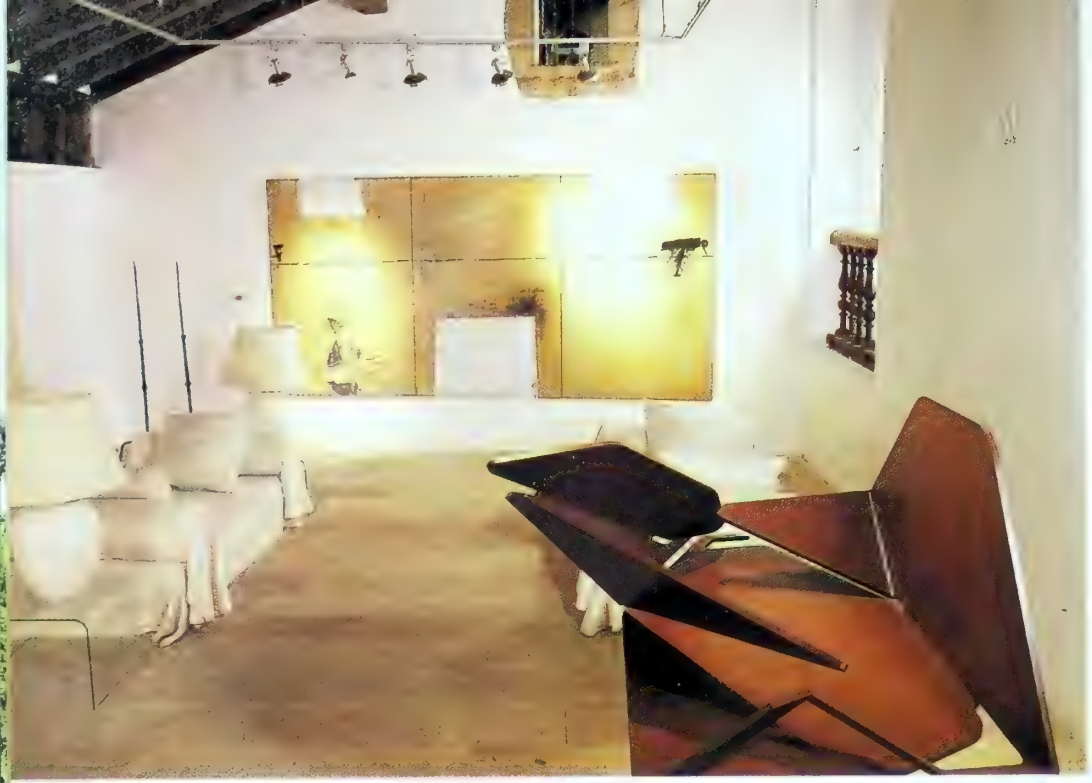
His romance with Pedraza started
bout the same time as his decorating
areer. He and eleven friends used
o get together once a week to talk.
ne week they decided that each
ould find a house in a different lo-
ation, do it up, and allow the others
o use it. One found a house in Se-
ille, another in Venice. Muñoz
ound Pedraza, a tiny medieval vil-
ge deep in the austere and rugged
ndscape of Castile.

"I drove out there one day on a
amily excursion and fell in love with
he place on the spot," he recalls. "I



Muñoz jokes, "Color came into this house through the French connection"—his wife





"Creating a feeling of space is the essence of all architecture and interior design"

was a bit worried about the reactio of my brother Antonio, who was f nancing the project with me, bu since he was enjoying a weekend o the Onassis yacht in Monaco, I ju went ahead." He bought a sma house, practically in ruins, with h brother. Later he bought four adj cent eighteenth-century houses an united them into a coherent whol Taking advantage of the high cei ings and different floor levels, h created an indoor terrace a few ste above the living room, tucked th bedrooms upstairs, and opened u the space next to the living room t its full two-story height. More re cently he added an orangerie an third-floor bedrooms.

As I walked from the glaring su light into the dim cool entrance ha and then stepped down into th main living room, I was struck by th light and expansiveness of Muñoz



scheme. "Creating a feeling of space s to me the essence of all architecture nd interior design," he says. "For a oom to work, there must be a coher-nce of space around the objects and abrics you use."

Oversize glass doors lead into the louble-height library. Muñoz spends hours poring over drawing boards up in the gallery—where the walls have been covered with nine oats of terra-cotta colored stucco, oated with wax, and polished with a steel bar—while guests chat around he massive whitewashed fireplace lownstairs. The original wooden beams help divide the space. Stand-ng back, I suddenly see the room as a hree-dimensional rendering of an abstract painting. Muñoz approves. 'I was very involved in the abstract art movement in Spain in the fifties, nd many of the artists are friends of mine." *(Continued on page 125)*



A Tàpies triptych, 1970, and a 1984 sculpture by Palazuelo, *opposite above*, in the gallery. *Opposite below:* Stone walls and 15th-century grilles screen the pool. *Above:* The master bedroom is a study in whites. *Below:* Tinted stucco walls in a guest room create a warm setting for 19th-century Spanish beds hung with Bennison fabric.





Gene Meyer

IN HIS STUDIO, DESIGNER GENE MEYER INDULGE



with colour

ION FOR SCARVES. By Wendy Goodman Photographs by Ruven Afanador

Late 18th century candelabras and a fashion drawing once owned by Andy Warhol, *above,* rest above a riot of color. *Below:* A tabletop still life includes a 1950s plaster giraffe and a starfish in a 19th-century fruit pail.

Silk twill Framed scarves, *above,* add spice to a pair American Empire chairs. *Below:* Italian metal sconce from the 1940s flank a large 19th-century giltwood s The high-heeled shoe was part of a cast-iron trade si

COLOR IS MY FAVORite thing in the world," says accessories designer Gene Meyer. "It doesn't have to be oled out in small neat doses" -and in his Manhattan studio it n't. Deep pink and lavender vibrate gainst bright yellow; orange and hite dance against black; pink and ellow glow against baby blue—one limpse brought back that euphoric oment when finger painting pened up a whole world of color.

Meyer achieves his high-impact ecorating with a single fashion ac-ssory: his cotton, silk, and silk-wool lend scarves. Sewn together, they ecome slipcovers, tablecloths, and urtains—an idea Meyer says he got om a friend, writer Amy Fine Col-ns, who covered her dining room airs with his silk scarves.

The soft-spoken Louisville-born esigner has been part of New ork's fashion world since he went om his studies at Parsons School of esign to Anne Klein Studio and en to Geoffrey Beene. After eleven ears with Beene he launched his wn business, first with made-to-rder clothing and now with scarves, es, and handbags, many of them in-ired by images from art and pho-graphy books. "The world of ooks is nurturing—street life these ays isn't," he says. "Photographs nd books can capture that perfect ate of life frozen in a moment."

Six times a year, when he is design-g a collection, Meyer folds up his arves and tucks them away. "I need white room to think about color," e explains, "but I'm lucky that I can o my work here, surrounded by my ings and my world. Someday I'd ve to have a house with a char-euse dining room and white paint-d furniture with robin's-egg blue abric on the seats." Someday is robably just around the corner. ▲

treet Scene cotton curtains, *right*, frame group of 19th-century objects. Model eresa Stewart wears a skirt fashioned Modern Art squares and trimmed with athers. Shoes by Manolo Blahnik.



Meyer achieves his high-impact decorating with a single fashion accessory: the scarf



A Favorite Haunt

Spirits from the past cast a romantic aura in the Savannah house of John Rosselli and Furlow Gatewood. By Celia McGee

Photographs by Oberto Gili Produced by Carolyn Sollis



In the parlor, twin mantelpieces and Venetian mirrors flank a heroic French neoclassical painting and a 19th-century English table. The hurricane lamps and trompe l'oeil screen are Rosselli designs. Brunschwig tiger velvet covers the ottomans. Details see Resources.





JOHN ROSSELLI DOESN'T MAKE A HABIT O
chatting with psychics, but when he met o
at a party three years ago, he felt he had
tell her about his new house. Together wi
his partner, Furlow Gatewood, the Ne
York antiques dealer and furniture design
had recently bought Conrad Aiken's chil
hood home in Savannah, Georgia, the re
brick nineteenth-century row house whe
on February 27, 1901, eleven-year-old Conrad, startl
by the sound of two pistol shots, made his way to his pa
ents' bedroom to find that his father, increasingly irrati
nal and depressed of late, had killed his wife befo
turning the gun on himself. Wouldn't you mention th
to someone wired into the spirit world? "I told her tha
hadn't had a sad moment in the house," says Rossel
"even though I sleep in the room where it happened. Sl
claimed this made sense: the parents were both unhapp
souls who wanted to be released."

Facing onto Colonial Park cemetery, the house last b
longed to a preacher who, Rosselli recalls, "had no kitc
en but lots of marvelous English and Americ

Surrounded by blue and white Chinese export porcelain, the William IV dining table, *opposite*, stands on a faux marbl floor by decorative painter Bob Christian. The chandelier and paired consoles are by Rosselli. *Above:* Below the French trumeau mirror in the foyer is a William Kent table. The hall chairs are 19th century English. *Left:* The front doorway frames a terra-cotta urn against a background of Spanish mo



Savannah's climate has a whiff of the exotic that
Rosselli took to the way British colonials took to India



rniture." The paint was peeling, the wooden floors on e street level were rotting away, the garden out back as covered in debris. The walls are much spiffier now, nd the decaying floorboards have been pulled up to re- al ancient brickwork underneath. To the raised eye- ows of local visitors, Rosselli and Gatewood covered e wide-board flooring in the second-story parlor with sal. "To give it an updated, cleaner look," says Rosselli. he foyer and dining room have unabashedly faux mar- e floors by Bob Christian, a Georgia native trained by osselli who returned to Savannah to open a decorative- ainting business. Shutters have been used rather than rtains to filter the bright southern light. Rosselli and atewood still haven't gotten around to a banister for the aircase leading to the basement. The precarious de- ent prompted a Savannah grande dame to tease, They don't drink, do they."

Except for a scattering of plaids, tapestry, and paisleys, he house shows the pair's affinity for monochrome wall- overings and fabrics. "We're both people who collect ings," Rosselli explains, "so we like a plain back-



Mexican primitive painting inspired Rosselli's folding screen the breakfast room, *opposite*, where a Louis XVI sofa is mbined with a chinoiserie chair and an American Victorian mchair reupholstered in a Brunschwig check. *Right:* The ar garden is centered on a lead fountain and a goldfish pool. *elow:* French garden chairs and a Rosselli table create an formal dining area. The chair in the foreground is American untry Sheraton. Rosselli based the sconces on old tole.









The interior of the house has acquired a gentleman-planter-comes-to-the-city air

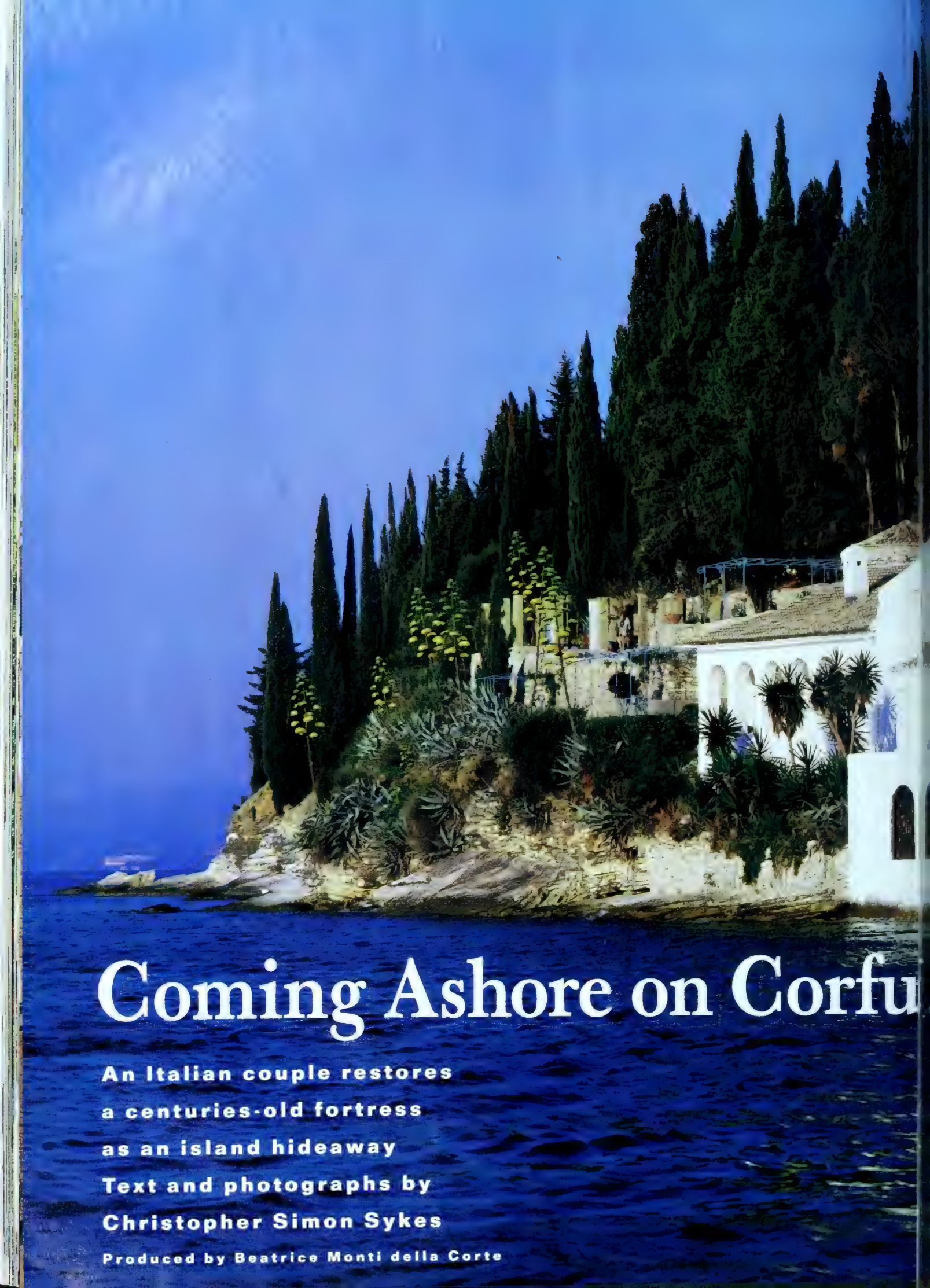
ground." Anyone who has squeezed into his Manhatta antiques shop knows this is an understatement. Th space, which is regularly plundered by such heirloor friendly decorators as Mark Hampton, Mario Buatt Mariette Himes Gomez, and Bunny Williams, is a test ment to the fact that, as Gatewood puts it, "John can't g to the barber without coming home with something."

"I come from a long line of compulsive collectors Rosselli says. His father, a stonemason turned farmer a seventy-five-acre spread in rural New Jersey, collecte everything from cars to carriages to farm implement His mother loved collecting good china and crochetin "I was the youngest of fourteen children," says Rossel "and my mother crocheted a bedspread for every one my seven sisters." Gatewood is originally from Americu Georgia, and the Savannah house has definitely a quired a gentleman-planter-comes-to-the-city air. "Th South is brown furniture country," Rosselli says appr ciatively of the pieces that mix well with prototyp for the kind of painted designs—reinterpretations eighteenth- and nineteenth-century cupboards ar tables, chandeliers and screens, consoles and mirrors his studio is known for.

The very brown eight-foot-long English mahoga writing table that Rosselli and Gatewood found loca brings out the generous proportions of Savannah arch tecture in the parlor, which is two rooms made into on The parlor's size and its two fireplaces, Rosselli preten to complain, meant that he and Gatewood had to fi two—or two pairs—of everything: matching Veneti mirrors, candelabras, flower containers, Regency fig rines. A giant French neoclassical canvas, *Diana and t Hunt,* spans the considerable distance between the tw hearths. The room has also let the partners indulge the "fetish for chairs." A leather-bound English libra chair, a French pearwood armchair, and a comfortin nineteenth-century invalid's chair on wheels are part o conglomeration that includes the kind of late Victori American easy chairs Rosselli feels "we in America d count so." The parlor extends back to the breakfast roo and the loggia, which Gatewood, "a frustrated architec designed to overlook the garden, *(Continued on page 12*

A French campaign bed, *above left,* dominates the guest roor *Left:* In the dressing room a 1950s chest of drawers holds a Directoire shaving mirror and an Indian alabaster deity doubling as a tie holder. *Opposite above:* By painting the stuc Arabian red, Rosselli brought out the exoticism of orientalist paintings. The painted armchair has cushions in a Rose Cumming paisley; the Biedermeier chair near the desk was purchased from the estate of Marilyn Monroe. *Opposite below* Chinese figures adorn the antique bedspread in the adjoining bedroom, and the Rosselli screen unfolds a Hindustani scene





Coming Ashore on Corfu

An Italian couple restores a centuries-old fortress as an island hideaway

Text and photographs by Christopher Simon Sykes

Produced by Beatrice Monti della Corte



Rounded turrets, *above*, date to Kouloura's origin as a bastion. *Right from top:* The house rises above the neighboring village. A palm shelters the restored medieval church. Local boats are moored in the harbor.



EVEN AT THE END OF THE TWENtieth century there are places on the coast of Greece and its islands that seem to keep the modern age at bay. Such is the northeastern tip of Corfu where hills thick with scrub oaks, cypresses, and olive trees descend steeply to a shore dotted with small coves, fishing villages, and ancient fortresses. The latter, the most important of which is at Kassiopi, were built in the Middle Ages to protect sea traffic in the Corfu Straits. The small fort called Kouloura is unusual in that it has been turned into a house which may well be one of the most romantic hideaways in the world.

"I first saw Kouloura from a boat in 1958," the Italian owner, Giorgio, told me. "It was a white dot surrounded by cypresses—and I thought, 'How wonderful!' I saw it again in 1985, and over the next three years, each time I came to Corfu I looked at it longingly. Then, in 1988, I was introduced to the owners, who told me Kouloura was for sale. My wife and I bought it without a second thought." It is easy to understand why. The house stands at the very tip of a wooded promontory, and the ocean laps at its stone walls. Four squat turrets reveal its ancestry as a fortress, which was converted into a residence more than five hundred years ago by the Quartano family. Their coat of arms can still be seen carved above the stone-arched entrance. Legend has it that in 1537 a beautiful daughter of the Quartanos was kidnapped by Turkish marauders and taken back to the harem of Sultan Suleiman I, the Magnificent. In later life the sultana returned to Corfu and used her riches to bring prosperity to the island. Her family lived on at Kouloura, adding to it bit by bit over the years until well into the nineteenth century.

"As soon as the purchase was complete," Giorgio said, "we installed minimal furniture and essentially camped out in the house. The floors were all linoleum, there was only one bathroom and one shower, and in the vaulted cellar, the

Like the rest o
interior, the T
style music ro
and library, *al*
was decorated
Dominique Be
Opposite above
the veranda a
chair sits besi
Corfiote stone
Opposite below
Biedermeier d
table and chai
in Boussac cot
are accompani
a Swedish cloc
and an Englis
holding an 18
Wedgwood m
seashell. Detai
see Resources.

dest part of the building, the mortar had rot-
d. At night the rats ran round, and once, when
e wind blew, great pieces of the ceiling fell
own. That's when I had a shock, because until
en my love for this Corfiote lady had blinded
e to her faults. Now I saw that she was in urgent
eed of structural repairs." In fact, Kouloura was
arely standing. A massive project lay ahead, the
ntral challenge of which was to respect the spir-
of the house while virtually rebuilding it. After
xpert advice was sought on everything from
rthquake resistance to the restoration of the
arby medieval church of Saint Nicholas, work
entually began in October 1988, supervised by
able local contractor, Erricos Theodotos. For
n months a team that sometimes numbered as
any as thirty men labored to preserve the shell
hile gutting and completely reconstructing the
terior. Miraculously, the owners were able to
ove back into the house in July 1989.

The driving aesthetic force behind Kouloura's
w rooms was a local decorator, Dominique



"The house is done in what I call the Anglo-Mediterranean-Greek style," says Kouloura's Italian owner



Benier. "The house is done in what I call the Anglo-Mediterranean-Greek style," said Giorgio, "the origins of which lie in the period of British rule in the Ionian islands, during the early nineteenth century." This means stone floors, white walls, and white wooden ceilings and furniture that is a mixture of wood in its natural color along with white upholstered sofas and chairs. Objects and pictures reflect Giorgio's lifelong passion for the sea. The scene is immediately set in the entrance hall with nineteenth-century prints of merchant ships, a collection of ceramic sea urchins and pebbles by the Athenian artist Stella Bactiari, and a dazzling white enfilade through to French doors onto the veranda. In the dining room the maple frames surrounding a collection of shell prints reflect the warm hue of a Biedermeier table and chairs and a handsome Swedish grandfather clock. Under the master bedroom's typical Corfiote plank ceiling, an English iron and brass bedstead accompanies a simple wooden desk and chests of drawers as well as more marine pictures; an adjoining turret has been transformed into a bathroom.

Dominique has created a magnificent room, with a coved and molded ceiling in the Turkish style, known alternatively as the music room and the library, but because Kouloura is a summer house, most of its daily life takes place on the veranda. A nineteenth-century addition, this covered terrace with elegantly chamfered Corfiote stone columns overlooks the harbor, with views across the water to Albania. Though at its best at breakfast time, bathed in golden early morning sunlight, the veranda is a comfortable place to sit around all through the day, since its northerly exposure means that there is a cool breeze even in the hottest weather. Sitting at the marble dining table, sipping white wine and eating exquisite food prepared by Giorgio's Italian cook, I have often thought that this is as close to an earthly paradise as I am likely to find.

The most recent achievement at Kouloura is the restoration of the *(Continued on page 126)*

Mirrors sig
way from th
entrance ha
to the veran
Ceramic sea
and pebbles
Stella Bactia
displayed be
maritime pr
Opposite abo
left: **A roofte**
of the Corfu
the owners
onto the ver
an arcade n
garden. ***Opp***
below: **Beyo**
the English
bedstead in
master bedr
archway lea
a turret bath

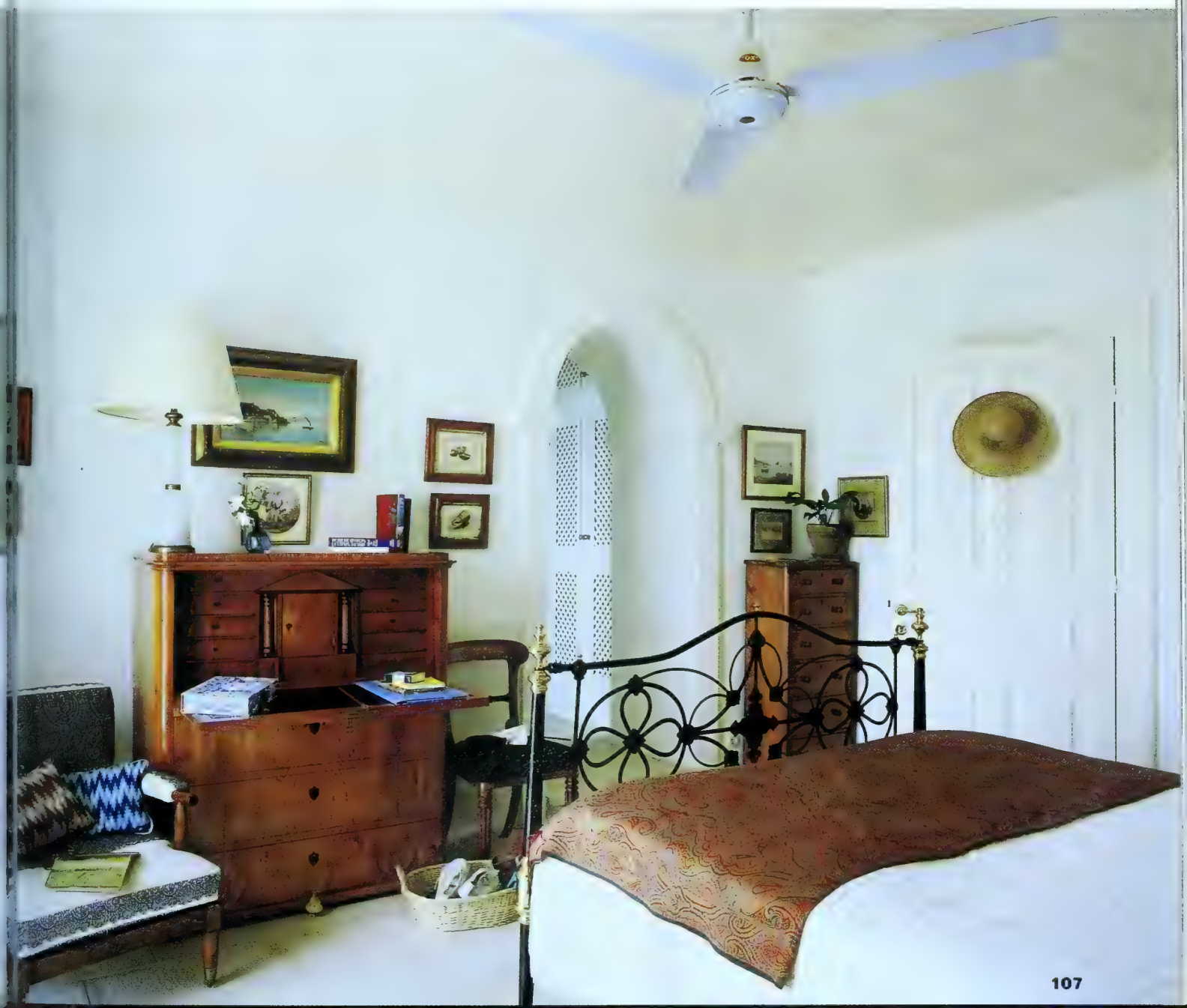








"Kouloura is a magic place, an oasis—it is the island in *The Tempest*. I just wish it were easier to get here"



In the American Grain



Jim Righter, le
transformed an
house in Westc
County into a p
house in the sty
a Carpenter Go
chapel. The ow
Roxana and To
Robinson, furni
the main room,
with brightly pa
daybeds that Ri
topped with mu
colored bocce b
Details see Reso

Shingles, clapboards, and other old favorites provide the framework for Boston architect Jim Righter's personal style. By Roxana Robinson

Photographs by Richard Fe[illegible] Produced by Heather Smith MacIsaac







"I'm more interested in the naive response than in the art historian





IF YOU ASK JIM RIGHTER WHY HE SPECIALIZES in designing houses, his explanation is simple: "People. I like hearing their dreams. What I do is help them realize those dreams." In an era of flamboyant egos, dictatorial theorists, and confrontational architecture, this is a modest and refreshing point of view, but Jim Righter is a modest and refreshing man. (He is also my brother-in-law and architect-of-choice, so I am partial.) Righter distrusts dogma and thinks that buildings should delight rather than intimidate. His houses manage to be both handsome and comforting, and his work is notable for its unpretentiousness, warmth, and humanism. All of this runs decidedly counter to the prevailing trends in twentieth-century architecture, which lean toward a grand and chilly geometry: it makes Righter something of a radical.

This Boston-based architect, with horn-rimmed glasses and a slightly rumpled face, is an unlikely revolutionary. His background suggests convention: he went to boarding school, then to Harvard, and afterward he sold advertising space for a magazine. Then came the break. In 1964 his parents, who had their own streak of esthetic radicalism, commissioned a house from the elegant modernist Edward Larrabee Barnes. "That changed my life," say Righter. Barnes became a friend and mentor, and Righter went back to school, this time to study architecture at Yale. After graduation he briefly joined a Connecticut firm and soon after started his own. He also taught at Yale for many years.

In 1980, Righter and his wife, Sandy, a psychotherapist, moved to Boston, where he relocated his firm, which remains small, composed of two colleagues, Jacob Albert and Cynthia Wardell, and no secretary. Righter's unpretentious style extends to office management—all three answer the telephone and write their own letters. During the past decade James Volney Righter Architects has turned out quietly eccentric designs that have drawn increasing critical attention, and in 1991 Righter's own summer house on an island off New England won the Boston Society of Architects/AIA Housing Award.

Righter's style is decidedly eclectic. The award-

Miniature wooden houses, *right*, climb the stairs of the guest tower at Righter's weekend retreat on an island off the New England coast. Compact, quietly eccentric vacation houses are a Righter specialty. Recent work includes, *opposite, clockwise from top left*, a board-and-batten fishing cabin with a wide porch in the Catskills; bathing pavilions, in New York State, with flaired sides and sawtoothed bases à la beach tents in Deauville; also in the Catskills, a companion cabin with log columns; the Westchester County pool house.





ed structure combines a swooping pagoda-lik roof, a turreted Gothic arcade leading to th front door, and a whimsical guest tower in th stick-style manner. Other work includes a poo side folly, in New York State, that looks like a American Gothic chapel (for my husband an myself), a Catskills cabin with log columns, and pair of jaunty striped bathing pavilions in easter New York. Here is a man ready to combine a most anything with almost anything. "I like a these styles," says Righter. "Why should I lim myself to one?"—an attitude that allows his cl ents to have a wide variety dreams, with a wealth of po sible interpretations.

For sources, Righter looks to the American past





Ideas, ruminations, and fantasies play an im portant part in Righter's work. Much of his d sign functions in the realm of intuition whe things seem half-known but deeply felt. He uses rich mix of visual allusions which extend th meaning of the design and engage the viewer imagination. In his own house the Gothic-arche arcade is reminiscent of a cloister's serene an sheltered ambulatory. The arcade's high pointe roof suggests the row of crossed swords at a mil tary wedding, lending it a ceremonial air. Th whole structure—low and shingled and solid— evocative of Henry Hobson Richardson's la nineteenth century railroad stations. Righte likes the metaphoric power of all these image "A railroad station means the start of a journey he says. "Isn't that what a summer house does- transport you to another part of your life?"

Despite his eclecticism, Righter has his ow purism in the form of a strong American bia His favorite architect is Richardson, one of th founders of the shingle style, and for sources, h looks to the American past. "If I want to draw c Gothic style, I don't look at Chartres, I look American Gothic. If I want classical sources, look at Greek revival. We have our own versio of these styles—even when American builde worked straight from English pattern boo their churches were different from the origina Everything is changed in translation. I reli that. I'm a great fan of Americanness." course, Righter makes exceptions to his ow rule. Our American *(Continued on page 12*

Righter's shingled vacation house, *top left,* with its swooping roof, dark trim, and extended railing, is reminiscent of the railroad stations of Henry Hobson Richardson. *Above left:* Next to the front door of a New England summer house, two high multipaned windows provide privacy and light. *Left:* Comfortable furniture surrounds a mantel inset with Italian coins in Righter's airy living room overlooking a harbor. *Opposite:* Sea gulls radiate above Righter's guest tower, connected to the main house by a boardwalk.





The distemper ceil
in the chamber, kn
as the president's b
room, below, dates
to the building of
Skogaholm manor
in the 1680s, while
guest room across
corridor, *opposite*,
ingenious collapsib
was redone in 179



In a Swedish Manor

The style of rural gentry lives on in a neoclassical house. By Maita di Niscemi

Photographs by Jacques Dirand Produced by Deborah Webster



CERES AND POMONA I
a golden chariot flo
with a covey of cupi
above the restraine
gray borders an
proper garlands
the entrance hall
Skogaholm. Major General Gust
Philip Wennerstedt may have in
posed neoclassicism on the walls
his family's manor house, but th
ceiling remains a riot of baroque m
thology. However distressing to t
purist, the charming mélange
styles persuades the rest of us that w
are, indeed, in a house where thr
generations of Sweden's rural ari
tocracy lived out their everyday live

Today this handsome countr
house from Närke province stan
on a hill in the heart of Stockhol
where it is part of the world's olde
open-air museum, Skansen. Th
Skogaholm manor was home to t
Wennerstedts, from its constructi
for Anders Wennerstedt in th
1680s to its modernization by h
grandson the general in 1793–
and its abandonment in 1833. Du
ing the many decades that the hou
was empty the furniture and art d
appeared, but the decorative schem
was relatively untouched. Now t
house is once again furnished wi
pieces much like those the Wenne
stedts listed in their inventories
largely neoclassical, with some roc
co holdovers and a few examples
the stout baroque of Anders's day.

The dining room is a pure,
somewhat countrified, example
the neoclassical style named for Gu
tav III, who dictated Swedish fashi
from his succession in 1771 until h
assassination at the infamous "ba
in maschera" in 1792—and whose i
fluence continued to shape the ta

The baroque and the neoclassical coexi
at Skogaholm. *Opposite, clockwise from top:* In the paneled dining room a bust
Gustav III presides over a decorative
scheme in the style he favored. Painted
overdoor, 1793–94. Monochrome wall
painting, c. 1760. A mythological scene
c. 1700, above Gustavian borders in
the hall. *Above left:* A 1785 embroidery
hangs against painted linen. *Left:* View
past a pavilion to the manor house.













Fear of fire relegated the kitchen to a separate wing, away from the family and guest quarters and the elegant library

of the good general and his peers. Originally, ten family portraits were fitted into the room's pearl gray panels, but by the time Skogaholm was transported to Skansen in 1929, nothing was left but the inscriptions and the holes in the paneling. Eight of the paintings have been restored to their proper places.

The general's local craftsmen also transformed the adjoining drawing room, painting the plank floor in faux oak parquet. "This very Swedish tradition was introduced by Gustav III," explains Ralph Edenheim, head curator of Skansen's cultural history department. "He thought plain floors were so dull." The same ingenuity with simple materials also appears in rooms associated with the general's mother and his father, Carl Gustav, the president of the Göta court of appeal. In the baroness's bedroom, the bed was painted red to resemble mahogany, and in her husband's baroque parlor and bedroom, the walls were covered with linen treated to *(Continued on page 124)*

president's bed-
an early 18th
y oak desk with
nd plumwood
r stands out
t the "Dutch
walls of linen
l, painted, and
ed to resemble
lvet. *Opposite*
The library
ases are copies
70s shelves.
ite below: A wall
kitchen stores
d earthenware.







The painting above the door and the armchairs at the right lend a rococo touch to the otherwise Gustavian decoration of the baroness's parlor and bedroom. The bed was painted red to mimic mahogany, then too rare and expensive for the rural Swedish nobility.

From novel rods to couture flourishes, innovative details shed new light on curtain design.

great ideas

By Anne Foxley



Color Options Thad Hayes used two tones of velvet and a structured solid-colored valance to create a curtain that evokes a stateroom on a luxury liner. Details see Resources.

Hanging by a Chain Instead of installing a rod, Mary Bright suspended a copper chain from the ceiling as support for an asymmetrical valance consisting of nothing more than a double-layered panel of draped taffeta.



Reshaping the Valance In place of swags, MaryAnne McGowan finished her ball gown–style curtains with jester's-cap points and gold balls. A lavend lining lends the white silk taffeta its violet cast.



CREATIVE HARDWARE ph Biunno's dragon finial on a rod adds opulence to Gary Crain's feta curtain, with loosely gathered ats that create a billowy effect.



PLAYING WITH SCALE William Harvey's oversize leafy branch tieback serves as a graphic focal point for intricate hand-painted fabric by Carla Weisberg.



BORROWING FROM FASHION Ned Marshall outfitted a basic pleated curtain design with couture-inspired details, including quilting, gold-braided borders, and tasseled bows.



INNOVATIVE RIGGING An aluminum-leafed rod, bent at the corners and attached by metal plates, makes brackets unnecessary. Parish-Hadley's elegantly spare design also features aluminum-leafed curtain rings.



DRESSMAKER STYLING Vivian White used buttoned fabric loops, instead of metal rings, for a whimsical curtain in primary colors. The zigzagged edge is achieved by sewing wire into the hem and then shaping it.



UPDATING TRADITION Against damask-inspired wallpaper, Parish-Hadley's formal curtain—sparingly ruffled, swagged, and goblet-pleated—looks far from traditional in vivid yellow cotton patterned with spirals.

Sandy on the Beach

(Continued from page 56) Lane-organized whirlwind shopping sprees. "It takes me less than five minutes to do a store," boasts Gallin. "I can do all of Los Angeles in three or four hours."

This time around town, Gallin and Lane hit Shabby Chic, the Santa Monica–based purveyor of tantalizingly comfortable upholstered furniture that tends to come wrapped in one-size-too-large slipcovers. Although Gallin asked for a slightly more tailored look, Shabby Chic was understandably happy to oblige. Dropped into the Klein-inspired envelope of ebonized wood floors and crisp white walls with bronze, not brass, hardware and yards and yards and yards of books (Kelly advised against dust jackets, so off went the dust jackets one night), the white sofas and chairs and ottomans and pillows provide a neutral foreground against a neutral background.

Although a series of William Morris–inspired carpets add a bit of arts and crafts–style color and pattern, there's deliberate reserve. And understandably so. It would be perverse to compete with the envy-of-every-mogul-in-Malibu view offered from Gallin's perch atop a bluff looking out on a wide arc of Pacific, from the shores of Paradise Cove to the north to the shores of Santa Monica to the south. "If all you see is water," says Gallin, "it's lonely. Here you have a feeling of privacy, but you don't have a feeling of being isolated." But even if Gallin's view were less sensational, even if, say, it were limited to the Pacific, it's unlikely that lonely and isolated would be his fate. Not with all those telephones. ♠

Locust Valley

(Continued from page 74) New rectangular and wedge-shaped beds framed by mown paths overflow with tulips, bearded irises, lilies, roses, oriental poppies, lavender, and peonies. "I always wanted to grow the peonies I remembered from childhood," says Mitchell, "flowers that looked like swansdown powder puffs." Dark walls of hemlock offset luxuriant shrub roses and hybrid teas.

A new path of ancient flagstones leads to the vegetable patch and cutting beds, whose neat rows evoke the abundance of old-fashioned kitchen gardens. Here, as in the formal borders, Mitchell explains, "the owners wanted a garden that would serve their needs from spring till autumn." On the far side of a lawn is the Long Walk, a gentle slope flanked by fine old apple trees, large viburnums, and newly planted eighteen-foot-tall 'Mount Fuji' cherry trees. At the bottom of the walk, along which Mitchell has massed purple Siberian irises with purple and pale blue tradescantia amid a blanket of ferns, the most romantic coup de théâtre comes into view: the secret water garden. In the restored pool—cracked and empty when Mitchell found it—carp and golden orfe once again dart through water lilies under the spray of a lead swan fountain. The water reflects the pink, yellow, and white of venerable azaleas recently pruned by an expert hand. No other scene at Floralyn speaks more eloquently of time as the gardener's trusty collaborator. ♠

Rooms with a Past

(Continued from page 83) placement isn't. The first jolt comes when you notice the dining table isn't centered in the room, nor is it centered on the oval Aubusson rug (actually, a medallion from a larger weaving) partly beneath it. "It seems pointless to obscure a rug," explains D'Urso. Then you notice a sofa blocking the entrance to the living room from the dining room and forcing the use of another doorway; entrée to the bedroom hall is impeded by a floating stone plank that requires a detour around it—a bold but simple privacy mechanism. In the master bedroom, night table lamps are as different as the rice paper and silver plate they're made of. And throughout the apartment the curtains refuse to abide by the dimensions of the windows. Pictures, needless to say, are placed in surprising ways. Two Irving Penn flower photos—which, in another designer's aesthetic, would surely be treated as a pair—are planted in separate rooms. And wall colors such as pale lime and terra-cotta stop short and shift gears, like planes of hue in a Rietveld chair.

"It takes trust and indulgence to be a D'Urso client," says the client, joking that an archaeologist could count the layers of paint that were tried, rejected, and painted over. "But we kept the faith. If Joe wanted me to paint everything red, I'd give it a shot." ♠

In a Swedish Manor

(Continued from page 118) look like damask and cut velvet, respectively.

The two freestanding wings are originally from Småland. The west wing houses guest rooms, a scullery for the manor's collection of Marieberg and Rörstrand porcelain, and a library. The east wing's functions are less glamorous: a kitchen, a maid's room, and the housekeeper's chamber where the scents of spices once kept there under lock and key linger in the cabinets. Because of the great fear of fire in the eighteenth century, no silver or china was kept in the kitchen wing.

Although there are no barns or stables, Skogaholm has a country atmosphere. In summer a hidden door in the dining room is opened and the parterre becomes an alfresco drawing room. Nearby, fruit trees and bushes of gooseberries and currants border the kitchen garden, from which a trellised path leads to a tiny garden house. For what is a Swedish garden without a hidden pavilion made for quiet thought and modest pleasure? ♠

The grounds of Skogaholm, within the open-air museum of Skansen, can be visited daily except Christmas Eve. The interior of Skogaholm manor house is open May 16–Aug. 31, 11:00 A.M.–7:00 P.M., or by appt. For further information, Stockholm (8) 663-0500.

Retreat to Castile

(Continued from page 89) Beyond the library he has converted old animal sheds into a private gallery where works by Antoni Tàpies, Eduardo Chillida, and Pablo Palazuelo mingle with Renaissance wrought-iron candlesticks and Casa & Jardin sofas covered in natural linen. "When I started decorating in Spain after the war, there was nothing," Muñoz explains, "so I had to design my own fabrics and furniture and use whatever was around me, which was basically old Castilian oak doors and furniture, religious objects, and abstract art. I still draw inspiration from my Spanish roots."

Thus Muñoz's attraction to white: "It is really the most difficult color to use because of all its nuances, but it is part of our history of whitewashed houses, monasteries, and monks' habits." The master bedroom celebrates whites, from the stucco walls to the silk and wool bedcover and the ceramic lamps. The breakfast room, however, is yellow, and each guest room has its own color scheme. "I think color came into this house through the French connection," he jokes, looking at his French wife, Sabine.

As we sit on the porch and watch the sun set over the Castilian plateau, he reminisces about past visitors: "When Prince Rainier and Princess Grace of Monaco came to visit as newlyweds, the village rooftops were swarming with paparazzi." But even when there are no royal guests, it's clear that he has transformed Pedraza. Friends and admirers have renovated houses here and many residents work at De Natura, his store in the village, or make products for Casa & Jardin. Now Spain's official college of architects has given him an honor normally bestowed only upon architects, Sabine tells me. Paco Muñoz smiles. The frustrated architect inside is pleased. ♠

A Favorite Haunt

(Continued from page 100) centered on a lead fountain with spewing swans that clinched the deal on the house. Flowerbeds have been edged with Savannah tile. The garden is at its height during the city's lengthy spring. It has also served as an inspiration for Rosselli's latest venture, Treillage, the garden emporium he and Bunny Williams opened in Manhattan last year.

Savannah's steamy climate has a whiff of the exotic that Rosselli goes for the way British and French colonials once took to India and other points east. The way the British and French, too, translated the Near and Far East into the Regency and orientalist styles which are at play throughout the house—and practically enshrined in Rosselli's Arabian-red study and bedroom suite. "I have a passion for orientalist painting," he says of the pictures he's installed there along with figures from an Anglo-Indian regiment of lead soldiers, a Moresque ivory-inlaid occasional table, and a screen he painted with Hindustani scenes based on a Zuber wallpaper.

In the adjoining dressing room, carpeted in a Billy Baldwin antelope pattern from the fifties, an Indian alabaster deity serves as a tie holder. It's surrounded by photographs of the many prize whippets Rosselli and Gatewood have owned over the years. The current pets, Lilly and Little Sister, are the reason Gatewood undertakes a two-day car trip rather than fly from New York.

Rosselli once took a four-day trip to Savannah. He was eleven, and because his father had sold his favorite sheep, he decided to run away from home. He made it as far as Savannah, where, tired and hungry and a good little Catholic boy, he sought refuge in the cathedral. The Franciscans sent him back to New Jersey, but not before he got a taste for Spanish moss and the Gothic South. Gothic is what happened to Conrad Aiken. Yet, as an adult, Aiken practically moved back to the scene of his horrible childhood discovery. He took up residence in a house next door. "Yes," he wrote of that house, and he could just as well have been thinking of the one that is now Rosselli and Gatewood's, "here we are, in this most heavenly house and heavenly city." Séance, anyone? ♠

Henry Hangs His Hat

(Continued from page 68) instructed to "come at noon and leave at one," gather for a tour. Their host rambles through the rooms—"six upstairs, six downstairs; a Palladian rectangle under an art deco matrix."

Several of the guests get the impression they've missed something. They look at him nervously; some actually twitch. He manages to be at once childlike, bohemian, eccentric, and authoritative. As he talks, he pulls surprises out of his pocket—a jingling silver ball, an engraved stone, a tiny crystal pacifier. With his white beard, blue knit cap, yellow Indian silk bow tie, purple shirt, and violet cologne, he has the aura of a transported pasha or pied piper.

He stops near a row of Ellsworth Kelly collages, a postcard painted by Adolph Gottlieb, and what may be the world's smallest Frank Stella, just three inches square, inscribed "The Green Hornet goes to L.A. March 26, 1962." Geldzahler says, "Somebody asked me why Stella had so much space in the New York painting show, and I said, 'Because he's my best friend.' It was a joke, but it's true. He's my best friend because he teaches me the most."

The tour continues through this house of mirrors, full of images that reflect back on its owner the support and affection he has shown to artists. A mythological painting by Sandro Chia, inscribed "For Henry," hangs in the dining room. In the foyer, above an enormous Dale Chihuly glass clamshell full of hats, is Hockney's seven-foot-tall photographic collage of Geldzahler wearing leather suspenders and holding his jingling silver ball. Irving Penn's Geldzahler in a hat and fur collar resembles a brooding Donald Sutherland. A Robert Mapplethorpe portrait seems to explore the intellectual possibility of tweed.

"It's not a collection," concludes Geldzahler. "It's the track of my life that rolls back through the decades. It's simple. It's just a house." ♠

American Grain

(Continued from page 112) Gothic folly has a French aspect: toward the swimming pool it presents a Gallic façade, cool and symmetrical, with long-windowed doors. And the two striped bathing pavilions, Righter admits, derive from the beach tents at Deauville.

Righter's interiors, like his exteriors, are a rich and sophisticated mix. He uses ordinary objects for their decorative and symbolic qualities. In his living room the white-painted mantel is inset with a row of shiny five hundred lira Italian coins which evoke a country Righter knows and loves. In our pool folly the daybed's corner posts are topped with colored bocce balls suggesting summertime, outdoor games, and a sense of liberation. And the stairs of Righter's guest tower sport miniature wooden houses—trim and meticulous structures that make a punning reference both to their creator's profession and to the structure that houses them. What is interesting about these elements is the way they are used; they themselves are neither rare nor arcane. Righter avoids elitism and wants a common language. "I'm more interested in the naive response," he says, "than in the art historian's."

"Firmness, commodity, and delight" are an architect's main responsibilities, according to the classical master Vitruvius. Righter attends to the first two—"They're homework"—but it's the last that truly engages him. There are no rules for achieving delight any more than there are rules for dreaming. Delight is instinctive. We cannot call it up, but we know it when we feel it, and we feel it when we see Righter's houses. Full of meaning, humor, beauty, they stand in the landscape like dreams, like dreams come true. ♠

Ashore on Corfu

(Continued from page 106) garden. Crowned by cypresses and a sprinkling of palm trees, this consists of a series of terraces stepping down to sea level which were all but destroyed in a whirlwind during the fall of 1988. The terraces have now been rebuilt and planted with citrus trees, bougainvillea, rosemary, lavender, oleander, and other fragrant and ornamental favorites of gardeners in hot dry climates. Although some of the plantings still need to mature, Giorgio looks forward to the day when the landscape will again have the overgrown luxuriance it had when he and his wife first set eyes on it. "Kouloura is a magic place, an oasis—it is the island in *The Tempest*," said Giorgio, adding with a chuckle, "I just wish it were easier to get here. *That* I miscalculated." ♠

Resources

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Pages 58–63 Decoration, by Cullman & Kravis, 790 Madison Ave., Suite 206, New York, NY 10021; (212) 249-3874. Cullman house alteration, by Robert A. M. Stern Architects, NYC (212) 246-1980. Cullman house wing, by Rink DuPont of Laurent T. DuPont, Architects, (203) 966-5185. Cullman house construction, by Ray Van De Water, (203) 938-2928. Custom handsewn lampshades, to the trade from Abat-Jour, NYC (212) 753-5455. **58** Chair, similar at Artemis, (914) 669-5971. Ruspoli viscose damask on chair, to the trade at Manuel Canovas, for showrooms (212) 752-9588. Giverny silk cord (#C14T-039), custom metallic/spun-rayon gimp (#V604-999), both on chair, to the trade at Scalamandré, for showrooms (212) 980-3888. Carpet, similar at Dildarian, NYC (212) 288-4948. La Portugaise Cotton & Linen Print (#36602.01), to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, for showrooms (212) 838-7878. Akebia cotton/polyester woven paisley on ottoman, to the trade at Fonthill, for showrooms (212) 755-6700. George II mirror to left of fireplace, similar at Clifford Wright Antiques, London (71) 589-0986. Custom reproduction George II mirror to right of fireplace, similar to order from Curry & Hovis, (914) 764-1138. Antique Dutch delft on mantel, similar at Bardith, NYC (212) 737-8660. Stenciling, by Helen Kelsey, Brooklyn (718) 599-1106. Living room glazing, by Lindsay Allen, NYC (212) 534-8098. Woodwork, by Frank Fiumara of Walmara Construction, (914) 666-3093. **59** Weather vane, similar at America Hurrah Antiques, NYC (212) 535-1930. Custom silk/wood-mold fringe (#FX4211-999) for curtains, to the trade at Scalamandré (see above). Les Jardins des Muses Cotton Print (#62790.01) for curtains, Trouville Linen Damask (#39444.01) on chair and sofa pillow, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above). Edwardian cotton/polyester cord and braid on chair, to the trade at Clarence House, for showrooms (212) 752-2890. Kennedy cotton plaid (#AN0053), to the trade at Christopher Hyland, NYC (212) 688-6121. Custom Grandmother's Garden hand-hooked carpet, to order at Elizabeth Eakins, NYC (212) 628-1950. **60** Stenciling and glazing of entry, by Rene Lynch, NYC (212) 677-8101. Palisades carpet on stairs, to the trade at Patterson, Flynn & Martin, for showrooms (212) 688-7700. Stenciling and glazing of dining room, by Lindsay Allen (see above). Audubon sterling flatware, from Tiffany & Co., for

stores (800) 526-0649. Bakshaish carpet, c.1890, similar at Doris Leslie Blau, NYC (212) 759-3715. English demi-lune table, c.1810, similar at Clinton Howell Antiques, (914) 764-5168. **61** Betsy cotton place mats, Chambray cotton napkins, by Ralph Lauren Home Collection (see above for pg 10). Castanet Cotton Plaid for chairs, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above). Shelton Plaid linen/cotton (#A88722) for swag, to the trade at Greeff Fabrics, for showrooms (800) 223-0357. Custom chandelier, designed by Cullman & Kravis, similar to order from Authentic Designs, West Rupert (802) 394-7713. Decorative painting of dining room, by Mark Uriu, Brooklyn (718) 858-2977. Nohant Cotton & Linen Print (#174640) on wicker sofa and chair, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above). **62, 63** Custom-embroidered Egyptian cotton bed linens, custom makeup mirrors, to order from Cullman & Kravis (see above). **62** Persan cotton on walls and furniture, to the trade at Clarence House (see above). Custom silk cord (#C48T-999) and nverary silk gimp (#V62-2) for dust ruffle, chair, ottoman, to the trade at Scalamandré (see above). Aurora Plaid silk, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout, for showrooms (212) 753-4488. R. J. Horner dressing table and bedroom table, similar at Margot Johnson, NYC (212) 794-2225. Kelly leather/linen handbag, by Hermès, on dressing table chair, at all Hermès boutiques, for other stores or to order (800) 441-4488 ext 1001. Custom Huck Grid handwoven carpet, to order at Elizabeth Eakins (see above). Isabelle Braid (#90447/05) for wall trimming, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above). Cotton tassel fringe (#TF1001-2) for curtains, to the trade at Passementerie, for showrooms (718) 392-0100. Custom faux bamboo bench and curtain rod, similar to order from Nininger & Co., Woodbury (203) 266-4661. English candlesticks, c. 1890, mounted as lamps on Cullman dressing table, similar at Sentimento, NYC (212) 245-3111 by appt. Carnival polyester/linen dotted swiss sheer for table skirt, to the trade at Clarence House (see above). Country Fancy cotton/viscose rayon/linen (#604304) for tabletop, by Waverly, for dealers (800) 423-5881. **63** Cordelia Cotton Print (#62833.01) for walls, curtains, and dust ruffle, Salisbury Woven Plaid viscose (#4009.01/5) for shades, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above). Custom wood-mold fringe (#FX4210-999), custom rosettes, both for curtains, to the trade at Scalamandré (see above). Carpet, similar to the trade at Berdj Abadjian, NYC (212) 688-2229. Button-back chair, similar at Bardith (see above). Zerlina Check spun rayon for button-back chair, Caserta cable and galloon for dust ruffle, to the trade at Clarence House (see above). R. J. Horner faux bamboo table, similar at Margot Johnson (see above)

WHERE HENRY HANGS HIS HAT

Pages 64–69 *Looking at Pictures,* by Henry Geldzahler, 3"x4", $4.95, from Hanuman Books, Box 1070, Old Chelsea Station, New York, NY 10113. **64** Wegner chair, similar at Alan Moss, NYC (212) 219-1663. **67** Lights, similar to order from Judy Markham, Los Angeles (213) 913-0648

THE FLOWERING OF LOCUST VALLEY

Pages 70–75 Garden design, by Adèle Mitchell, NYC (212) 794-0390

ROOMS WITH A PAST

Pages 76–83 Design, by Joe D'Urso, (516) 537-3216. **76** Custom Bottom-Up shade, similar to order at Shade People, NYC (212) 533-7788. 18th-century Portuguese carpet, similar at Bernard Steinitz et Fils, NYC (212) 832-3711. **78–79** Sofa, similar at Kentshire Galleries, NYC (212) 673-6644. Wagner étagère, similar at Galerie Metropol, NYC (212) 772-7401. Moser chest, similar at Barry Friedman, NYC (212) 794-8950. Epernay Cut Velvet bemberg on pillow, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, for showrooms (212) 838-7878. English carpet, c. 1850, similar at Dildarian, NYC (212) 288-4948. Celestina chairs in dining room, by Marco Zanuso, at Modern Age, NYC (800) 358-4289. **80** Jean Royère nesting table, similar at DeLorenzo 1950, NYC (212) 535-8511. **82–83** Custom linen, to order at Nantucket Looms, Nantucket (508) 228-1908. Flischi floor lamp, by Ingo Maurer, for stores (212) 477-3188. Noguchi light sculpture (#1N) on table, by Akari-Gemini, for dealers (805) 966-9557. Silver-plated lamp, reedition of Edouard Buquet lamp, at Full House, NYC (212) 529-2298

RETREAT TO CASTILE

Pages 84–89 Decoration, by Paco Muñoz of Casa & Jardin, Padilla 21–19, 28006 Madrid; (1) 576-76-04, fax (1) 578-00-14. **87** Baumaniere cotton tablecloth, by Souleiado, 72"x108", with 12 matching napkins, $308, at Pierre Deux, for stores (800) 874-3773. Toile Lavallière cotton (#1343) for curtain, at Burger et Cie, Paris (1) 42-97-46-19. **88** Dreanert curved glass tables, at Casa & Jardin (see above). **89** Reproduction white ceramic vinegar bottle lamps, made in Italy for Cald, at Casa & Jardin (see above). Monochrome Pink Roses linen/cotton, at Bennison Fabrics, NYC (212) 941-1212. Cestro terra-cotta lamp, cork paper lampshade, both by De Natura for Casa & Jardin (see above)

A FLING WITH COLOR

Pages 90–93 Scarves, by Gene Meyer, at Gene Meyer Accessories, NYC (212) 586-3983. Selected scarves, at Barneys New York, NYC; Bergdorf Goodman, NYC; MOMA Design Store, NYC; Beach News, Miami Beach; Ron Ross, Studio City. **93** Skirt of 3 Modern Art silk scarves with turkey feathers, by Gene Meyer, to order at Gene Meyer (see above). Tebaldi silk shoes, by Manolo Blahnik, $550, at Manolo Blahnik, NYC; Bergdorf Goodman, NYC; Neiman Marcus, Dallas, Los Angeles

A FAVORITE HAUNT

Pages 94–95 Custom Venetian-style mirrors, hurricane lamps with brass arms and wood bases, screen, all by John Rosselli, to the trade to order at John Rosselli International, 523 East 73 St., New York, NY 10021; (212) 772-2137. Tiger velvet silk/linen/cotton (#36510), to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, for showrooms (212) 838-7878. **96, 97** Hand-painted floors, by Bob Christian Decorative Art, Savannah (912) 234-6866. **97** Crystal/tole chandelier (#0978), by John Rosselli for Niermann Weeks, to the trade at John Rosselli (see above), for other showrooms (410) 224-0133. Console tables (#185), by Estes Products, to the trade at John Rosselli, for other showrooms (901) 521-1514. Brass sconces, by John Rosselli, to the trade at John Rosselli (see above). **98** Sun & Moon screen, Gothic birdcage, both by John Rosselli, to the trade at John Rosselli (see above). Brunschwig Plaid cotton (#63366) on chair, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above). Hand-painted floor, by Bob Christian (see above). **99** Custom folding table, reproduction pineapple tole sconces, both by John Rosselli, to the trade at John Rosselli (see above). **100** French-style bed, reproductions of dog painting, to the trade at John Rosselli (see above). **101** Paisley Scallop chintz (#5138-3) on painted armchair, Mountbatten cotton (#6004) on armchair at left, to the trade at Rose Cumming, for showrooms (212) 758-0844. Zuber-inspired screen, by John Rosselli, to the trade at John Rosselli (see above)

COMING ASHORE ON CORFU

Pages 102–07 Decoration, by Dominique Benier, Box 262, 49100 Corfu; (30) 661-56576, fax (30) 661-56575. Selected items, purchased by Sally Yates Decoration Assistance, London (71) 834-6554. Restoration, by Erricos Theodotos, Dino Theotoki 4, 49100 Corfu; (30) 661-46212, fax (30) 661-56575. **105** Steamer chair, by Steamer Furniture, at Chelsea Gardener, London (71) 352-5656. Kalif cotton (#5673), to the trade at Boussac of France, for showrooms (212) 421-0534. **107** Bed, horsehair/lamb's-wool mattress, similar at Bed Bazaar, Suffolk (728) 723-756, catalogue available.

IN THE AMERICAN GRAIN

Pages 108–13 Architecture, by James Volney Righter Architects, 58 Winter St., Boston, MA 02108; (617) 451-5740

GREAT IDEAS

Page 122 Curtains, by Mary Bright of Mary Bright Originals, NYC (212) 677-1970. Karina chairs, by Joey Mancini, at Modern Age, NYC (800) 358-4289. Curtain, by Thad Hayes Design, NYC (212) 571-1234. Applause cotton velvets (#57, #05) for curtain, to the trade at Gretchen Bellinger, for showrooms (518) 235-2828. Curtains, designed by MaryAnne McGowan, (203) 625-9669; custom-made by Regency Draperies, Long Island City (718) 482-7383. Antique silk taffeta for curtains, to the trade at Scalamandré, for showrooms (212) 980-3888. Badminton Taffeta silk/dacron for lining, to the trade at Clarence House, for showrooms (212) 752-2890. Giltwood balls, to order from Joseph Biunno, NYC (212) 629-5636. Versailles check on chair, by Christian Schlumberger, at Le Petit Trianon, NYC (212) 472-1803; to the trade at Hines & Co., NYC. **123** Curtain, designed by Gary Crain Assocs., NYC (212) 223-2050; custom-made to the trade at Thomas De Angelis, NYC (212) 620-0191. Pascal silk taffeta for curtain, to the trade at Clarence House (see above). Dragon giltwood finial, to order from Joseph Biunno (see above). Barbershop striped gilded/lacquered wood rod, designed by Gary Crain Assocs. (see above), custom-made by Joseph Biunno (see above). Curtain and custom hand-painted rayon and cotton, by Carla Weisberg, NYC (212) 627-7632. Gilded tieback, by William Harvey Studio, similar from Loom Co., for stores (212) 355-2069. Curtain, designed by Ned Marshall, NYC (212) 879-3672; custom-made by Van Gregory & Norton, NYC (212) 866-4464. Charlotte quilted cotton, Constantine silk, both for curtain, Julias cotton stripe on wall, to the trade at Carleton V, for showrooms (212) 355-4525. Custom gilded/silver-gilt wood rod and finial, silver-gilt wood rings, to order from Van Gregory & Norton (see above). Curtain, designed by Parish-Hadley; custom-made by F. R Quijada, NYC (212) 744-4242. Custom iron rod and rings, to order at Wainlands Mark II, NYC (212) 223-2376. Aluminum leafing on rod and rings, by Joseph Biunno (see above). Cotton Taffeta for curtain, to the trade at Lee Jofa, for showrooms (212) 688-0444. Curtains, designed by Parish-Hadley; custom-made by Regency Draperies (see above). Custom Pear wallpaper, to the trade at Christopher Hyland, for showrooms (212) 688-6121. Curtains, by Vivian White of White Workroom, NYC (212) 941-5910, with design collaboration by Bonnie Copp. Air carpet, by Christin Van Der Hurd, for stores (800) 435-8119

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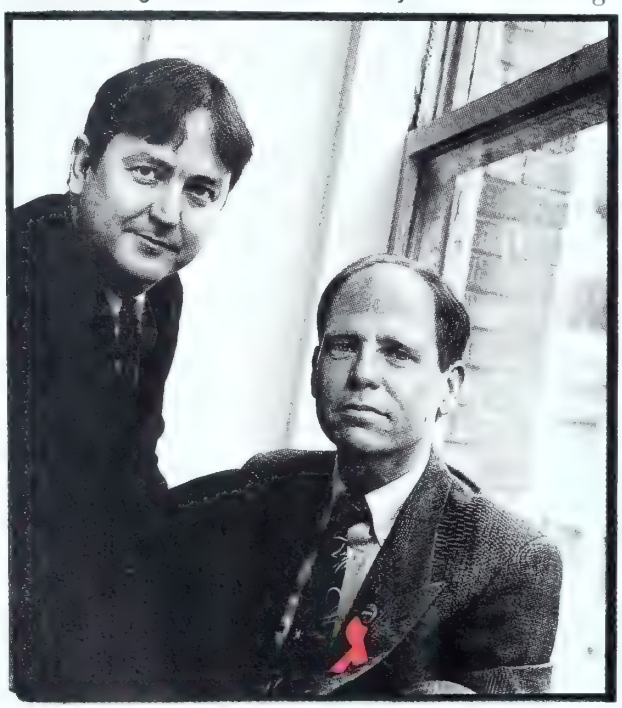
Gandee

The Design Industries Foundation for AIDS

"I think it's true of any illness-related fund-raising that people get involved when they've been touched," says George Slowik, publisher of *Publishers Weekly* and chairman of the board of DIFFA, a not-for-profit organization founded eight years ago this month because eight years ago this month prescient members of the New York design community suddenly realized that their community—our community—was not merely being touched by AIDS, but mauled by AIDS.

At the time, July 1984, mobilizing around the issue of AIDS was a dicey proposition because gay urban males appeared to be the disease's exclusive target, which meant any discussion of AIDS required not only speaking of the love that dare not speak its name but speaking of the graphic particulars of that love: two subjects guaranteed to make polite company squeamish. Add to that the dearth of scientific information about AIDS in 1984, and you have some appreciation of the course DIFFA set for itself—that of the blind leading the blind through the terrifying dark.

DIFFA's George Slowik and Russ Radley.



"Early on," recalls Slowik, "our mission was simply to sensitize the industry to the issue." This the volunteer organization did with, among many other things, DIFFA ads in the trade press (one of which read, unforgettably, "We must raise money because we can't raise the dead"). The money DIFFA raised was dispersed to individuals and groups involved in AIDS education, AIDS advocacy, and, of course, to the providers of direct services to people with AIDS. "We pride ourselves in helping groups in their infancy," explains Slowik, "groups for whom a $1,000 grant makes a difference." For example, DIFFA gave God's Love We Deliver, a New York organization that feeds the homebound with AIDS, one of its first grants, and the Names Project AIDS Memorial Quilt one of its first grants—as well as fabric.

Anticipating the disease's inevitable move into the mainstream—which is to say anticipating the ultraconservative current government estimate that one million people in the U.S. are HIV-positive—Slowik and the DIFFA board expanded their horizons: "We decided that we could use the creativity of the design industry to make everyone else aware of the AIDS issue." Which meant adopting a higher public profile and a more systematic approach to large-scale fund-raising and grantmaking. Which meant in 1986 hiring Russ Radley as director of foundation relations. It was from Radley's modest command posts, first at a borrowed desk in the offices of *Interiors* magazine, then in the basement of the D&D building, that DIFFA came out, so to speak. The 1988 showhouse sponsored by *Metropolitan Home,* for example, not only generated an unprecedented $800,000 but also brought AIDS and DIFFA to the attention of the public. So did DIFFA's Atlanta-based project *Heart Strings,* an emotional and educational musical revue intended to "humanize" AIDS—to raise money and compassion. (Now on its second national tour, *Heart Strings* is traveling to thirty-five cities, with the goal of distributing something in the neighborhood of $5 million among those cities. Additional revenues are assured with ABC's *Heart Strings*–inspired special slated for this summer.) Also successful, if somewhat limited in appeal, were the 1989 and 1991 *Love Balls*, as downtown diva Susanne Bartsch's much-publicized pageants for cross-dressers are called.

Asked where the money from such fund-raising ultimately lands, Radley reports DIFFA has "always tried to look to the growth areas of HIV infections." And now, eight years later, what are they? "AIDS is becoming much more of a women's issue. Women have been systematically excluded from even the definition of eligibility for benefits because the original diagnostic tools were for men. Other growth areas include prisoners and prostitutes, intravenous drug users and their sexual partners, minorities, and adolescents." Putting a finer point on the last category, he adds, "There are many many cases in the Bronx where the grandparent is the sole surviving relative."

In DIFFA's current quarters, a rough-around-the-edges loft, Radley points to a stack of requests for grants, primarily from organizations attempting to provide direct service to people with AIDS. "Virtually all of these three hundred proposals should receive grants," says Radley, quickly adding that they won't. The problem, of course, is that the proposals total $7 million, whereas available DIFFA dollars total just under $700,000. The difference is a big difference. Anyone can make one. (DIFFA, 150 West 26 St., Suite 602, New York, NY 10001; 212-727-3100) **Charles Gandee**

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August

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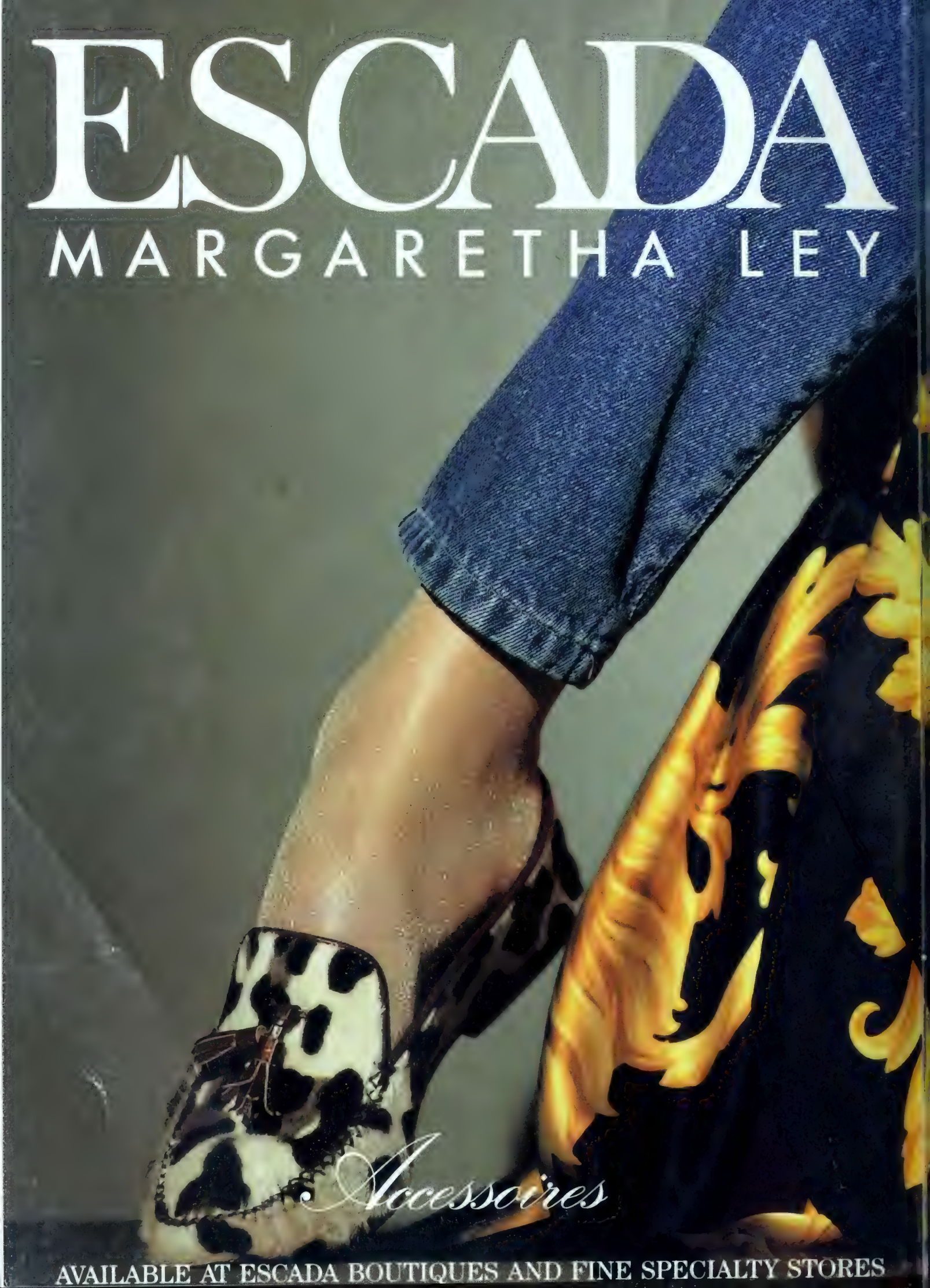
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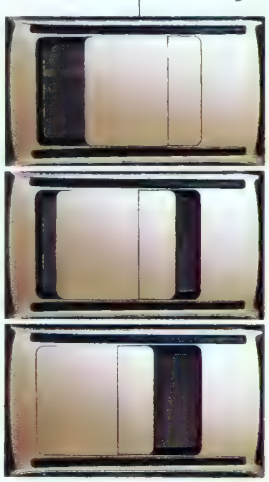
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MY UNIFORM

HOUSE & GARDEN August 1992 Volume 164, Number 8

HG



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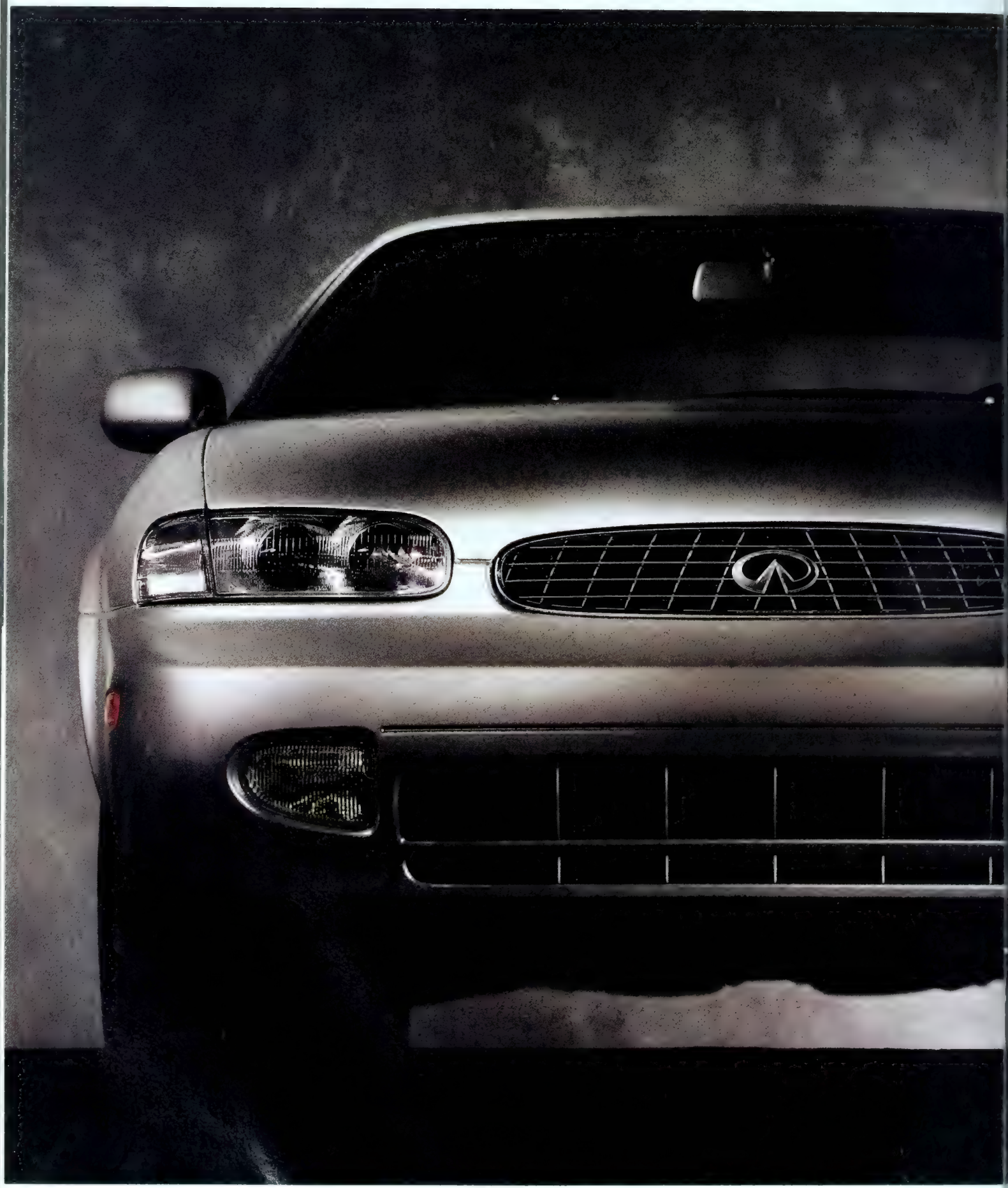


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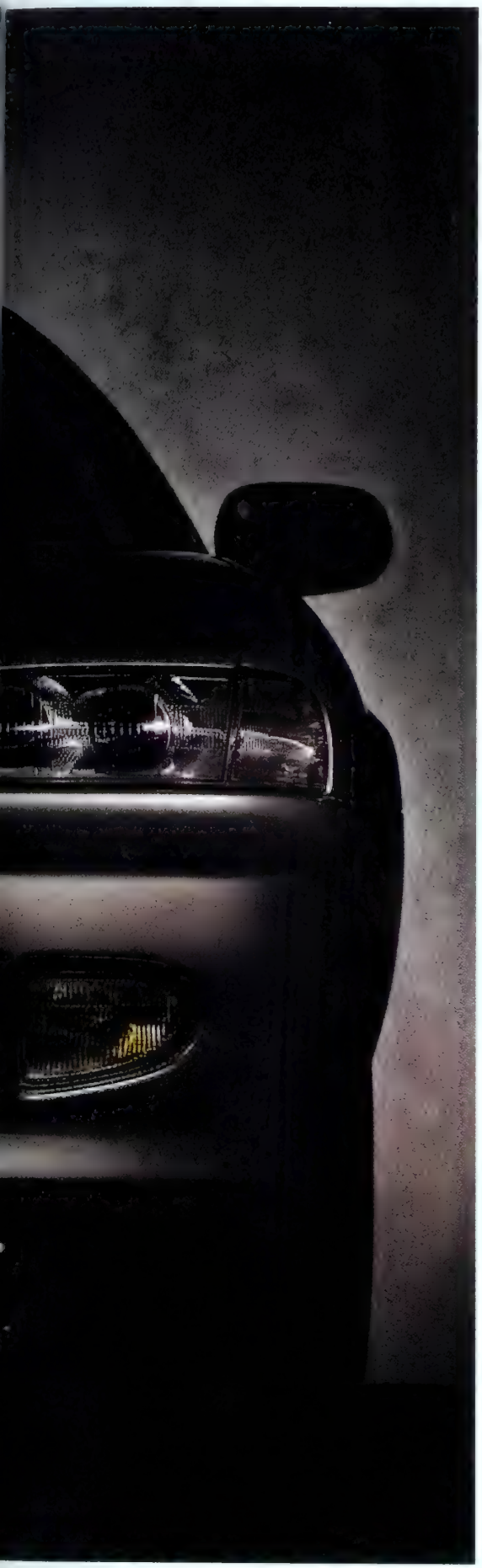
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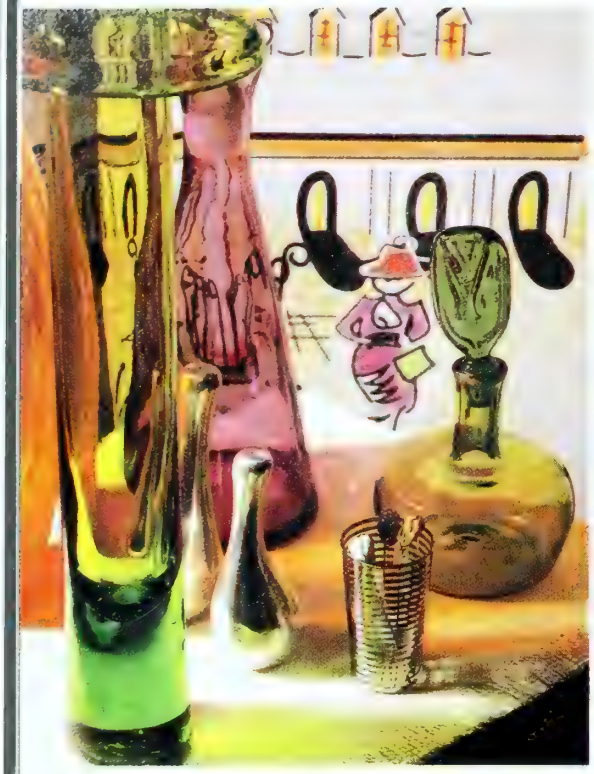
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AUGUST



Vintage fifties glassware, left, from Van Der Pool & McCoy. Page 30. Right: Jean-Paul Gaultier's wood and chrome chair. Page 58.

HG



Cover ornament, left, by B. Zvorykin, for a Russian illustrated book, 1903. Page 54. Below: Jeffrey Bilhuber's design for an indoor-outdoor living room. Page 139.



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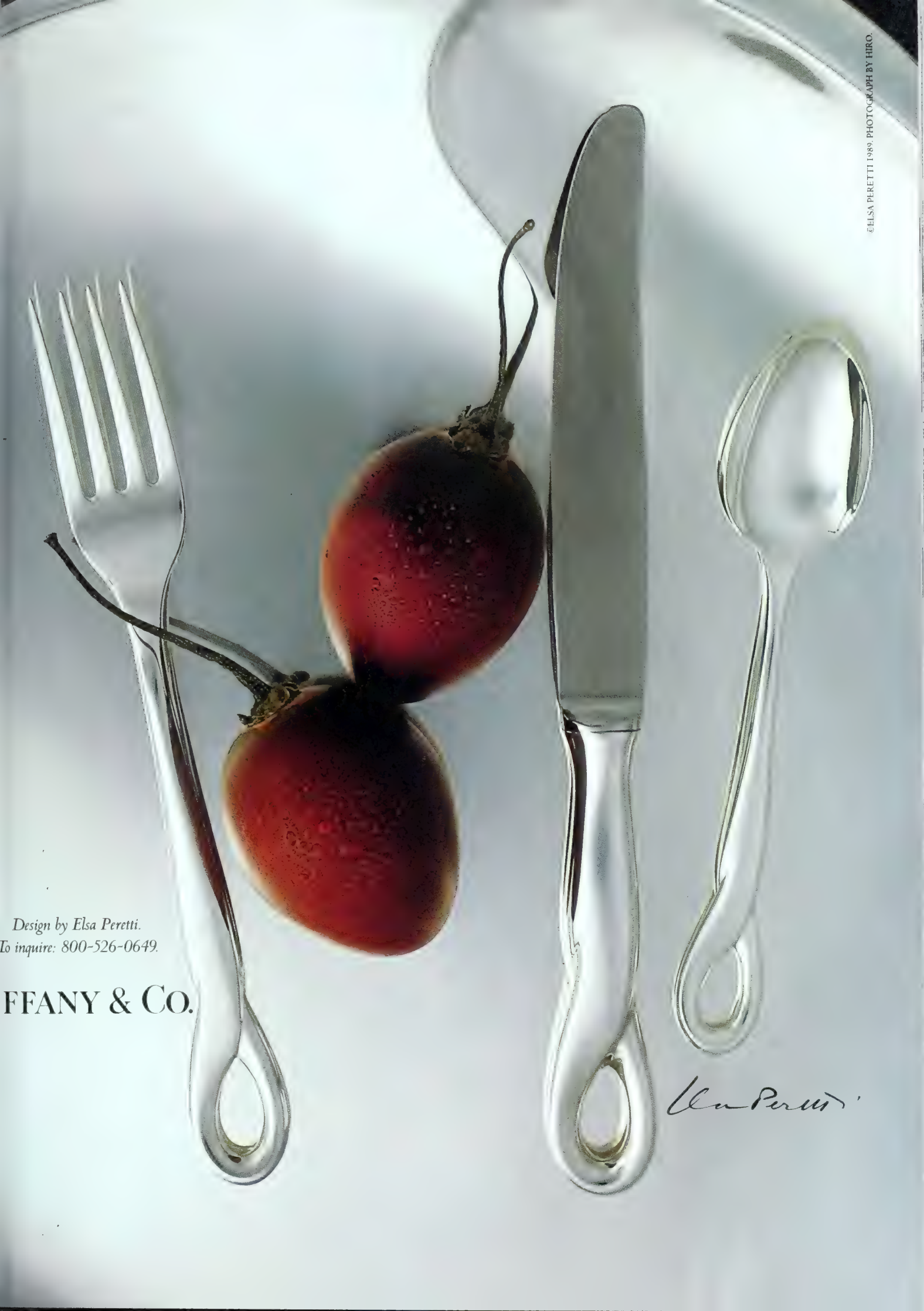
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PAUL KOLNIK

Contributors Notes

Elizabeth Kendall is a dance critic and the author of *The Runaway Bride: Hollywood Romantic Comedy of the 1930s.* In this issue she writes about ballet legend Rudolf Nureyev and his outpost on the tiny Italian island of Li Galli—"a place that is isolated, rocky, and out of the ordinary, which is why Nureyev loves it." Kendall lives in Manhattan and is brushing up on her Russian in preparation for a year's stay in Saint Petersburg.

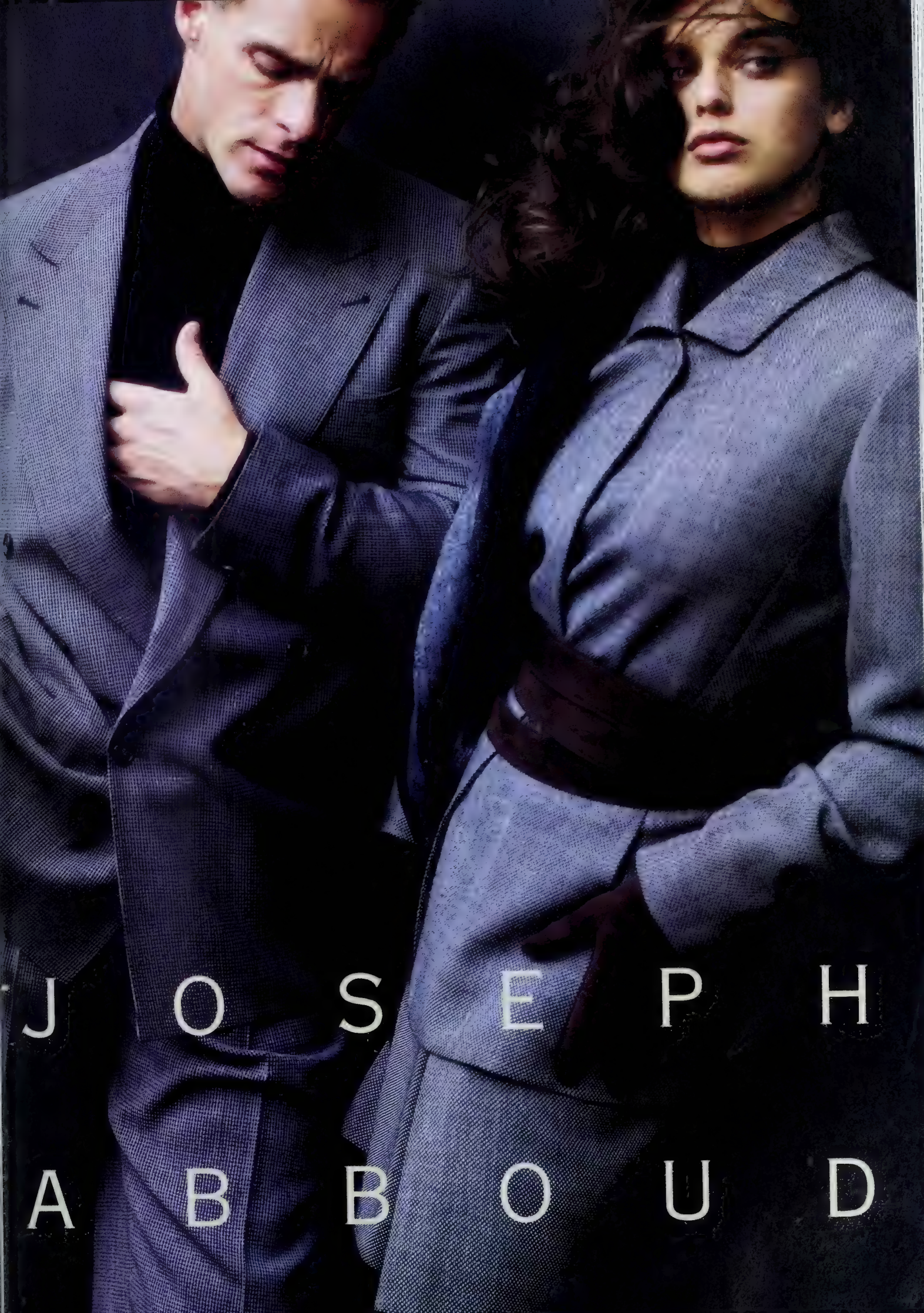
David Seidner traveled by speedboat to Li Galli to capture Nureyev in his exotic tiled rooms. "I noticed his island when I stayed nearby at Positano," says Seidner. "I've always thought what a great dream it would be to own your own island." A fashion and portrait photographer, Seidner shot his first magazine cover at nineteen. He lives in Paris and New York and is currently at work on his fourth book, a collection of costume studies from Francis Ford Coppola's forthcoming movie, *Bram Stoker's Dracula.*



DAVID



Sherrye Henry visits the Bridgehampton cottage of art dealer Vivian Horan and her writer husband, Tim, whose shingled retreat she considers the "perfect spot for unhurried summer weekends." A former radio broadcaster, Henry hosted an interview show on New York's WOR for fifteen years. Now devoting herself to writing and politics, she lives in East Hampton, contributes to numerous magazines, and is the author of the novel *Alone Together.*


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Contributors Notes



Emily Eakin reports on the Paris apartment and gallery of decorative arts dealer Eric Philippe, whom she describes as having an "innate sense of grace and style and an ease with luxury that is quintessentially French." Eakin grew up in Indiana and recently studied comparative literature at the École Normale Supérieure in Paris. She works in the Paris office of *The New Yorker*.

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Alice Wooledge Salmon writes "about food and France and things that I like." For HG she describes three chefs and their distinctive ways of cooking with fruit. A London-based contributor to *Gourmet*, she has published two books on food and many short stories. "Whenever I set out to write a novel," she says, "it always becomes a short story."

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HG REPORTS ON THE NEW AND THE NOTEWORTHY By Eric Berthold

"A rich visual language of texture, pattern, and color," says muralist Jeff Greene, is the vernacular of all the artists working for his company, Evergreene, on commissions spanning the globe. Among them are (*clockwise from top row left*) Robin Roi, making faux stone panels for South Africa's Palace of the Lost City Hotel; Gustavo Rojas, stenciling an 18th-century Aubusson pattern on sisal for a Palm Beach house; Mark Reynolds and George Goetz, touching up chinoiserie "tapestries" for New York's Hotel Pierre; and Gary Wimmer and Matthew Quayle, re-creating turn-of-the-century circus banners for Euro Disney. (Evergreene, 635 West 23 St., New York, NY 10011; 212-727-9500)





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Laid-Back
The Rebecca chaise (*above*) in woven cane is by Los Angeles designer Tracy Fong. For dealers (213) 583-6481.



Green Is the Word
New releases for the summer include *Keeping Eden: A History of Gardening in America* edited by Walter T. Punch (Bulfinch, $50) and *Small Period Gardens* by Roy Strong (Rizzoli, $29.95).



notes

Country Life Spode's Victoria dinnerware (*above*) was inspired by 19th-century fruit and flower wall plaques. For stores (609) 866-2900.

All the Raj
Reproduction Anglo-Indian planter (*below*) with gold finish, to the trade at Thomas W. Morgan, Los Angeles (310) 281-6450.







Tabletop Follies
Miniature stick-style cottage (*above*) and neoclassical orangery (*left*) are the work of New York artist Henry Baker, (212) 741-8324.


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Pacific Rims A 1920s stone urn (*above*) from Singapore, one of many at Robert Scott Stilin, Palm Beach (407) 833-8964.





Elements of Style Baker Furniture introduces a cotton (*above*) inspired by a Russian drawing room, a woven cane club chair (*left*), and a Charles Pfister marquetry chest (*right*) in primavera, rosewood, and walnut veneers. For dealers (616) 361-7321.



Sunday Painters Actress Louise Fletcher (*above*) sells pictures from the 18th, 19th, and 20th centuries. Call (310) 479-4219, by appt.

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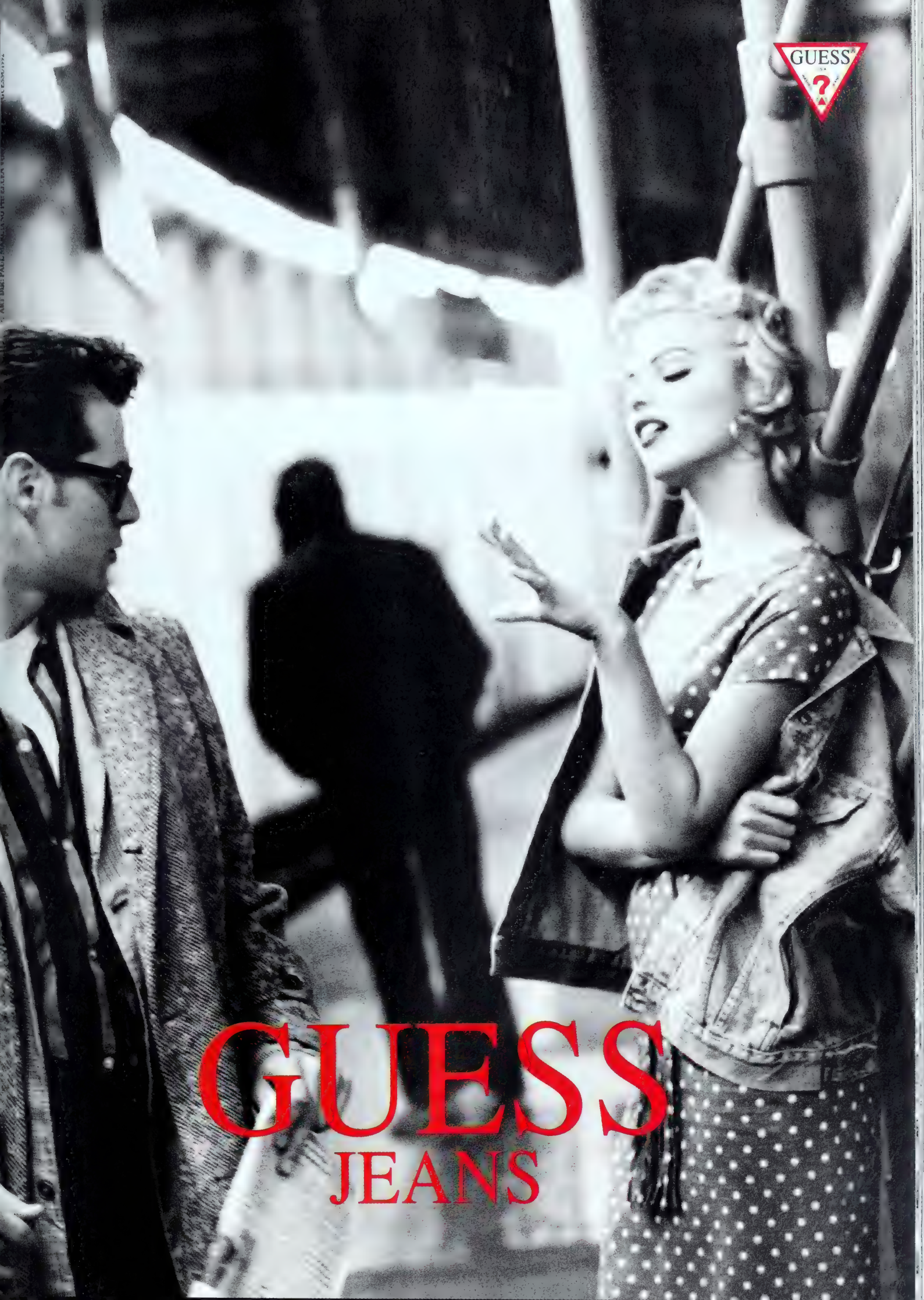
Floral Basket The rug (*above*), used in the bathrooms of the Mayflower Inn, is available in its gift shop, Washington, Conn. (203) 868-9466.



In the Fold Viscount Linley uses twenty-one wood veneers in his London screen (*above*), at Arkitektura, 379 West Broadway, NYC (212) 334-5570.



Piled High Italian painted terra-cotta seat or side table (*above*) by Patina. For dealers (800) 635-4365.


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A screen with a Parisian scene, far left, stands behind a raffia-clad table displaying fifties objects, mostly Americ... Left: More period porcelain and glass is arranged on tab... reworked by the Graces. Below: A laminated flame patte... and cotton velvet upholstery update two classic mid-century chair forms in front of a Poussin-inspired screen



Fast-Forwarding History

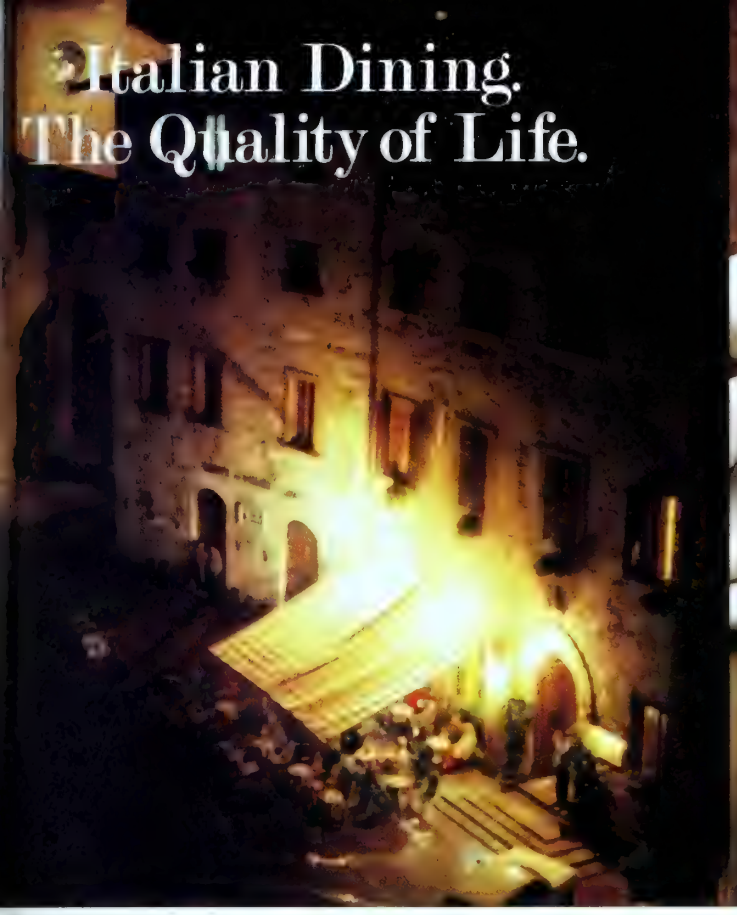
A New York couple ushers fifties forms into the nineties BY HEATHER SMITH MACISAAC

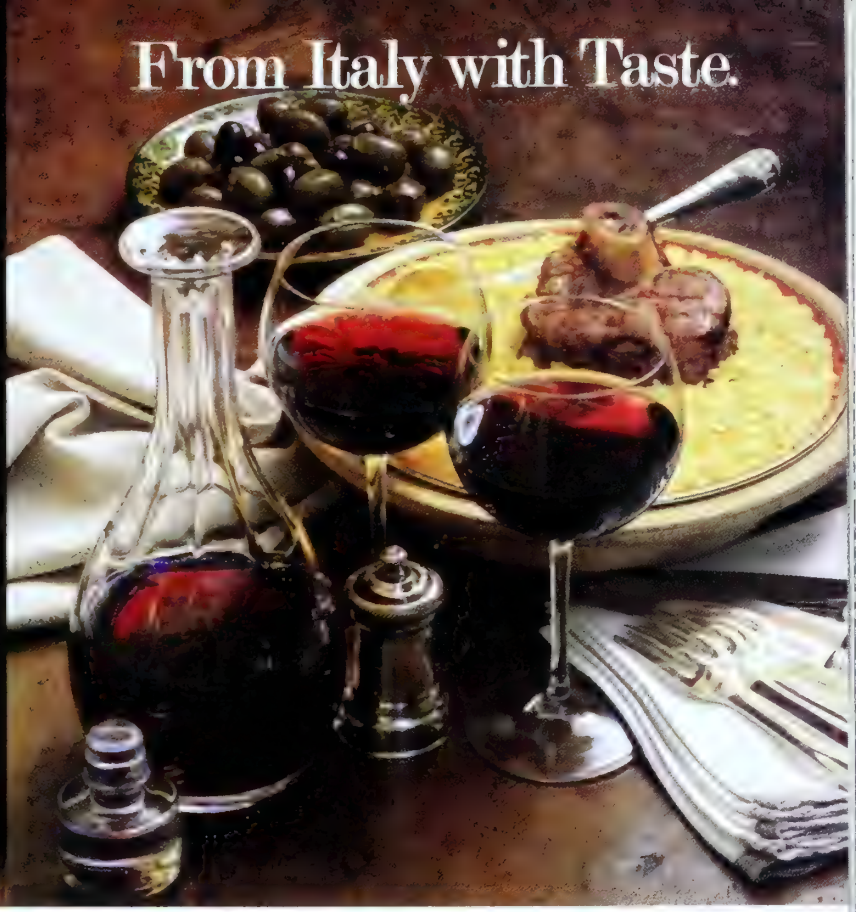


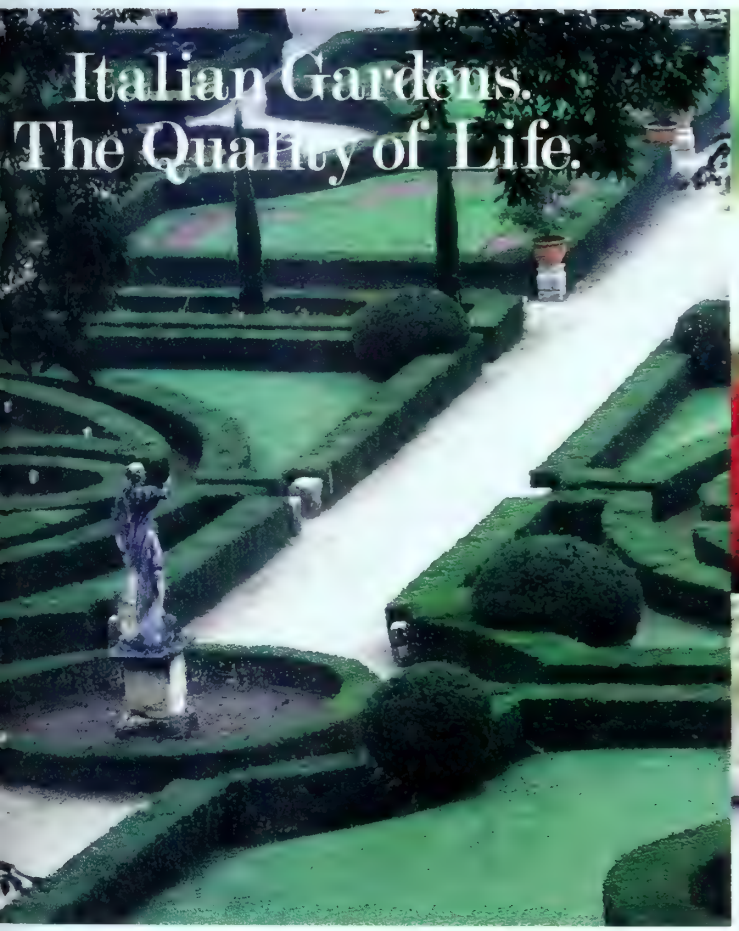
Jim and Joanna Grace, above, next to one of their new screens. Left: Vintage Thonet meets couture in their Coco chair.

In spite of the scrim across the window emblazoned NEW YORK and PARIS, Van Der Pool & McCoy, a new retail showroom for furniture and objects, has only one outpost—in Manhattan—thus far. Obviously, owners Jim and Joanna Grace (he a former art director at an advertising agency, she a stylist and former fashion editor) are not ones for small thinking. Before they opened shop, the couple spent six weeks in France and three months roaming the U.S. (in a VW camper done up in striped upholstery and polka-dotted curtains), gathering pieces, Polaroids, and ideas. Six months and one 1962 Cadillac Coupe de Ville later (the camper expired in Arizona), the Graces concluded that although the world did not need another source specializing in the forties and fifties, it is the period that inspires them most—"the last great era of design in this country," Jim believes. Van Der Pool & McCoy—derived from his middle and her maiden name—was born.

The Graces' tiny seventh-floor space packs in objects (mostly fifties), furniture (vintage pieces reinterpreted by the couple as well as new designs), and influences (from classical French painting to computer technology), not to mention their design studio (a four-foot-deep slot of space behind a curtain). The couple hopes to add fabrics, wallpapers, and tableware of their own design in the near future. As for a branch in Paris, pourquoi pas? (Van Der Pool & McCoy, 1133 Broadway, Suite 719, New York, NY 10010; 212-206-1255) ▲







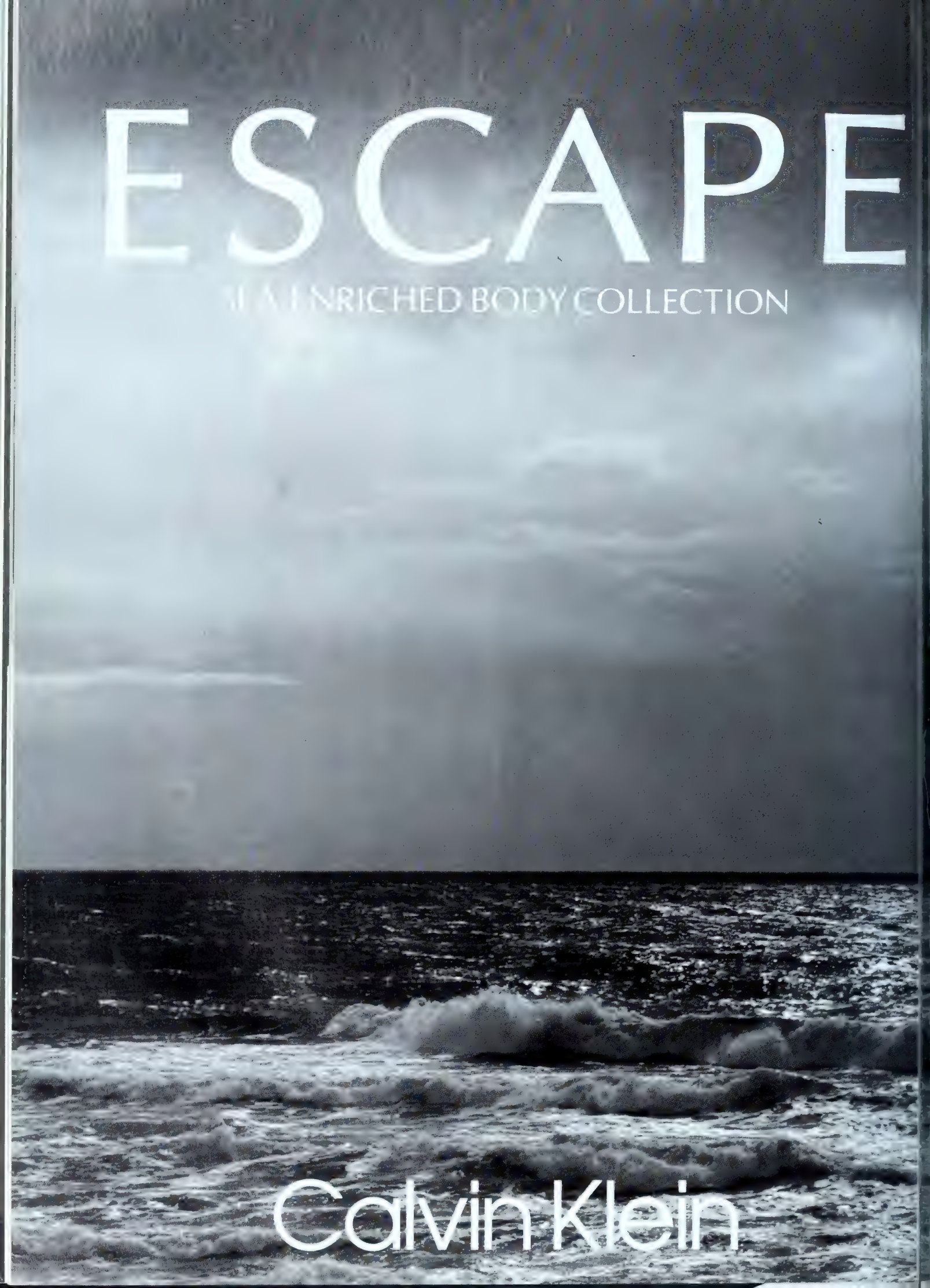


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Perennial Plantsmanship



After generations of secrecy, a family of gardeners opens the door to a walled domain

BY HELEN DILLON

The approach to Beech Park, near Dublin, is a deceptive prologue to the most secret of Irish secret gardens. A drive through grassy meadows dotted with wildflowers leads to a Regency house reputedly designed by Sir Richard Morrison, one of Ireland's foremost Georgian architects. The house, which appears somewhat modest from a distance, has graceful bay windows overlooking a landscape of mature trees and lawns close-mown for so many decades that the wild thyme has seeded to form a tapestry of palest pink to purple. At the rear is a stable yard, just as it was in the early nineteenth century, with well-worn cobbles underfoot and white doves overhead. Such is Beech Park—or so it would seem until you open an old green door near the stables.

On the far side of the doorway, high walls of mellow brick and limestone enclose the hidden domain of the great Irish plantsman the late David Shackleton, who built his private collection over half a century. From the rarest of the rare to nearly forgotten cottage garden favorites, an extraordinary gathering of plants is to be found here. As Shackleton's father gardened before him, so his son Jonathan and Jonathan's wife, Daphne, now tend the beds, and even the fourth generation is starting to help with the weeding. There is also a sense of continuity because fruits and vegetables, the original occupants of what began as a kitchen garden, have not been ousted but flourish alongside the most exotic ornamental plants. Peas, beans, sea kale, and other crops are grown in the traditional manner handed down by a long line of head gardeners; no doubt yearly applications of farmyard manure and beech leaf mold and annual spring digging since the garden was created nearly two hundred years ago have made the soil itself a rich legacy. Good tilth is only one of the lessons the Shackletons now pass along to visitors in a series of daylong gardening courses inaugurated at Beech Park last year.

Just inside the green door a series of raised beds demonstrates ideal accommodation for ericaceous plants—small rhododendron, andromeda, gaultheria, pernettya, pieris, and the scarce bi-generic hybrid × *Phylliopsis hillieri* 'Pinocchio'. The diversity of color and form in the raised beds alone would capture the attention of any horticultural enthusiast: the brilliant blue of gentians





Perennial borders, below, flank a path in Beech Park's walled garden. Top: *Echinops ritro*. Left: *Celmisia* 'David Shackleton'.



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Behind the 19th-century stable yard, climbing haricots verts, runner beans, potatoes, and Jerusalem artichokes grow near herbaceous plants and alpines.

both European and Asiatic, the ephemeral blush pink of a bloodroot, and the glaucous silver of celmisia's spiky foliage; the beautiful but sinister hoods of members of the arum family, the delicate fairy bells of codonopsis or wahlenbergia, and the opulent pouches of cypripedium. But beyond, near the Georgian hothouse now adapted for the plants Jonathan and Daphne Shackleton sell on "open" days, stands a collection of ancient stone troughs filled with finds from the mountains of the world. These are plants that require sun and good drainage: buns of saxifrage, carpets of raoulia, campanulas and primulas in endless variety, and the exquisite *Thalictrum orientale* with tiny leaves of glaucous blue and pale mauve flowers which seem suspended in the air above.

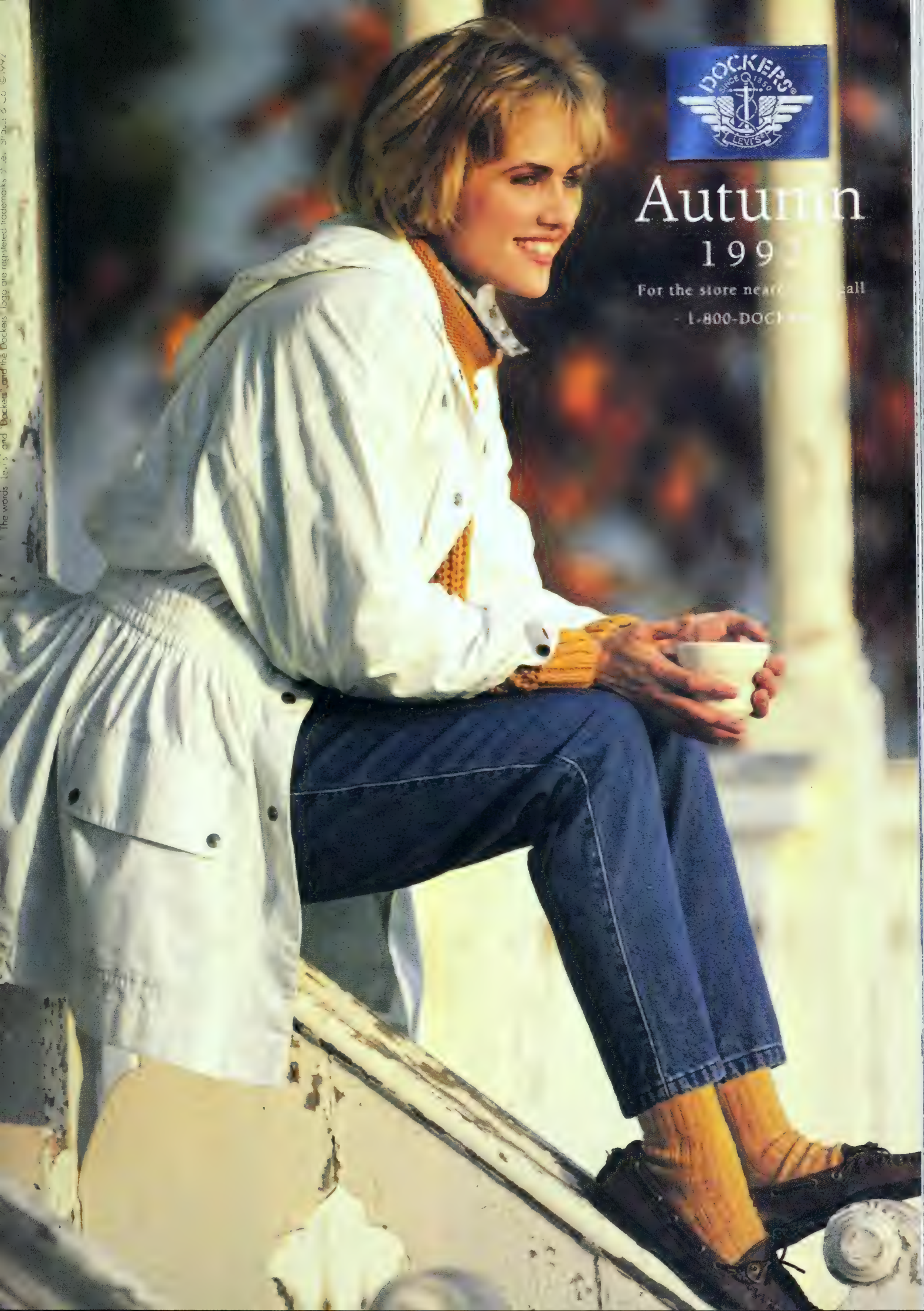
Beech Park's walled garden has long been renowned for its borders, which are home to perhaps the finest collection of herbaceous perennials in Ireland. In early summer no fewer than nine varieties of blue Himalayan poppy, *Meconopsis × sheldonii*, offer a display of tissue-paper petals in electric hues. Later there are at least forty kinds of phlox, many of them old-fashioned cultivars that tend to be more disease-resistant and vigorous than modern hybrids. The range of kniphofia, or red-hot poker, is just as broad: from the splendid tall glowing red *Kniphofia* 'John Benary' and 'Wrexham Buttercup' in yellow to the small fine-leaved autumn-flowering *K. triangularis*, a cheering sight in September and October. In these days of would-be low-maintenance horticulture, when many gardeners balk at the staking of huge herbaceous plants, some magnificent tall varieties are fading into obscurity. Not so inside these garden walls: in late summer the view down the borders is punctuated by stately clumps of rudbeckia, inula, miscanthus, towering Michaelmas daisies, and the giant reed *Arundo donax*.

Nearly every plant in Beech Park's walled garden has a history or memory attached

Though there shouldn't be fashions in gardening, the popularity of plants does wax and wane. At Beech Park, however, many old favorites have been kept going, such as the double daffodil 'Queen Anne' introduced around 1600 (it was not named after England's Queen Anne but, more likely, an even earlier Anne of Austria) and the rare double *Lychnis chalcedonica*. Nearly every plant has a history or memory attached, which may involve the long-gone garden it came from, the donor who presented it, or—if it is a temperamental specimen—the many years spent finding out what conditions suit it best. Of course, the plant roll call is evocative too: fair maids of France, the lovely double form of *Ranunculus aconitifolius;* granny's bonnets, also double, and nearly wild; *Acanthus spinosus* 'Lady Moore', namesake of the famous Irish plantswoman; and *Celmisia* 'David Shackleton', a superb New Zealand mountain daisy with an obvious claim to this plot of Hibernian turf.

Upon leaving Beech Park, you may feel as if you have stepped out of another era back into the present. But it is comforting to know that a garden so deeply rooted in the past still thrives as part of a family's everyday life. The weathered brick and stone walls and green door are not just guardians of history; they shelter secrets for young Shackletons and new friends to discover. ♠

The garden is open and plants are for sale the first Saturday and Sunday of the month, March through October. For information on group visits and gardening courses: Jonathan and Daphne Shackleton, Beech Park, Clonsilla, Co. Dublin 15, Ireland; (1) 821-2216.

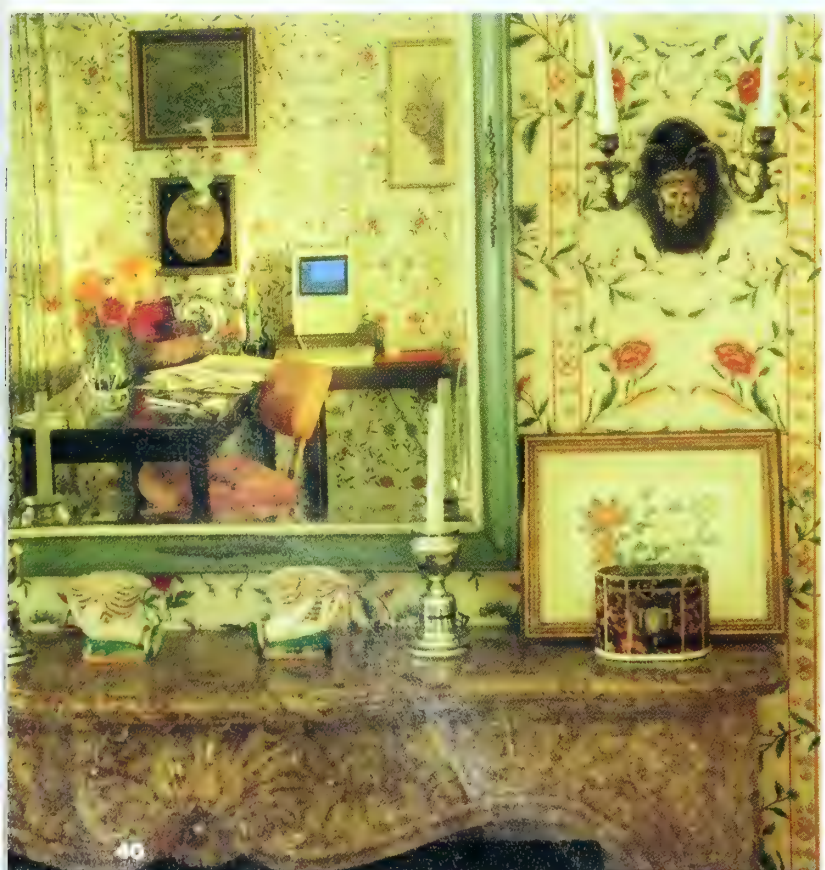


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Living with Scruples

No detail is overlooked in a novelist's California workroom BY JUDITH KRANTZ





I find it oddly difficult to write about my workroom. It would be far easier to discuss my bathroom or closet in every detail than to describe this intensely intimate space that I've shared with no one but the characters who've peopled my imagination during the writing of my last three novels. No visitors are invited to sit here; in fact, I'm so territorial about this room that I get furious when the window washers arrive!

From *Scruples* on, I've always written in a room with doors that open to a garden. Because my work imposes the choice of shutting myself inside all day, I find it necessary to know that the outdoors is available when I take a few steps from my desk. I doubt that I'd be able to write on the second floor of a house—and certainly not in a high rise. This need to feel grounded has guided all of our real estate decisions. When my husband and I returned to California in 1986, after living in a garden apartment in Paris for three years, we had to find a new house; naturally, my main requirement was that there be space on the ground floor for my workroom.

That room, in which I recently finished *Scruples Two*, is surprisingly large—formerly two rooms, a living room and a music room with a wide semicircular bay made of floor-to-ceiling glass panels separated by columns. Outside the door there is a parterre beyond which lies an arbor covered with purple trumpet vines, a wide lawn, and fine old trees blessedly green all year long. In the course of a day's work I allow myself to visit the arbor several times, the lawn rarely, always attached by an invisible cord to my desk, which is made of three separate tables of different heights and occupies the far corner of my office. If the word processor—deliberately placed to face a wall covered with a lighthearted, vaguely Provençal fabric that I no longer notice—was removed, the room would betray nothing of its purpose.

I've never been attracted to the idea of working in a typically serious book-lined writer's sanctum. I keep



Judith Krantz, above left, writes in a large room filled with antiques and flowers and very few books. Left: French majolica vases rest on a mantel beneath a mirror that reflects her desk. The walls are lined in linen from Scalamandré. Above right: Krantz's box collection. Right: English library steps and Napoleon III child-size folding chairs. Details see Resources.

my current research files concealed in the bottom of an old wooden cupboard, and there are almost no books in the room except for an unabridged *Oxford English Dictionary* and specially bound copies of my novels which my publishers give me for Christmas. I'm so protective of my work that I don't welcome the presence of other people's novels, although there are many thousands of them everywhere else in the house.

This room is relatively empty with two contrasting needlepoint rugs on the hardwood floor and deliberately wide spaces between the pieces of furniture. There is a chaise longue opposite my desk near the fireplace and another, at the other end of the room, from which I can catch a distant glimpse of golfers on the seventeenth hole of the Bel-Air Country Club. (Upstairs, in my bedroom and bath, I have three more chaise longues—I believe elevating the feet makes the mind work!)

Near my desk, on and around a rickety wicker table and a handsome set of English library steps (found at Richard Gould, my favorite local antiques dealer), I've grouped clusters of things that attract me. These range from bits of ivory, including three tiny eighteenth-century Chinese apothecary jars and a scrimshaw duck that I swiped from my parents' house forty years ago, to a pair of moth-eaten child-size Napoleon III felt folding chairs that I fell in love with recently. I have to visit dozens of antiques dealers before I spot an object whose mysterious charm informs me that it should be in my workroom.

> The very air in my office seems to be imprinted with months of work and emotion

I rearrange these bits almost daily as I prowl around the room thinking of the next words, and I need a large supply of them as food for my fidgets. (I've found the perfect excuse for guilt-free antiquing.) Throughout the room there are fresh flowers, and five wicker jardinières hold green plants. Above my desk I've arranged a small collection of framed needlework. I draw inspiration from the careful patient hand labor of other women. The infinitely detailed sampler signed "Barbara Adams, her Work, Aged 10 years, March 15, 1749"—which I bought to celebrate finishing *Till We Meet Again*—never fails to send me back to work.

Whenever I visit this room between books, I find it an immensely comforting refuge. Everything it contains has meaning to me; its very air seems to be imprinted with months of work and emotion. All the effort of writing is forgotten—until the next time—and only the memory of those elated longed-for moments of creativity remains. Only here can I revisit my characters where they were freshly born. ▲

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Total Immersion in Budapest

An ancient spa city offers sensuous pleasures unchanged by revolution

BY JOSEPH GIOVANNINI

It is in their ubiquitous thermal baths even more than over their poppy seed strudel that Hungarians have forged the conscience of their race. Budapest—Hungary's imperial and languid capital, a city brushed with the orientalism of its Turkish past and a certain hedonism all its own—has refined the tradition of public bathing into a minor art form. A 1923 black and white photograph still hanging in the Gellért, Budapest's dowager hotel built over pools dating from Ottoman times, pictures its miniature golf course with sand traps brimming with soap suds. The city's jeunesse dorée once danced here, atop glass floors laid across the pool, as though waltzing on water.

There is Buda and there is Pest, the right bank and the left—Buda, being the older city of palaces and baroque houses, and Pest, a late nineteenth century city of commerce. That Buda is hilly is more than a passing incident of the landscape: the rising land surmounts a geological fault line that disgorges thermal waters up through its fissures, a feature much appreciated since the days when Buda was a Roman garrison defending the eastern border of the empire along the Danube.

More than forty years of Communism kept the city sooted and introduced a few stupefying apartment blocks, but the regime did not systematically destroy the historic treasures as in neighboring Rumania, nor did it indulge in tear-down Western-style real estate development. In its stagnancy Communism acted as a passive agent of preservation. Budapest's many bathing establishments survived—though they smack of the city's bourgeois and imperial past—perhaps because apparatchiks could plot and steep at the same time without being bugged. These sprawling water emporiums seem even to be surviving the accelerated pace of the go-go free market.

There are many baths throughout Budapest, and each has its own character, clientele, and rituals. The newer versions, which reflect the scale of a nineteenth-century imperial city, are located on the Pest side where industrial-age drilling technology allowed water entrepreneurs to tap deep sources. Some of these spots feature enormous outdoor plazas of water set among Beaux-Arts structures as large as train stations. Locals frequent these arenas as they would a square in Spain, to see or be seen, or a sidewalk café in Paris, for tête-à-têtes. At the Széchenyi Baths in City Park, people standing chest deep in expansive sulfuric pools spend hours playing chess on floating boards. The same thermal waters happen to supply the nearby municipal zoo, making the hippos among the most contented in captivity.

The more historic, less municipal baths are on the Buda side of the Danube where the waters naturally well. Four intimately scaled sixteenth-century Turkish baths still operate in Watertown at the foot of Castle Hill, Pest's central promon-

Against a magnificent Beaux-Arts backdrop, swimmers float in the steamy Széchenyi Baths.



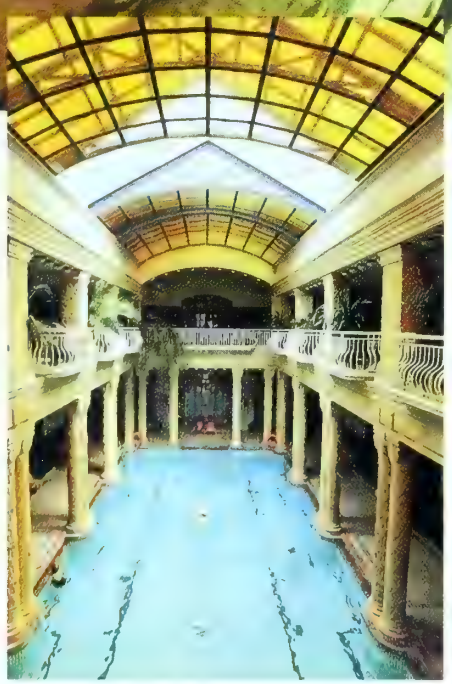
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The Gellért's baths are like a Roman forum, with people swaddled in towels wandering everywhere

tory; their vaulted ceilings and Byzantine domes strike a Turkish gong in an otherwise baroque and rococo quarter. But the reigning watering hole is at the Gellért, the splendidly un–up-to-date Belle Époque hotel where a small wood and glass elevator cab discreetly located at the back of the building delivers guests into a vast aqueous world. (The paying public is also welcome, through a more elaborate portal.) Though much of the interior is suffering from a faded 1950s reincarnation, the original art nouveau lines on the massive stone façade remain liquid—an appropriate style for a structure built over eighteen generous hot springs that have been turned into tub baths, Turkish baths, mineral water pools, and baths with radioactive mud. Some guests dip into a different setting every day of their stay.

Nothing is shy about Budapest's soaking pools, and the Gellért's, modeled after the baths of Caracalla, seem like an imperial Roman forum, with Hungarians swaddled in towels and robes wandering everywhere, mixing with people in street dress. Mosaics decorate the walls; palms prosper in the humidity. Off the main hall there are massage rooms, steam rooms, and mud rooms with expert attendants. The multistory spa rises from the hotel's basement onto an adjacent hillside terraced with a large surf basin featuring a machine that launches rollers according to its own indiscernible schedule. A raised swimming pool under a retractable glass roof is the Gellért's operatic centerpiece, a pillared hall where ceramic fish spout jets of water. In corridors beneath the pool's decks, glass portals allow magnified underwater glimpses of limbs swimming by—here a pair of legs, there a couple of arms and a torso. No athletes churn waves on their way to a photo finish; folks just putter along in their basic black Speedos, taking in the water's benefits by osmosis. As in the rest of Budapest, there is no exertion, no sense of a race: people have the time and they are blithely taking it. ▲

(For a sampling of the public baths in Budapest see Resources.)



Taking the waters. Clockwise from top left: Chess players at the Széchenyi Baths; a 1940s view of the Hotel Gellért's surf basin; the basin today; the central pool; the Gellért's garlanded columns and a spouting gargoyle.

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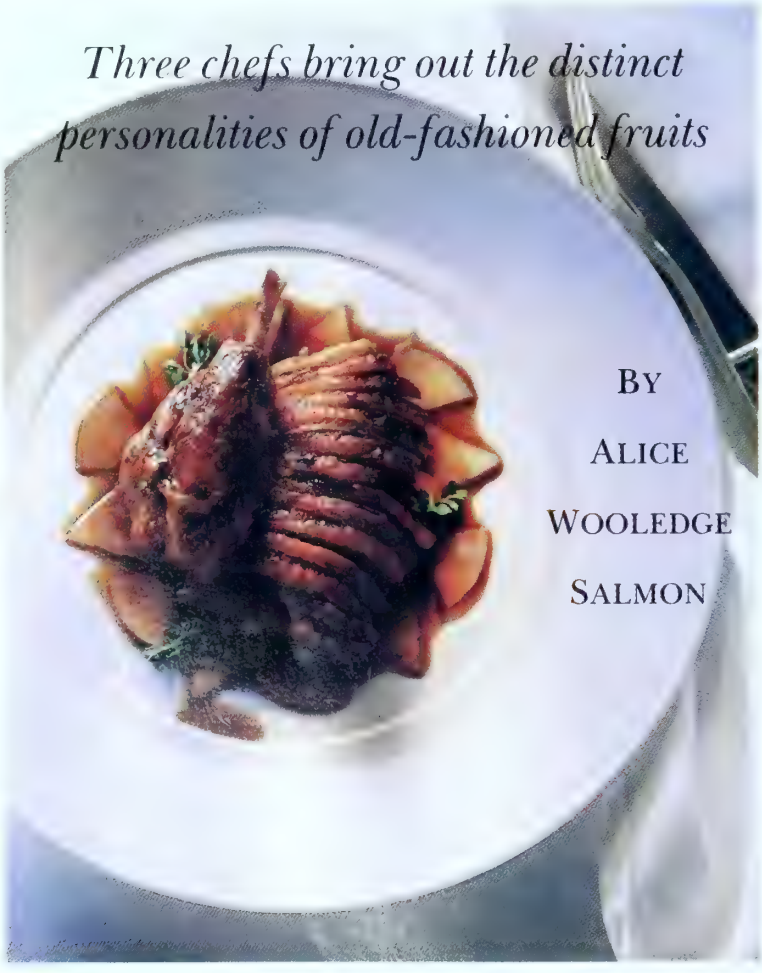
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François Huguet's rhubarb gratin. Below: Joyce Molyneux's duck with quinces.

Sweet Eccentricities

Three chefs bring out the distinct personalities of old-fashioned fruits



BY ALICE WOOLEDGE SALMON

Christian Willer is a Michelin-two-starred Frenchman who has never quite left the soil. He recalls the slopes of Alsace where peach trees grew wild in his grandparents' vineyard and the pêches de vigne were crimson right to the pit. His grandmother bottled them whole, in syrup and red wine, to make large open-face tarts through the winter.

Willer departed Alsace for the chefs' brigades of French, Swiss, and American kitchens, arriving eventually at the Hôtel Martinez in Cannes to open La Palme d'Or during 1985. As befits an Alsatian enamored of fruit, he has made arrangements with five specialist growers on the Côte d'Azur for supplies of the figs, berries, and peaches that distinguish his summer desserts.

The wild peach tree of Willer's youth, which springs from a fallen pit, can still be found in French gardens and minor vineyards where mechanization does not hold sway. The tree—like the vines, never watered—bears small fruit whose compact flesh may be yellow, deep crimson, or an unemphatic rose. Whether sweet or agreeably tannic and tart, the flavor of peach is intense, and the pêche de vigne—also known as a "peach of the four winds" or, if red, as a blood or beet peach—is cherished by the growers for their own consumption and only occasionally sold. This true vineyard peach should not be confused with the large commercial fruit of that name—farmed in irrigated orchards around Lyon—which often tastes like a poor imitation.

When Willer adapts his grandmother's peach tarts for La Palme d'Or, he turns to people like René Schmid, who grows fraises des bois in the hills behind Nice and has wild peach trees bearing fruit he provides "for friends." Or Willer buys small peaches that are cultivated locally and picked ripe—the best choice for those of us not fortunate enough to live in the south of France.

Christian Willer has never met Joyce Molyneux, whose acclaimed restaurant is in England's Devonshire, but he would appreciate her knowledge and the spirit of her generous cooking. At the Carved Angel in Dartmouth, Molyneux's fief since 1974, her culinary interests range from classical French to the Eastern spicing and sharp overtones dear to the British, while old-fashioned fruit such as quinces, medlars, and sloes accent wild game throughout autumn and winter.

The tree in Molyneux's garden at Bath bears its first mature quinces in mid October. (In some areas of the States, quinces are ready by late summer.) She buys more from William Hebditch, who, he says, "discovered quinces on the hippy trail to Nepal" and concluded that adding some trees to his Somerset orchards "would be a romantic gesture." Romantic it was, since the pear- or apple-shaped quince is an emblem of love and fertility. When ripe, it turns daffodil-yellow and pervades a room with the spicy musky fragrance that the late Cyril Connolly perfectly described as an "unearthly savour."

The raw quince is hard and inedible. As the flesh cooks, it changes from creamy to reddish amber, and the

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texture, pleasingly grainy with a fine astringent flavor, lends itself well to jellies, preserves, and apple-based tarts and to rich savory dishes like Molyneux's duck with quinces.

One French chef who adores England and keeps part of his heart in the Scottish highlands has lately been wowing Parisians with rhubarb. Not the stewed stringy mess known to every British child since the reign of Queen Victoria but a gratin of tender young stalks whose sabayon "mantle" is made with Sauternes. A glass of Sauternes escorts the dessert created by François Huguet, who was lured from the Connaught in London to the Hôtel Lancaster, just up from the Champs-Élysées.

Before he went to the Connaught, Huguet was chef in a kitchen whose windows overlooked five hundred acres at Inverlochy Castle, a hotel on the western coast of Scotland. Local fish and game teemed to his larder and casseroles, and from Inverlochy's walled kitchen garden came abundant seasonal produce, including, each spring, the slim pink stalks of early rhubarb, forced into growth beneath terra-cotta bells. These shoots were sweet and delicate, as unlike the coarse stems of a summer crop as the French pêche de vigne or a locally grown peach is to the mass-produced clone.

"At the moment," says Huguet, "my forced spring rhubarb arrives from Holland via the Paris market at Saint-Eustache. But what's to prevent me from growing la rhubarbe de Paris on the Lancaster's courtyard terrace off the second floor?"

CHRISTIAN WILLER'S PÊCHE DE VIGNE EN TARTELETTE

(Peach Tarts with Red Wine Sauce)

- 6 tablespoons unsalted butter, softened
- 1 cup plus 2 teaspoons sugar
- 1 egg, lightly beaten
- 1 teaspoon dark rum
- ½ cup finely ground blanched almonds
- 1¾ cups fruity red wine
  Juice of 1 orange, strained
  Juice of 1 lemon, strained
- 6 small ripe peaches
- ⅓ cup tawny port
  Pastry dough made with unsalted butter, enough for 6 3½-inch tins
- 1½ teaspoons cornstarch
- 12 leaves lemon verbena or mint

To make frangipane, cream 4 tablespoons butter until soft and light. Gradually beat in ⅓ cup sugar, egg, and rum. Stir in almonds. Cover frangipane and refrigerate.

In a medium-size saucepan combine red wine, ½ cup water, the citrus juices, and remaining sugar. Bring to a boil and skim. Place peaches in a single layer in syrup; lower heat and poach fruit, covered, until cooked through, 1–2 minutes. Cool peaches in the covered saucepan. Carefully remove, peel, and discard skin. Cover peaches and refrigerate. Add port to 2¼ cups of the poaching syrup. Make a sorbet with this, reserving the remaining syrup.

When ready to prepare tarts, preheat oven to 425 degrees. Bring frangipane to room temperature. With unsalted butter lightly grease 6 circular tart tins, each 3½ inches in diameter. Roll out pastry dough and cut 6 5-inch circles; place pastry in tins and trim away the excess dough.

Beat frangipane smooth, then



spread 1½ tablespoons of mixture over each pastry shell. (There will be leftover frangipane.) Place 1 peach stem-side down in the center of each tart. Put tins on a heavy baking sheet and bake about 25 minutes, until frangipane is golden brown. Cool tarts and remove from tins. Place each on a dessert plate.

Bring reserved poaching syrup to a boil. Dissolve cornstarch in a little water, whisk into syrup, then add 2 tablespoons butter. Simmer briefly until thickened. Spoon a little sauce over each peach and garnish with verbena. Beside each tart, spoon a pool of sauce and a scoop of sorbet. Serves 6.

JOYCE MOLYNEUX'S DUCK WITH QUINCES

Legs and breasts of 4-pound duckling
2 small quinces
4 tablespoons brandy
Salt
Freshly ground pepper
2 tablespoons duck fat or butter
1 tablespoon flour
1¼ cups fruity red wine
1¼ cups strong chicken stock
2 tablespoons red currant jelly
1 strip orange zest
Juice of ½ orange, strained
2 tablespoons butter

Remove excess fat from duck legs and breasts. Quarter, peel, and core quinces. In a small saucepan add quince peels and cores to 1¼ cups water, bring to a boil, and simmer 15 minutes. Strain and reserve juice. Slice quince quarters thinly and place in a shallow dish with duck. Add brandy and mix well. Cover and marinate duck and quinces 2 hours.

Remove duck from marinade and season with salt and pepper. Melt duck fat or butter and sauté duck pieces gently until evenly browned, about 20 minutes. Pour off most of fat.

Preheat oven to 300 degrees. Drain marinade from quince slices and pour over duck. Heat gently, turn off burner, and carefully ignite marinade with a match. When flames have died, place duck in a casserole, leaving behind a little fat. Sprinkle flour into the fat; stir in reserved quince juice, red wine, and stock. Bring to a boil, whisk well, and add to casserole with jelly, orange zest, and orange juice. Cover casserole and braise duck 30–40 minutes.

Melt butter and sauté quince slices until tender 5–10 minutes. Arrange duck on a warm serving dish. Skim braising sauce, taste, and adjust seasonings. Strain sauce, pour over duck, surround with quince slices. Serves 4.

FRANÇOIS HUGUET'S GRATIN À LA RHUBARBE

(Rhubarb Gratin with Sauternes Sabayon)

½ cup plus 1¼ tablespoons sugar
1½ pounds forced rhubarb
4 egg yolks
3 tablespoons Sauternes

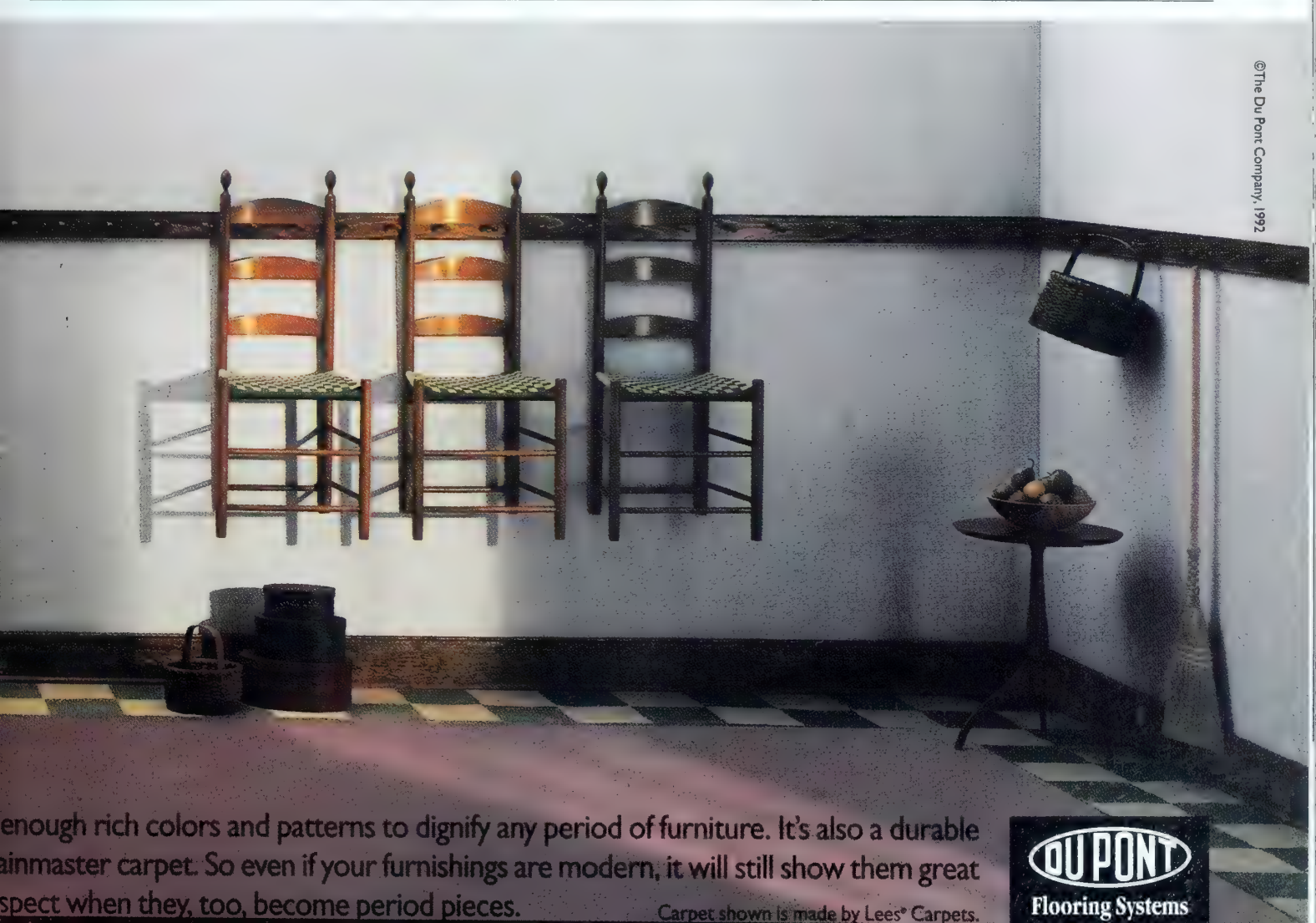
Combine 2¼ cups water and ⅓ cup sugar in a saucepan and bring to a boil. Remove from heat. Cut off and discard all leaves from rhubarb, halve each stalk down the center, and slice into short lengths.

Place rhubarb pieces in one layer in a wide low-sided pan. Pour on hot syrup and let rhubarb simmer until just cooked through, about 1 minute.

Remove rhubarb from pan and drain well. Transfer to a gratin serving dish. (There will be leftover syrup.)

To make sabayon, whisk egg yolks, remaining sugar, and Sauternes in a small heavy saucepan. Place saucepan in a shallow pan filled with hot water kept just below a simmer, and whisk mixture into a thick frothy mousse, about 3–5 minutes.

Preheat broiler to high. Pour sabayon over the warm rhubarb and place gratin dish under broiler until the sauce browns slightly. Serve immediately. Serves 4. ▲







Farmhouse, Revised Edition

A literary couple adapts a piece of local history to contemporary life in the Connecticut countryside

BY SUSANNA MOORE



Much of the appeal of old New England farmhouses lies in the history which is often evident in the boundaries of fields, in the heights of the trees, and, particularly, in the architecture of the houses themselves. It is frequently possible to trace a story of birth, death, prosperity, and even war, through the metamorphosis of these structures from sturdy frontier cottage to gentleman's farm.

Nearly ten years ago, Howard and Susan Kaminsky bought such a farmhouse on seventy-five acres in northwest Connecticut. He is president and CEO of the Hearst Book Group and a writer like his wife—the couple have just completed their fourth collaborative novel. With their daughter, Jessica, a college sophomore, they treat the place as a weekend haven where, as Howard says, "We read, write, play tennis, and eat pasta."

Situated on a gentle rise at the head of a valley, the house is surrounded by sloping gardens and fields which a neighboring dairy farmer plants with corn and hay. There is a stream with a beaver dam and tall stands of hemlock, Norway spruce, oak, and sugar maple. Deer, fox, coyote, and wild turkey move through the land, and on summer moonlit nights birds call with such exuberance that it seems a phenomenon of nature: they must be fooled by the moon into thinking it is day.

Perhaps because the house has remained in the hands of only a few families, many artifacts have been discovered. The original circa 1750 structure was a one-room dwelling with a kitchen in the basement, which still has a brick bake oven. In 1764 the place was bought for £417 by a farmer who built the first of several additions. During this period the property was on a route used to transfer prisoners taken by American revolutionary war

Howard and Susan Kaminsky, above left, on their back porch. Above right: The living room is furnished with antiques passed down from Susan's family. The sisal is from Stark. Left: The dining room has a trestle table and a generous window seat. Details see Resources.

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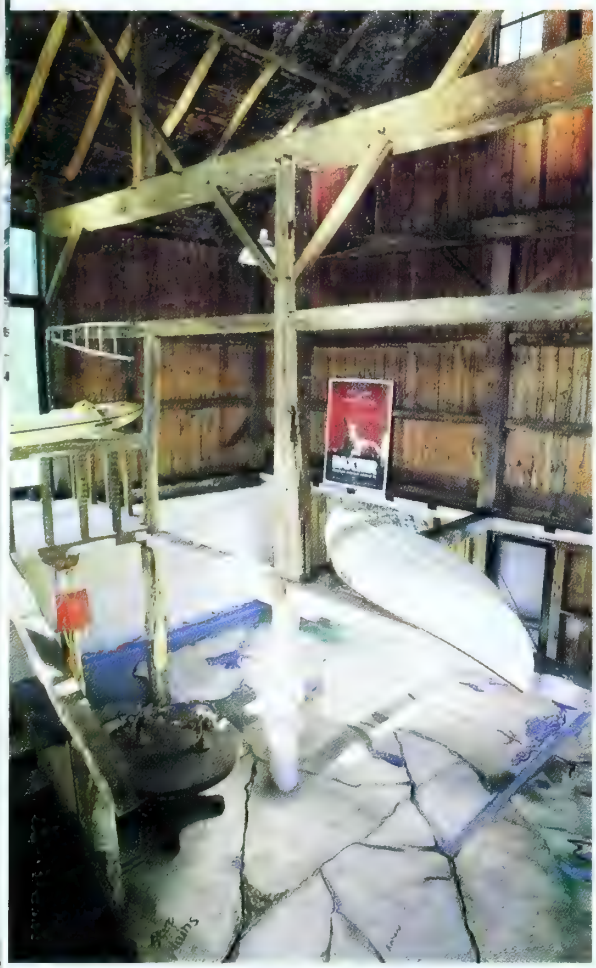
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A section of the barn was reduced to its posts and beams and transformed into a screened-in summer room, left, furnished with wicker chairs and a wrought-iron and twig table by John Ryman. Far left: The original c. 1750 farmhouse—a one-room dwelling—has had several additions over the years. Below left: The barn's cracked concrete floor inspired a map painting. Bottom left: The master bedroom features a curtained headboard and a chair slipcovered with a campy velvet tapestry.



The charm of domestic comfort and nature is felt throughout



forces; during one attempted prisoner escape, shots were fired and a piece of wood in which a bullet lodged now rests on a shelf above the Kaminskys' bed. Scratched on a pane of glass in one of the front windows is the name of a young man who graduated in 1824 from Yale—a certain sign the farm had become lucrative. And a hearth pot found beneath the living room floor is perhaps evidence of the tradition of placing something belonging to the owner in the structure for good luck.

Intent on not making any hasty alterations, the Kaminskys spent more than two years restoring and gently modernizing the house with the help of artist and designer John Ryman. In the main rooms there are built-in bookcases that hold the Kaminskys' enormous library and act as extra insulation for the walls. The enlarged kitchen has open shelves filled with Susan's Quimper pottery. And in every room the furniture—much of it inherited from Susan's family house on Cape Cod—is variously covered in old linens, new toiles, striped ticking, and velvet printed with pool-playing canines.

Other owners might have torn down the neglected L-shaped barn, seeing it as unwieldy. Instead, the Kaminskys put Ryman to work tailoring the spaces for practical use. The long equipment shed in the back was reduced to its posts and beams, finished with a floor of barn boards, and outfitted as a summer room for reading, eating, and sleeping. Under the vaulted ceiling of the central section, formerly home to two dozen cows, there is now a well-equipped gym and, beneath it, a vast storage area for canoes and bicycles. The fact that the concrete floor was badly cracked was turned into an advantage: Ryman painted a fanciful map, transforming the cracks into meandering rivers and borders.

Susan believes a country house should be treated like a beach house: if mud or grass is tracked in, it is swept out the door. It was Susan's idea that the summer room have screens but no glass windows. It is closed in the winter, the wicker furniture put away and repainted in the spring. "The weather just goes through the room," she says happily. This charming integration of domestic comfort and nature is felt throughout the house and grounds. It is a graceful, convivial, old-fashioned place. ▲


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Title page, above, for A. A. Levenson's book on an imperial cathedral alludes to icons and medieval manuscripts.





Two pages from a 1902 book of fairy tales, top right, and a cover for a book of folk songs, left, by Ivan Bilibin. Right: Aleksandr Benois's title page for Pushkin's *Hussar*.



Russia Illustrates Itself

In the decades before the Revolution, graphic artists rediscovered their national heritage

Printing books was a habit that came late to Russia, at the end of the seventeenth century, and even then these volumes were extremely primitive—"Gothic," as our ancestors would have said, politely. With the ascent of Peter the Great, books, like the empire's other cultural artifacts, were westernized; for two hundred years their structure, design, and illustration were modeled on examples from Leipzig, London, and Paris. How could it have been otherwise in a country where the elite spoke only French?



Design by Boris Zvorykin for War of 1812 volume.

But by the time the nineteenth century came to a close, the creative tide had turned. First architects and then artists looked for inspiration to medieval Russia and traditional folk culture for forms, colors, fairy tales, and legends. Wealthy merchants and aristocrats built mansions and churches in the style of twelfth-century Pskov or early Muscovy, and painters responded to the simple shapes and rhythmic decorativeness of Russian folk art. Even the czars, for their own political reasons, became Slavophiles. In 1903 the ill-fated Nicholas II commemorated the founding of Saint Petersburg with a costume ball that harked back to the reign of Peter the Great's father.

Fin de siècle neo-Russian style was not simply a re-creation of the past, but a mingling of Slavic elements with art nouveau—a charming hodgepodge of the age-old and the avant-garde, of sophistication and naiveté. This appealing and original style achieved its triumph in book design—a sign of the new respectability of the applied arts in creative circles, especially those associated with *Mir Iskusstva* (*The World of Art*), an influential art journal published in Saint Petersburg. "So-called commercial art and so-called pure art are sisters, twins whose mother is beauty and who resemble each other so closely that it is sometimes difficult to tell them apart," said painter and critic Aleksandr Benois. (Benois illustrated Pushkin's *Hussar*, but today his name is most closely associated with the Ballets Russes, for which he designed sets and costumes.)

The fairy tale illustrations of Ivan Bilibin (1876–1942) are among the first masterpieces of neo-Russian book design, according to art historian Evgenia Kirichenko. Drawing on art as diverse as the late nineteenth century epic paintings of Viktor Vasnetsov, illustrations by Aubrey Beardsley, and Japanese prints, Bilibin developed a graphic style in which the "center of gravity," as he put it, was line. The strength of his ornamental outlines, vivid colors, and soaring imagination set the standard for his peers. So did his stylized vision of Russian folk life and legend with its vernacular wooden architecture, exotic costumes, armored riders, magical birds, and motifs adapted from old manuscripts, popular woodcuts, peasant embroideries, and carved and painted utensils.

BY PRINCE MICHAEL OF GREECE

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Zvorykin framed a scene from Pushkin's *The Golden Cockerel*, published in Paris in 1925, with a border of stylized foliage.

Bilibin's talented student Georgi Narbut (1888–1920) favored themes from his native Ukrainê. An admirer of old illuminated manuscripts, Narbut himself created charming alphabets for children.

Among the most famous of these artists in the outside world was Boris Zvorykin, who designed and illustrated books for such important Russian publishers as Sytin, Knebel, Marks, and A. A. Levenson, where he was art director for close to twenty years. Zvorykin designed a book honoring the centennial of the War of 1812 and illustrated an elaborate volume that marked the twenty-second anniversary of A. A. Levenson. But his specialty was children's books and Pushkin was his idol; in the mid 1920s, after he had moved to Paris, he produced a bewitching series of pictures for a volume of Pushkin stories, *The Golden Cockerel and Other Fairy Tales*. (In 1990, thanks to editor Jacqueline Onassis, Doubleday brought out a new edition of this marvelous book, with an introduction by Rudolf Nureyev.)

By and large, these artists supported the revolution of 1917. In 1919 Zvorykin—who had worked on several projects for the Romanovs, including a 1913 book celebrating the dynasty's tricentennial and frescoes in a church built at Tsarskoe Selo by the last czarina—designed a poster

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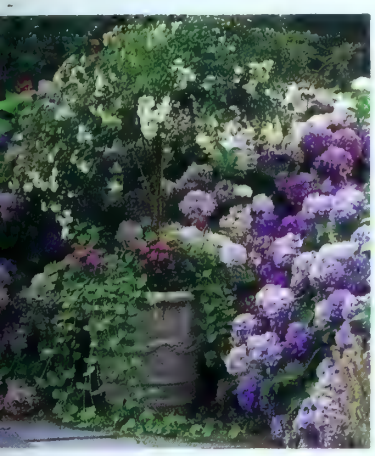
CLASSIC DESIGN

Editor's Page

August



IT TAKES ALL KINDS of sensibilities to put together HG. Our editors' tastes run the stylistic gamut from firmly committed modernism to cozy-cottage traditionalism, and their voices help to give the magazine its variety and texture. The devotion to a single aesthetic can certainly make decorating choices easier. In our August issue, we feature examples of such purism—the machine-made classics that surround Mark McDonald in his New York apartment, the colorful profusion of tiles that Rudolf Nureyev chose for his Italian island retreat, and the 1930s elegance of antiques dealer Eric Philippe's Paris flat. We also visit houses and gardens that carry with them a set of elements placing boundaries on appropriateness. Take, for instance, Vivian and Tim Horan's 1880 Long Island farmhouse, which called for simplicity and colors in tune with its nearness to the sea, or Sally Quinn and Ben Bradlee's Grey Gardens, which offered up a slice of history and the challenge of adapting the luxuriance of another era to more casual contemporary life. Palm Beach's legendary glamour provided its own guidelines for fashion designer Arnold Scaasi, as did Canada's winters for master decorator John Stefanidis when he designed the interiors of the Weston family's house in Toronto. As far as I'm concerned, this diversity is stimulating. So here I am in my New York office, where the desk is by Le Corbusier and the lamps by Mario Villa and Noguchi, thinking about which flower-printed linen to choose for our house in Connecticut and dreaming about rafting, hiking, lolling on the beach, and other alternatives for a family vacation. There are so many good choices, and considering them all is lots of fun.



Hydrangeas and *Rosa bonica* at rey Gardens, above. Below right: Norman Bel Geddes 1930s bureau and other treasures in Mark McDonald's apartment. Above right: The Horans' bedroom.



Mary Novogrod

EDITOR IN CHIEF

Cottage Colors

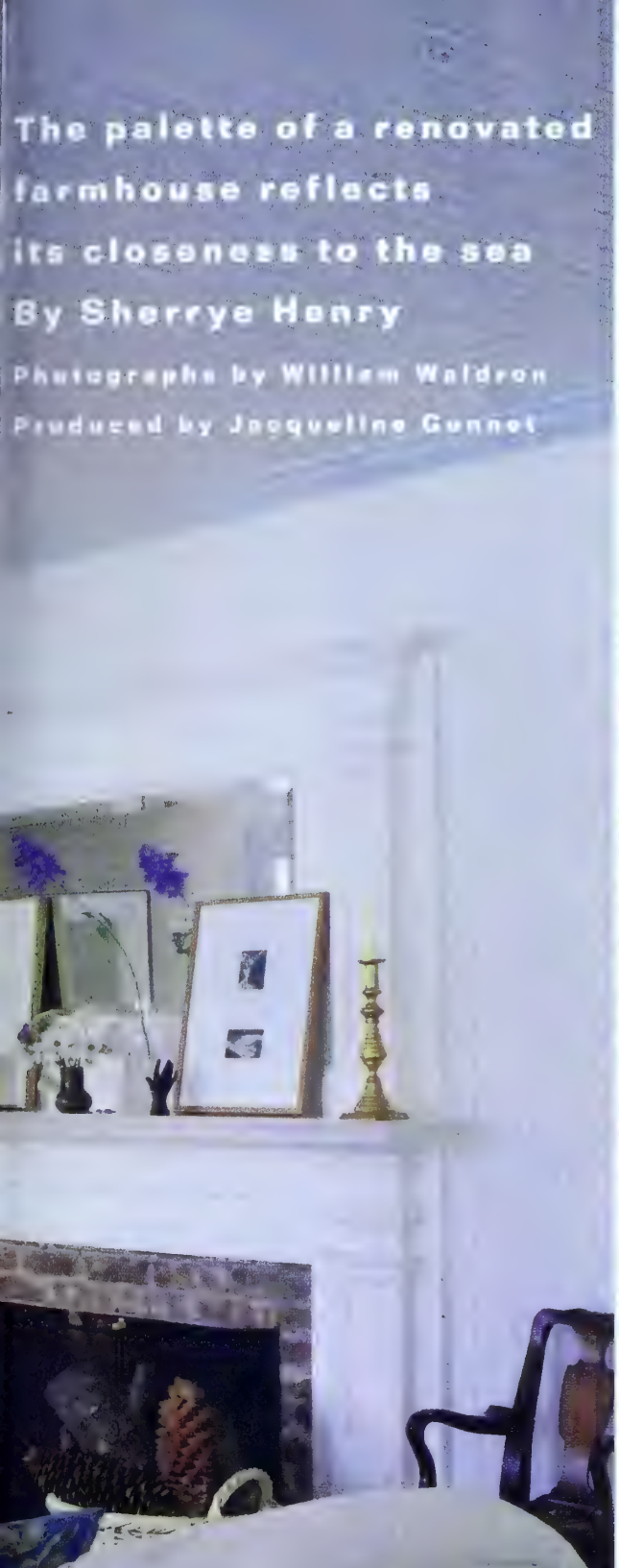


The palette of a renovated farmhouse reflects its closeness to the sea

By Sherrye Henry

Photographs by William Waldron

Produced by Jacqueline Gunnet



uiet green blue moldings
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iteness of the wainscoting
d the George Sherlock
as in the living room. On
e mantel are photographs
Man Ray, Eugène Atget,
d Berenice Abbott. Vivian
d Tim Horan, *above right*,
the porch that now
circles the house, *right*.
tails see Resources.







"In the country the trees and flowers are my paintings," says Vivian Horan, who runs an art gallery in New York. "Here I like a rest for my eyes"

PICTURE THE BLUES and greens of the ocean, the subtle shifting tones of sand, the bleached whites and silvers of driftwood. Now bring these colors inside an 1880 shingled cottage. Apply them to walls and beams, to moldings and wicker, to sofas and weathered pine, and you have Vivian and Tim Horan's resurrected Bridgehampton house, just a breeze away from the beach.

Like many of the simple tables and chests and chairs that furnish it, the house itself seems to have been taken down to its original surface, then gently refinished. The soft sea-colors that frame the doors and windows and underline the banisters shimmer against satiny white wainscoting. As the daylight fades, cerulean blue becomes sea green and celadon turns to celery. "You really have to pay attention to light," says Vivian.

It was Vivian, proprietor of an Upper East Side gallery specializing in twentieth-century art, who fell in love with the house. Her husband, Tim, a writer and former advertising executive, was dismayed. "All the floors were tilting, the doorways sagging. You'd go up the stairs and slide right into bed because the floors were at such an angle," Vivian remembers. "Tim thought I was mad, totally mad. He slumped down in his chair with his eyes rolled back." Ultimately, Tim says, he trusted his wife's judgment and her "unerring eye for detail."

Both her judgment and her eye got quite a workout. After interviewing architects intent on making what she calls a "postmodern statement," she decided to make the aesthetic decisions herself, communing with the spirit of a former owner who had died at ninety-two and was buried with her husband at the back of the property. "Although we had to make a lot of changes, I always had that woman in my mind," Vivian recalls. "Would she be pleased with what we were doing? Or would she think, 'Those city folks came out and ruined my farmhouse'?"

First the house had to be set straight. "We lifted it up and dug a foundation," Vivian explains. "When the house was put down, it made terrible sounds—it was crying! We thought we'd made a ghastly mistake and we'd be stuck with this monster. But the house went down on the new foundation, square as could be."

Then the contractor and his crew tore out walls, floors, and windows



The Horans replanted the forty-year-old perennial borders, *above left. Left:* Lunches are served on the porch. Folding chairs from Smith & Hawken. *Opposite above:* A 1920s chair and ottoman and a 19th-century oak library table stand at one end of the living room. Sisal from Stark. *Opposite below:* The French bistro chairs were originally intended for the porch, "but I never found dining room chairs," says Vivian Horan. The terra-cotta urns are Moroccan water filters.

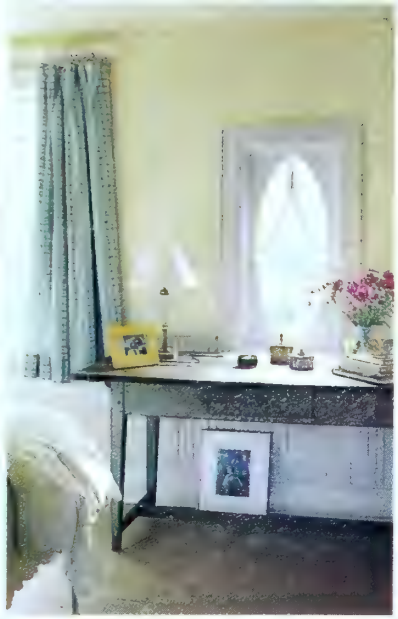




When the Horans had the original kitchen gutted, they saved the built-in cupboards and used them as a model for the new cabinets, painted a green Vivian Horan saw in Spain. The early 20th century pine and marble table was once in a Buenos Aires pastry shop.













Blue beams, a Manuel Canovas check, and red and white stripes make the master bedroom, *below*, the most vivid room in the house. *Left, clockwise from top left:* Antique Scandinavian kitchen table under an oval window in a guest room; curtain fabric from Brunschwig & Fils. Painted cupboard, c. 1860, in the master bath. An iron bed made by an artisan in Rome. A Barcelona park chair paired with a repainted kitchen table.

"You really have to pay attention to light"



and installed new heating, plumbing, and air conditioning systems. When they rebuilt the chimney, they found it had originally been lined with clamshells. Vivian had the meandering driveway rerouted and the wide welcoming porch extended around the house. The dining room and kitchen were expanded, a second bay window was added to the living room, and a new master bath was created from two former bedrooms.

During this process the Horans maintained a faithful vigil. "We were here every week for two days, morning to night, freezing sometimes because there was no heat," Vivian says. "But we loved the process, working with contractor Ben Krupinski and his wonderful men. They even worked Sundays for us because they knew I could only be here on Sunday and Monday. What is a horror for many people, working with a contractor, was a treat for us."

Although so much of the construction is new, it is true to the period of the house. Wainscoting now covers many walls and some ceilings—"That's one of the ways we put character back in the house," says Vivian—and old doors were cut down for small cabinets and linen closets. The bathroom fixtures are from the turn of the century; the kitchen hardware was copied from the brass handles on surviving cabinets; the living room mantelpiece was salvaged from an old house that was being demolished in East Hampton.

When it came to selecting colors for the interior, she consulted with experts Donald Kaufman and his wife and partner, Taffy Dahl. "I showed them books with pictures of things I liked, then they'd figure out how to achieve it. We kept trying colors," she says, recalling the blue "that didn't work out" and the green that did—"we just played."

Very little of the furniture is original to the house. The wonderful iron beds were custom-made in Rome—"I didn't want to have the mattresses made to order, and that's what you're obliged to do with old beds," Vivian *(Continued on page 144)*



vintage porcelain tub
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acious master bathroom.
narrow door cut down
om one removed during
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medicine cabinet.



JIM LEE

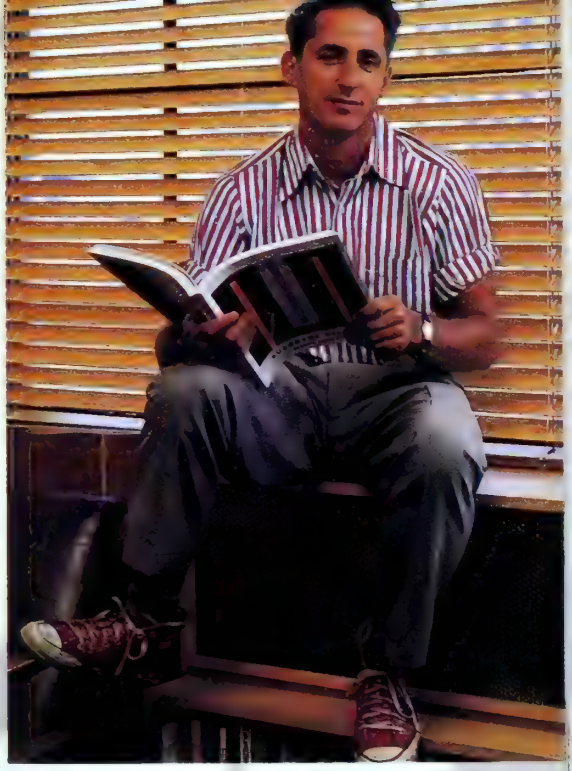


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MARK MCDONALD



Only pedigreed twentieth-century classics make their way into the apartments of two East Coast collectors

By Heather Smith MacIsaac Photographs by John Hall

LEE HAS THE MOST COMPLETE BREUER INTERIOR IN AMERICA, POSSIBLY ANYWHERE





JIM LEE AND MARK MCDONALD HAVE SO much in common they really ought to meet one of these days. Both men, born in the fifties, are from the South (Lee is from North Carolina, McDonald is from Texas), both developed an early taste for modernism and originally thought they wanted to be architects, and both live in small apartments with sweeping city views that house exceptional collections of furniture, objects, and artwork from the first half of this century.

Lee is strictly a Bauhaus man, so strict that every piece of furniture, every poster, every decorative object in his Atlanta high-rise apartment—with the exception of his reproduction bed frames, chess set, floor lamp, and ashtray—dates between 1923 and 1935. "What fascinates me about this period in particular is how such pared-down design emerged from such a politically complex time," explains Lee. "The things Marcel Breuer was doing with tubular steel were revolutionary—he made his B35 chair from close to a single length of steel and created a three-dimen-

sional demonstration of Russian constructivist painting with his now-classic Wassily chair."

What was initially startling about the furniture—its industrial quality, portability, and versatility—continues to appeal. Especially to Lee, an investor and self-confessed obsessive who in less than seven years has managed to assemble the most complete Breuer interior in this country, possibly anywhere. Beyond its representative range, the collection is made more valuable still by the fact that nearly every piece is in good unrestored condition, down to the original fabric. Lee especially prizes a set of four B35 chairs, acquired after selling a 1957 T-bird. In his bedroom he has resorted to a pair of reproduction daybeds from a 1930 Alvar Aalto design while he carries on the search for a bed attributed to Breuer. That and a double-tiered glass-topped table, the B23, are the only gaps in his collection he hasn't been able to fill—yet.

On the time line of modern machine-made furniture, Mark McDonald's collection picks up where Lee's leaves off, concentrating on pieces

A Dessau Bauhaus poster, *above,* picks up the red in a blanket covering two daybeds—reproductions of an Alvar Aalto design, available from ICF—which Lee joined as his bed. *Right:* A 1930 French standing mirror by Louis Sognot rests in front of a custom-made folding screen that separates the living room from the bedroom. *Opposite above* and *opposite below:* With the exception of the cow-print hassock, 1929 Thonet daybed, and Karl Trabert table lamps, Lee's living room is entirely given over to Marcel Breuer designs, all dating from the late twenties. Swiss posters of the same vintage are by Theo Ballmer.



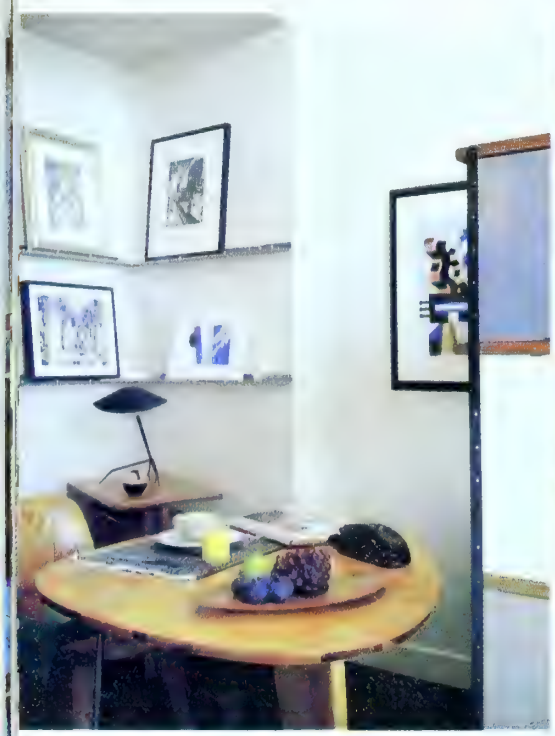


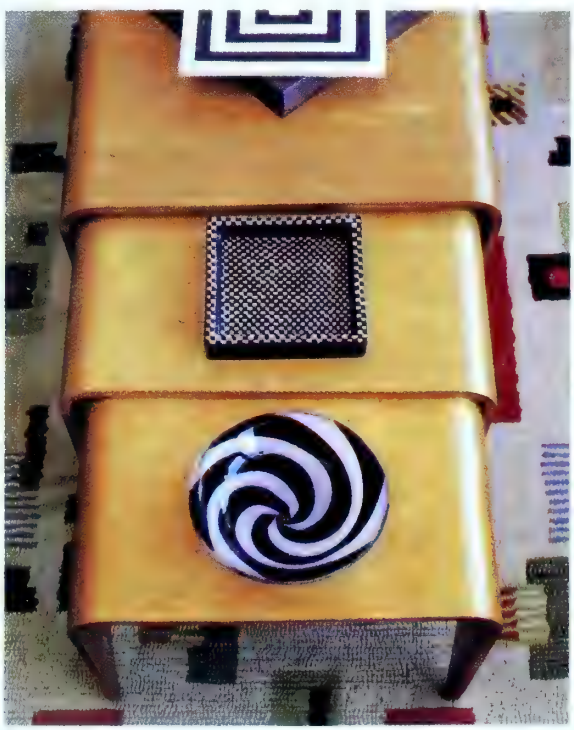
In McDonald's small apartment, *above*, new built-in bookcases under oversized windows echo the design of the Eames storage units, which define the living and dining areas. *Below, from left:* A 1947 three-legged table by Isamu Noguchi serves as a desk and dining table in a corner outfitted with aluminum picture rails. Nesting bent plywood tables by Marcel Breuer display a Venini bowl, a 1950s ashtray, and a book with a graphic cover. A little-known stool by Noguchi and a well-known chair by Eames frame a view of the bedroom from the living room. *Opposite:* A curtain of vibrant cotton velvet from Gretchen Bellinger sets off an early fifties steel floor lamp by Pierre Guariche and a geometric patterned Dutch blanket from the fifties. The Con Edison tower serves as McDonald's night-light and bedside clock.

from the early thirties through the early fifties, a period he deals in daily as an owner of the New York gallery Fifty/50. But whereas Lee is a metal man, McDonald is more of a wood man—a preference he attributes to having grown up working with the material. He cites the time his family's prized walnut dining table was water damaged as one of the most tragic events of his childhood. And he still has a free-form three-legged table he made in a seventh-grade shop class.

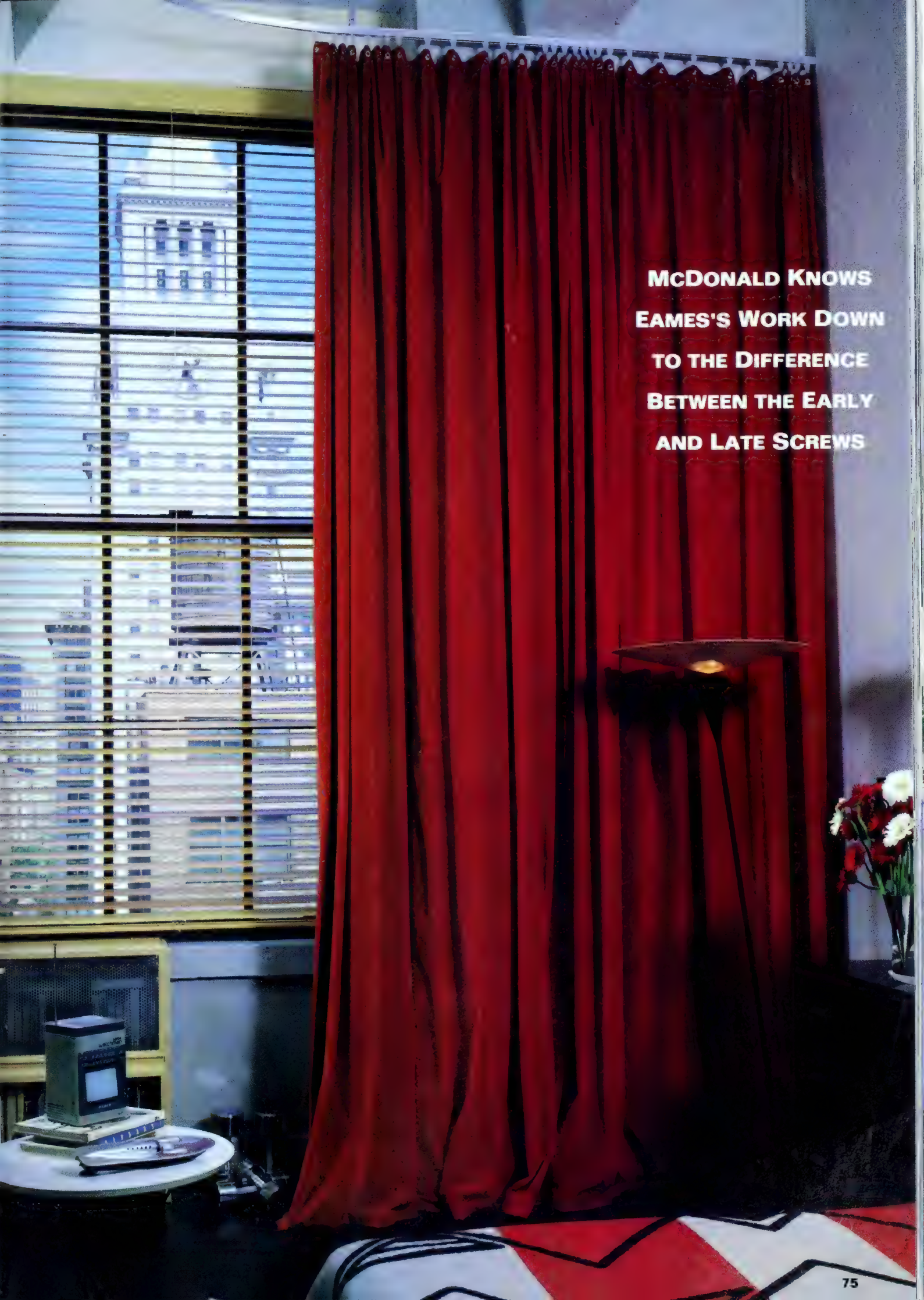
Another three-legged table is a featured part of McDonald's collection: an Isamu Noguchi piece, one of few known to exist. Though the point of furniture by designers such as Gilbert Rohde, George Nelson, Charles and Ray Eames, Florence Knoll, and Harry Bertoia was to bring good design to the masses, it is, of course, the pieces produced in limited quantities that satisfy the ego of the collector. A one-of-a-kind Frank Lloyd Wright table, with its planes and overhangs, reads to McDonald "like a pure architectural drawing." He also lives with a curvy molded-ash Charles Eames screen, more commonly seen in a version double the height, which acts as a neat counterpoint to the wooden Venetian blinds that form another kind of screen across the apartment's wall of windows.

McDonald knows Charles Eames's work particularly well, down to the difference between the early and late screws, and, in fact, was called in with partner Ralph Cutler to appraise the estate after Ray Eames died in 1988. "Of all the designers, Charles Eames is probably my favorite," admits McDonald. "As an architect, furniture designer, photographer, and inventor, he embodied all of the things I'm interested in." When Jim Lee describes his own aesthetic as "studied but anti-decoration," he clearly has a kindred spirit six states away. ♠









McDonald Knows Eames's Work Down to the Difference Between the Early and Late Screws



Return to Grey Gardens

A faded garden blooms again at the East Hampton retreat of Sally Quinn and Ben Bradlee

By Mac Griswold

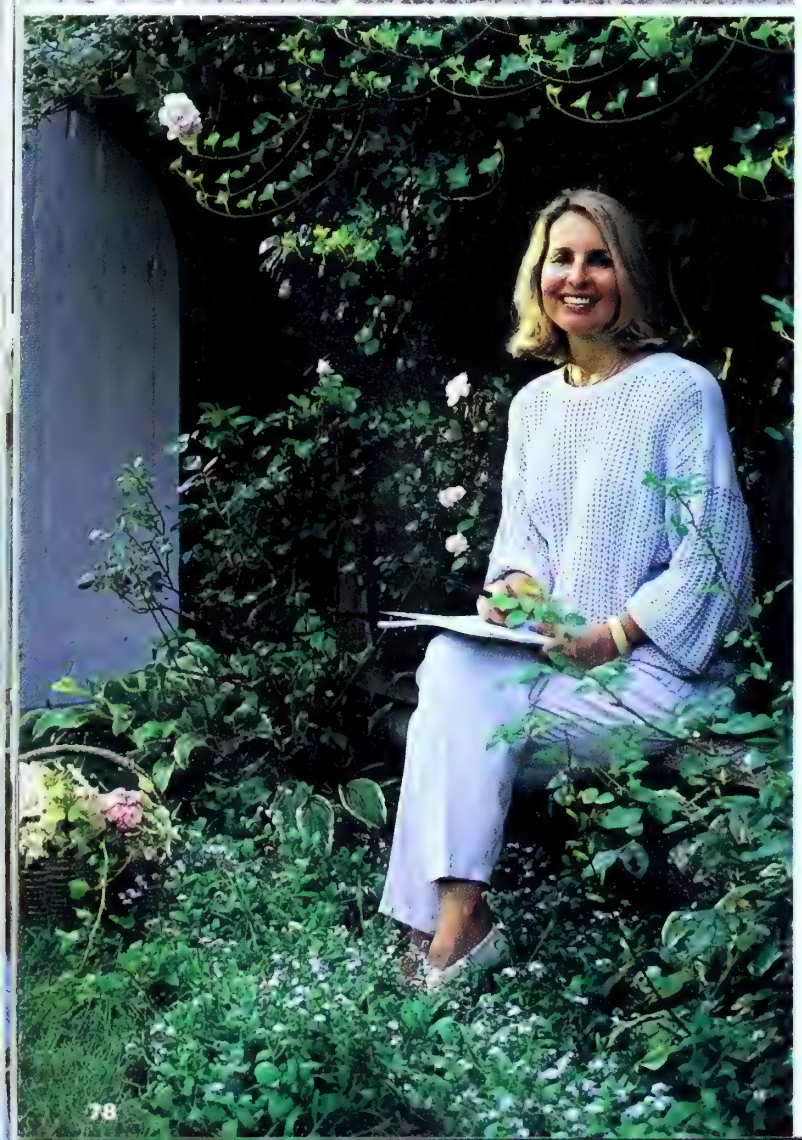
Photographs by Richard Felber

Produced by Senga Mortimer



Horticultural writer Anna Gilman Hill, who began her garden here in 1913, later recalled that "the soft gray of the dunes, cement walls, and sea mists gave us our color scheme as well as our name. We used as edgings all the low gray-foliaged plants. . . . Only flowers in pale colors were allowed inside the walls, yet the effect was far from insipid."





THE SHINGLE "SUMmer cottages" the size of small motels that line the Atlantic coast from Mount Desert to Cape May sometimes seem to be the only permanent dwellings in the U.S. In them, for a month or so each year, highly wired urbanites carry on a slower-paced life, one lived at the shore for more than a century. The houses and gardens themselves, the old post offices and fish markets, the bikes, the beach, the few remaining patient locals are the teachers. New generations inhale the sunny bittersweet smell of privet and are instantly inducted. Idiosyncrasy—past idiosyncrasy, at least—is cherished. The craziest memories are unfolded and smoothed out every summer. Perhaps these memories survive for such ritual airings because places still exist around which they can gather.

Grey Gardens, in East Hampton, has had three well-known owners in its lifetime as a summer cottage. The most sensational were the second occupants, the eccentric Edith Beales, mother and daughter, "Big" and "Little" Edie, and their ten cats. The place was theirs for more than fifty years. (Like many other summer visitors, they had eventually succumbed to the year-round life.) In the summer of 1975 the Maysles brothers, the documentary filmmakers, shot *Grey Gardens,* a full-length feature of the Beales' life behind the twenty-foot-tall expanse of raging weeds and unkempt privet that made the place a jawdropper among its manicured neighbors. The Suffolk County Department of Health Services had even tried to evict the recluses for unsanitary conditions two years

Anna Gilman Hill, *above left,* consults her garden plan under the rambler roses in 1923. *Left:* Ankle-deep in forget-me-nots, Sally Quinn sits in the same niche. *Right:* White and silver accents for the center of the garden include Casablanca lilies, *Artemisia lactiflora, Cimicifuga racemosa,* white buddleia around the pergola at the back, and a pair of painted Adirondack chairs. Details see Resources.





An enticing view from the house tempts the laziest summer visitor down into the walled garden













before. The Beales had cleaned up just enough to squeak by, with a little help from their extended family.

"There was a story there," says Al Maysles, and indeed there was. Big Edie, once the wife of New York lawyer Phelan Beale, was John "Black Jack" Bouvier's sister, and Little Edie was Jackie Onassis's first cousin. The Beales were part of the top layer of upper-crust America; mysteriously they had crashed through the crust and now inhabited a couple of rooms and the upper-story porch of a twenty-eight room house filled with might-have-been romances, fantasies of lost legacies, and unfulfilled dreams. Big Edie had trained as a singer and made a few records in the thirties; Little Edie had always wanted to be a dancer.

Kennedy connections, Hogarthian squalor, and wistfulness aside, what made the Maysleses' film were the Beales' time-warp fifties clothes (when they bothered to wear something besides towels and bathrobes), their disconcertingly ruinous good looks (Mrs. Beale was seventy-nine, Little Edie fifty-six when the film was made), and, above all, their Locust Valley lockjaw voices carrying on an obsessive dialogue, mostly about themselves. "It was practically the first film about women," says Al Maysles, "a film about the mother-daughter relationship that Freud never wanted to explore."

The Beales were pithy, startlingly expressive. "I haven't worn a girdle since I was twelve years old. . . . It's very difficult to live these days," said Big Edie, sitting on the porch, a sweater tied around her immense sagging upper half. Maysles says, "These women stored up a treasure



At Grey Gardens one can still hear Little Edie Beale murmuring, "It's very difficult to keep the line between the past and the present"

The new herb garden, *right*. *Opposite, clockwise from top left:* Hill's garden once looked directly at the dunes. The pergola and exedra have been rebuilt. On the pool terrace, one of Quinn and Bradlee's new spaces outside the old walls, a planter of *Abelia* × *grandiflora* is garden designer Victoria Fensterer's original touch. Little Edie Beale takes it easy in *her* version of the garden in 1975. *Rosa bonica* is backed with hydrangeas. Ivy climbs the gables in the 1920s.





of verbiage and self-expression for twenty years. 'Oh, they just put it on for the movie,' people said, but every time we came over to shoot, we would stop a hundred feet from the house to spray ourselves with Off—for the fleas—and hear the same conversations we would later be filming." Mrs. Beale died a year later. Little Edie said that just before her mother died she asked her, "Is there anything more you want to say, Mother?" and Big Edie replied, "There's nothing more to say, it's all in the film."

"Edie Beale wasn't going to sell her place to anyone who was going to tear the house down, which was what everybody else wanted to do," says journalist and author Sally Quinn, who with her husband, former *Washington Post* executive editor Ben Bradlee, bought Grey Gardens in 1979. "Even though one side of the house was flapping in the wind, I saw that the size of the rooms and the bright open upstairs made it beautiful, and I felt it was a happy house. No, I hadn't seen the Maysles film, but I had been in the house with Edie—I saw how they had lived, and I still thought it was a happy place."

Quinn also knew about the legendary garden, what Little Edie grandly referred to in the film as the "Spanish walled garden. . . . They imported everything from Rome." "They" were the original "summer visitors," Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Hill, who in 1913 had bought the cottage and four acres. Anna Gilman Hill, one of the best of America's twentieth-century horticultural writers, made the enclosure and set out the silvery-leaved plants that gave Grey Gardens its name. An accomplished gardener, she found special meaning in her 75-by-40-foot haven. In *Forty Years of Gardening,* published in 1938, she *(Continued on page 143)*

Thatched anew, the tool house, *above left,* is better hidden by purple loosestrife and 'Pearl Meidilend' roses than it was in Hill's day, *left. Opposite:* Hill wrote, "The blue-green gates clanged merrily in their wide low arches," covered then as now with roses and *Clematis montana* 'Rubens'. Japanese anemones grow by the wall that leads back to the main house.







Vitruvius in Indiana

An all-American classicist, architect Thomas Gordon Smith stages his own Greek and Roman revival. By Pilar Viladas

Photographs by Langdon Clay

THIS CERTAINLY IS NOT YOUR AVERAGE SUBURban house, but there it sits, on a quiet cul-de-sac in South Bend, Indiana, alongside its colonial, contemporary, and split-level ranch neighbors. Its scale is suitably domestic, yet its solid classical elegance reminds you of some nineteenth-century public library—a private building with a civic presence. Which is what its architect had in mind. For Thomas Gordon Smith, the best way to demonstrate that what was invented twenty-four centuries ago has not lost its relevance, as some insist, is to begin at home.

Smith began designing the house that he shares with his wife, Marika, and their six children after he was appointed chairman of the School of Architecture at the University of Notre Dame. At the time he was working on the illustrations for a translation of the legendary *Ten Books on Architecture* by Vitruvius, who in the first century B.C. revived the architecture of Hellenistic Greece. Smith, relishing the prospect of designing a new house for himself and his family, who were moving from Chicago, wanted to apply Vitruvian principles—filtered through the region's Greek revival heritage—to its design.

Smith calls the building "a basic mid nineteenth century American Greek revival house, a temple with dependent one-story wings." The central form follows a Vitruvian model for an Ionic temple front, its two central limestone columns flanked by four pilasters of Roman brick

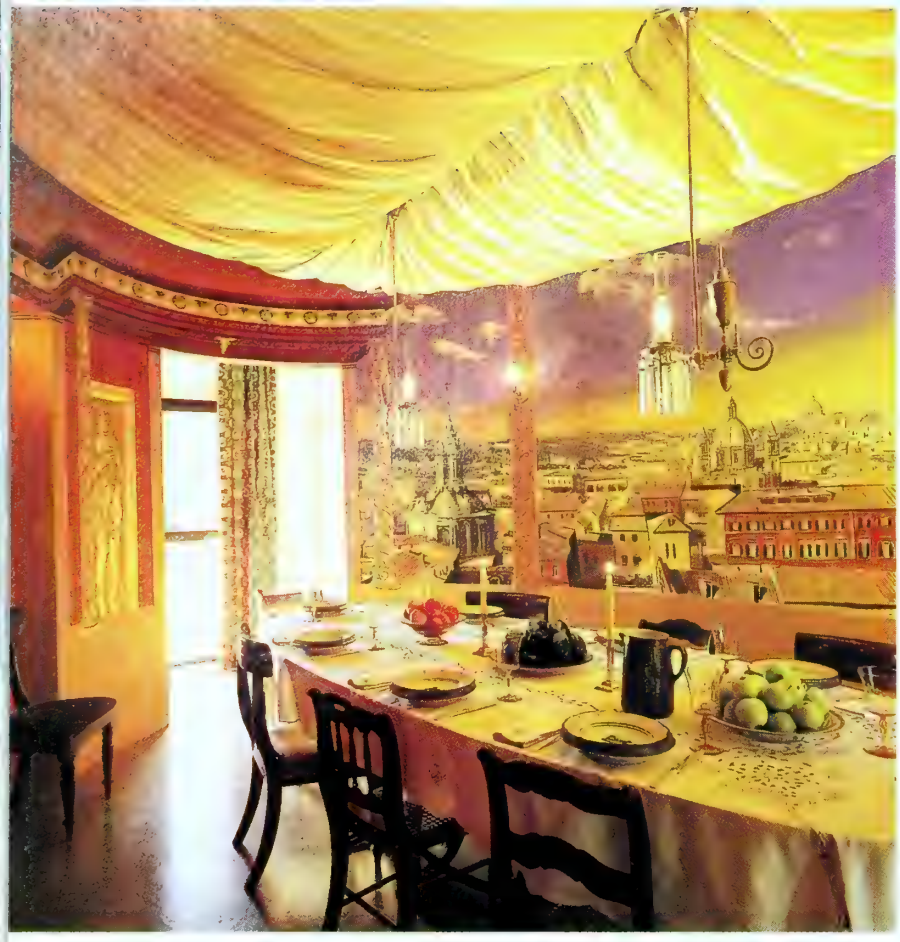
The central temple front of Smith's house, *above,* is flanked by one-story wings with friezes on which glazed tiles picturing the labors of Heracles and terra-cotta reliefs of animal skulls, *opposite,* alternate with triglyphs of dark Norman brick. Details see Resources.



The vivid dialogue between ancient and modern puts a personal spin on history



Smith, who was also trained as an artist, frescoed his living room, *above*, with depictions of architects from Kallimachos to Maybeck and painted native Indiana birds on the scored-plaster "tiles" around the fireplace. *Right:* Holding his son Duncan, Smith adds a finishing touch to a dining room light fixture of his own design.



from Missouri—an allusion both to the ancient Roman tradition and to the Midwest's prairie-style architecture, which used the same material.

For the Doric order of the two side wings, Smith deviated from the Vitruvian ideal in favor of proportions he calls "more robust." He used pigmented concrete block (a modern alternative to carved stone) for the walls, Roman brick for the architrave, and Norman brick for the triglyphs of the frieze. Smith puts a personal spin on history with his treatment of the metopes, as the flat surfaces between the triglyphs are called. In a strict Doric interpretation these would bear cow skull reliefs, a reference to animal sacrifice. Smith uses glazed terra-cotta reliefs depicting a variety of animal skulls from the myth of the labors of Heracles as well as glazed tiles illustrating those labors—all made by Smith himself.



The dialogue between ancient and modern becomes even more vivid inside the house. Passing through a cruciform entry, you proceed down a few steps into the living room, which Smith likens to the ancient oecus, an important space with many functions. The most public room of the house, the living room is also the grandest, its groin vault frescoed with Smith's paintings of great architects and their patrons.

On the north lunette the allegorical figure of Architettura is flanked by Vitruvius and the Hellenistic architect Deinocrates. On the south lunette are two twentieth-century masters: the great Bay Area architect Bernard Maybeck and the Yugoslav Jože Plečnik, both of whom, Smith says, "remotivated antique forms and their associated ideas and values" by balancing "canonical rigor with inventive ability." The same goes for other architects in Smith's painted pantheon, among them Michelangelo and Palladio.

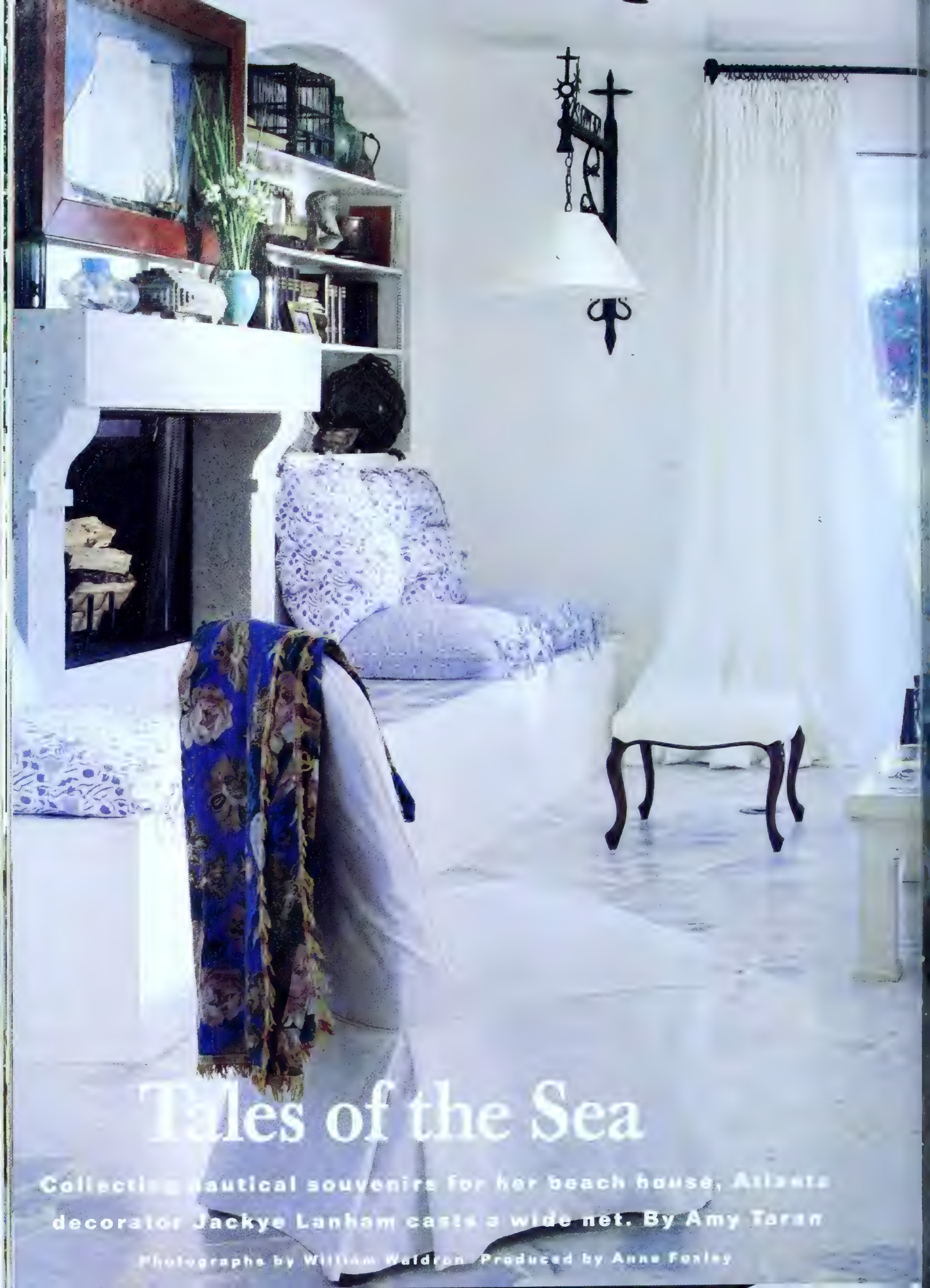
But this room is hardly a stuffy shrine to bygone architects. Its gracious proportions and cheerful light make it a pleasant family room. The fireplace is framed by scored-plaster "tiles" depicting native Indiana birds, painted by Smith. And the sofa, chairs, tables, and cabinets, appropriately enough, are examples of the mid nineteenth century Grecian style. Hunting for these pieces got Smith interested enough in the period to organize an exhibition on the subject at Notre Dame this fall.

The elliptical tented dining room is equally personal, its walls covered with Ruth Engelhardt Stroik's panoramic fresco of Rome from a vantage point atop the Pantheon—a vista inspired by Smith's 1980 visit. The curtains, a patchwork of Provençal print remnants, were sewn by Smith "during family time." He also designed the brass light fixtures along nineteenth-century lines, using mail-order components.

Except for the master bedroom on the second floor of the temple, the other parts of the house are more mundane, in keeping with a limited budget. But no matter. Smith has proven that even in our disjointed times, classical architecture—especially his brand, which is refreshingly free of both academic rigidity and postmodern irony—still speaks eloquently. ▲

A painted door surround, *opposite*, which pays tribute to Michelangelo's Laurentian Library, marks the entry into the tented dining room, *above left*. Ruth Stroik created the fresco of Rome seen from the top of the Pantheon. The vinyl flooring is from Armstrong. *Left:* Heracles, apotheosized as a constellation, occupies the center of Smith's vaulted living room ceiling.





Tales of the Sea

Collecting nautical souvenirs for her beach house, Atlanta decorator Jackye Lanham casts a wide net. By Amy Toran

Photographs by William Waldron. Produced by Anne Fonley



A boat model, shell boxes, and glass floats help Jackye Linham create the illusion that her cottage has a sea captain's wife in its past. Slipcovers of white canvas from Travis-Irvin Atlanta, plain curtains, and bleached blue and white China Seas prints amplify the brilliance of the beach light. Throw from Meloni, Atlanta. Details see Resources.

I CALL OUR BEACH cottage the sea captain's wife's house. It's one version of a place that exists in my imagination," says Atlanta decorator Jackye Lanham of the seaside house where she and her lawyer husband, Bill, retreat from city life. "The objects gathered here tell the story of the captain, his wife, and the sea. Lots of people collect one thing, but I'll buy anything that speaks to me and then weave a story that makes everything relate," she explains. "I love mixing history and fantasy."

Once a month the Lanhams, with eight or ten friends in tow, hop the fifty-five-minute flight from Atlanta to Jacksonville, Florida, enroute to the intimate old community of Ponte Vedra Beach —a place Jackye Lanham describes as "not la-la, not pretentious, just right for really relaxing. We play tennis and golf, swim and sunbathe, and cook a lot. At home I work all the time," she continues. "I don't entertain in Atlanta—I just invite all my friends here to the beach."



Entertaining may be one consuming activity at Ponte Vedra, but the house also serves as the setting for Jackye's tale of adventure on the high seas, woven with bits of her own past and serendipitous finds from flea markets and estate sales: a ship in a bottle, a ship diorama, and glass floats; a lampshade festooned with seashells; nautical charts; a still life of shark's teeth, a starfish, and bits of glass polished by the tides.

Upstairs in the hall a 1920s photo of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks by a swimming pool in Beverly Hills, a shell lamp, twin photos of a speedboat lovingly documented from two angles, and her grandfather's World War I binoculars case and flashlight share the top of an old English worktable; a captain's bottle wrapped in raffia and topped with a silver cap is tucked into an alcove. It matters not a bit to Lanham that she is no sailor, that the Fairbankses are no relations, or that someone else was the proud owner of the boat.

Lanham also cheerfully admits that the architecture of the cottage is closer to a "Mediterranean villa or a Florida-ish take on Richard Meier" than to a New England sea captain's clapboard house. But to a self-described army brat who lived in Greece as a child, the breezy Mediterranean feel is a plus. "The house reminded me of Athens instantly, with its airy architecture and pale marble floors," she says. "I spent my adolescence on the sea in Greece and at Virginia Beach. Some people go to the mountains or the forest for peace, but for me it's the sea. I remember building sandcastles and foraging for lost junk under the boardwalk at Virginia Beach with my brother and cousins. We smoked cigarettes and found great stuff we used in little projects at home."

"Some people go to the mountains for peace, but for me it's the sea"

The fruits of adult beachcombing contribute to what Lanham calls the cottage's well-traveled look. A house, she says, becomes cozy through evolution. "Too designed is not friendly. Our house is not old, but I think my sea story gives it roots and a history—even if it's made up."

Evolution, though, may be too mild a word for her transformation of the inside of the house. "I'm a shack person," she claims. "My reaction after my first glimpse of this house was, 'Never!' It was *slick*. It had mirrored ceilings, wall-to-wall carpets, and reflective paper in the bathrooms." Today the glitz is gone. Everything is pale and casual. Lanham slipcovered the furniture in the living room, which looks out onto the ocean, in an easy white canvas—"washable and you can sit down in a wet bathing suit"—and hung breezy white plissé curtains from hand-forged steel rods. "I love the homespun puckered quality of the plissé," she says. "It's similar to peasant cloth found on the Greek islands." She added texture with a rattan armchair like those in the Manila Hotel in the Philippines and rinsed her China Seas blue and white prints in bleach for a softly weathered effect.

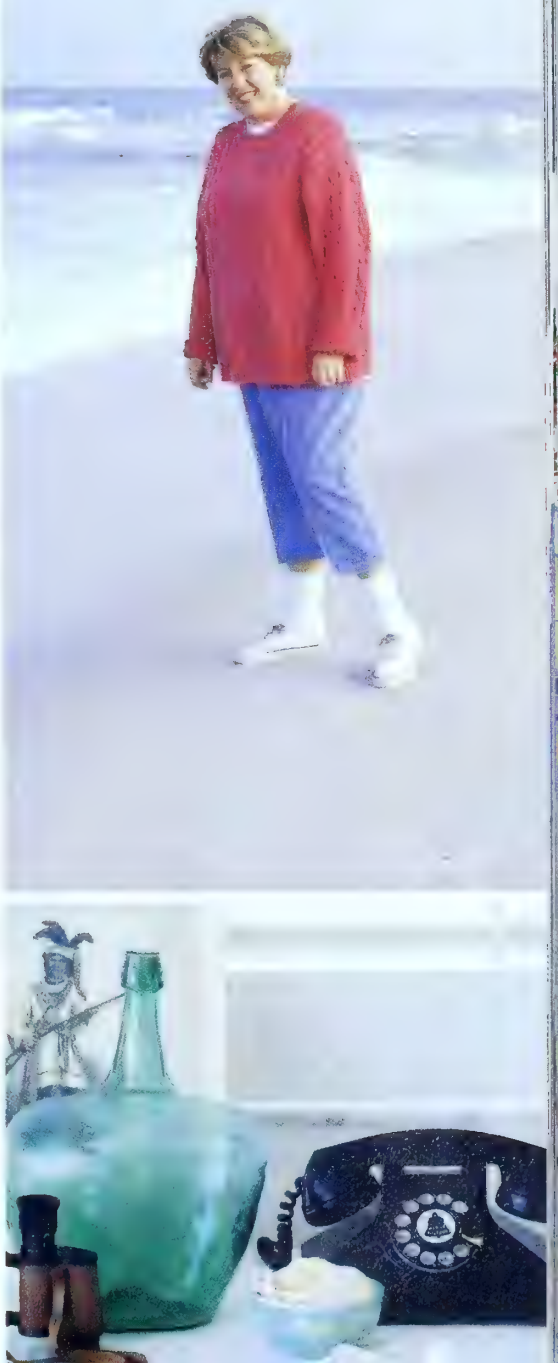
The dining area just off the living room has a row of narrow windows high on the wall. "I couldn't do anything conventional with such an odd shape," Lanham says, "so we just hung this enormous funny sailfish—straight from the taxidermist, paint-

The patio, *above,* overlooks the Atlantic. *Opposite, clockwise from top left:* A sailfish caught by her father-in-law sweeps above the hallway. Shells, sea glass, handblown glass fruit, and buttons from Lanham's collection. Jackye Lanham on the beach. A 19th-century glass bottle made in a three-part mold, a portrait of a Seminole chief, a 1920s telephone, and World War I binoculars on a bedroom table. Pressed ferns, a carved panel from an 18th-century French château, and 1920s photographs in the upstairs hall.









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A sailfish, painted white by George Brown, cavorts in the dining room over a turn-of-the-century table from Toby West, Atlanta, and klismos-inspired chairs upholstered in woven raffia from Hinson & Co.



"Too designed is not friendly," Lanham says



ed white. He provides a visual focal point." The fish, eternally poised for a magnificent dive, has a cousin in the entrance hall.

Upstairs she created a guest bedroom, known as the "crew room," from what she calls a "moldy awful jungle—kind of a Taco Bell greenhouse. It had to go." In place of the offending foliage, a trio of immaculate twin beds stand at attention, with tidy stacks of striped pillows at their heads and mahogany carriage boxes at their feet. One wall sports a porthole window and another an enormous collection of oars, paddles, yacht drawings, and assorted boating paraphernalia. Of the four guest rooms this one is a favorite with visitors, who are invariably amused by the baby sailor suit hung on the back of the door, "for laughs at bedtime," Lanham says.

In the master bedroom, mismatched antique linens found at flea markets hang from a romantic iron four-poster. "I prefer crocheted or textured linens," she confides, "not lacy or fancy but things with a crude yet pretty homespun feel." She speaks reverentially of linens washed so often they are translucent, displaying the enthusiasm of a connoisseur of small pleasures. "I include every pampering touch here that I don't have at home."

"People distinguish between city and country living too much," she says. "I may approach my Atlanta house a bit too formally, but I'm trying to change that. I think daily life should be more like life at the beach. Now when I find something delightful, instead of carrying it off to Florida, I say, 'Well, why not right here?' " It seems, happily, that a new tale is in the making. ♠

I wanted a cool, romantic room perfect for a nap," says Lanham of the master bedroom, *opposite,* where vintage linens hang from a hand-forged steel four-poster she designed. The Directoire-style chair came from an estate sale. *Above left:* In the "crew room" each bed has at its foot an antique Philippine mahogany carriage box from Pierce Martin. The chintz on the armchair is from Clarence House. *Left:* A hammock on the balcony.









In Modena, Hamilton Hodge, *right*, has created an apartment as ethereal as the town's cathedral is monumental. In his living room, exposed glass shelves float against an undulating wall. One of his handbags for DeVecchi, *top left*, was inspired by a stingray; another, the bracelet bag, *left*, by a snake skeleton, *above left*. Details see Resources.



MOTHER NATURE'S SON

In northern Italy, a young American designer finds inspiration in organic forms. By Wendy Goodman

Photographs by Oberto Gili

WHEN HAMILTON HODGE WAS GROWING UP IN HIGH POINT, NORTH CAROLINA, his grandmother encouraged him to plant the seeds from the fruit he ate and took him to the porch to watch thunderstorms. "Absolute theater," recalls the young designer. "When you are six, you don't think about it, but later it comes back to you."

Hodge's handbags and accessories for Ferragamo, Donna Karan, and, since 1989, DeVecchi incorporate his affinity for the natural. So does the apartment in Modena he designed with architect Laura Conti, with walls like waves and light refracted from shelves of specially made glass. "It's my aquarium," he says. Even the marble base of the table seems to be sailing across the floor. "I have to have visual space so that my eye is not drawn to too many things," says Hodge. "Anything I see I start to redesign"—except, of course, the shells and bits of coral in his living room. "You can never outdo nature." ▲



A house designed by Forbes in Seal Cove, Maine.



On Buzzards Bay in Mattapoisett, Massachusetts.



Twin chimneys on Great Cranberry Island, Maine.



A modern widow's walk in Marion, Massachusetts.

the summer of 1896
ingle-style house, *above*,
Greenings Island,
f the Maine coast,
home to Forbes and
s wife, Erica, *below*.

Yankee Modernist

The rugged virtues of the New England coast inform the pure geometry of Peter Forbes's understated buildings

By Pilar Viladas



Down-east humanism characterizes Forbes's designs: "One has to design something that's going to last and continue to work for people



The same sense of light and air that pervades the Forbeses' blue and white bedroom on Greenings Island, *left,* is expressed in more minimalist form in Peter Forbes's design for the bedroom of the house on Great Cranberry Island, *above. Opposite above:* Meals are prepared on Greenings Island in a kitchen that looks much as it did at the turn of the century. *Opposite below:* For his clients at Buzzards Bay, Forbes created an open kitchen. Steel cables provide the structural support that allows one side of the house to be a wall of triple-hung windows.

DESIGNING BUILDINGS, SAYS BOSTON ARCHITECT Peter Forbes, is a lot like designing Maine lobster boats. "They aren't the way they are because they're picturesque," he asserts. "The weather comes down pretty hard in Maine and frivolous ideas are discarded. But efficiency doesn't have to preclude delight."

This down-east brand of humanism characterizes Forbes's designs, which range from austerely comfortable houses on the New England coast to a Shaker-plain shop in Cambridge, Massachusetts, for Origins, Estée Lauder's environmentally oriented skin-care line (a second Forbes-designed store recently opened in New York's SoHo and another will soon make its debut at Boston's Quincy Market). "I try to find the essence of a program, material, or form and strip away everything that is extraneous," he explains. "You have to be immune to fashion, which means you take the risk of being unfashionable. But I don't see any other way to go." And although he was born in California, the fifty-year-old architect comes by his no-nonsense Yankee manner honestly.

Forbes has spent nearly every summer of his life in a big shingle-style house on Greenings Island off Southwest Harbor, Maine. The house, which was completed in 1896 by the Bar Harbor firm Savage & Stratton and is on the National Register of Historic Places, was built by Joseph Gilbert Thorp, the scion of a Minnesota lumber family, who married Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's daughter Annie Allegra. Two of their five daughters, Anne and Alice, were friends of Forbes's mother and first invited her to spend the summer at the house in 1932—a visit that became an almost annual ritual, even after she married and had children. When the last of the Thorp daughters died in the late 1970s, their heirs were eager to sell the rambling unelectrified house, and the estate's executors approached Forbes. "I couldn't afford it," he protested. "You'd be surprised," they answered.

So the architect found himself the proud owner of a house overflowing with both the paraphernalia and memories of close to a hundred summers—from the ancient sports equipment in the entrance hall to the worn oriental carpets and Morris chairs in the living room, unaltered since the 1920s, to the nursery full of aging well-loved toys and books (including an 1841 edition of *Grimm's Fairy Tales* inscribed with the name of its owner, Henry W. Longfellow). And, almost a decade after having secured the castle of his dreams, Forbes married the princess, too—J. G. Thorp's great-granddaughter, Erica Longfellow de Berry. "She was always the little girl next door," Forbes says of his second wife, "and then she grew up." Forbes's children from his first marriage have also spent many summers on the island and share their father's love of the continuity it provides in their lives. "It's nice to see my son doing the same things here that I used to do, with no prompting," says Forbes.

Although he is philosophically a modernist architect (he knew Mies van der Rohe and studied with Louis I.







At the prototype Origins shop in Cambridge, *left*, Shaker-like maple shelves hold Estée Lauder products. *Below:* Forbes's second shop, in SoHo. *Bottom left:* A faceted glass wall in Cambridge shows off displays.



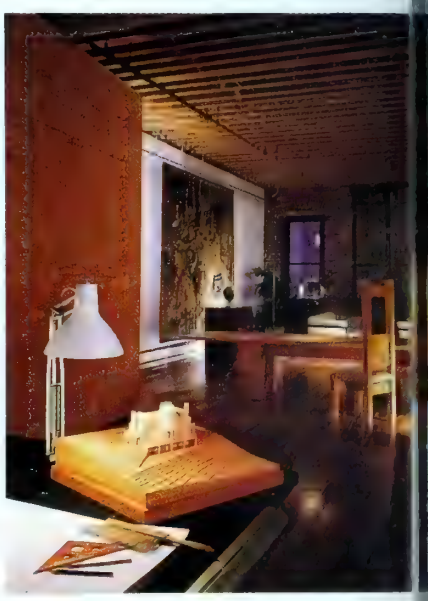


Walls in Forbes's Boston loft-studio, *above right*, pivot to screen the living area. *Opposite, clockwise from top:* The living room on Greenings Island, unchanged since the 1920s and still lit by candles and oil lamps; the veranda; the dining room.

Kahn at Yale) and abhors the historicist "buy-a-heritage" look, Forbes has learned the lessons offered by the built-for-the-ages quality of his summer house (the shingles are still in perfect shape, and the trim only recently got its second coat of paint ever). "One has an extraordinary responsibility to design something that's going to last and continue to work for people," he maintains.

Forbes's buildings, which are made mainly of wood, steel, glass, and stone, combine this sense of solidity with a rigorous abstraction. The elements of New England architecture are there—gables, pitched roofs, porches, widow's walks—but in a tough minimalist guise. A massive stone chimney anchors a seemingly weightless glass-sided pavilion in one house, while in another a grid of heavy timbers establishes the formal vocabulary. Modern building technologies, such as metal structural bracing and glass and steel curtain walls, coexist harmoniously with age-old arts like masonry-wall building.

And always, the architecture is a foil for the beauty of whatever the natural surroundings may be. "Most of our work is done in New England," notes Forbes, "but abstraction is not site specific, so the site transforms the architecture." But not literally—Forbes doesn't think that architecture should look "organic." It is the nature of human beings, he observes, to make things in geometric patterns, not in imitations of nature. "That," he says, "inevitably ends up looking phony." Forbes isn't trying to imitate nature; he's trying to contend with it. "Nature's pretty harshly efficient."



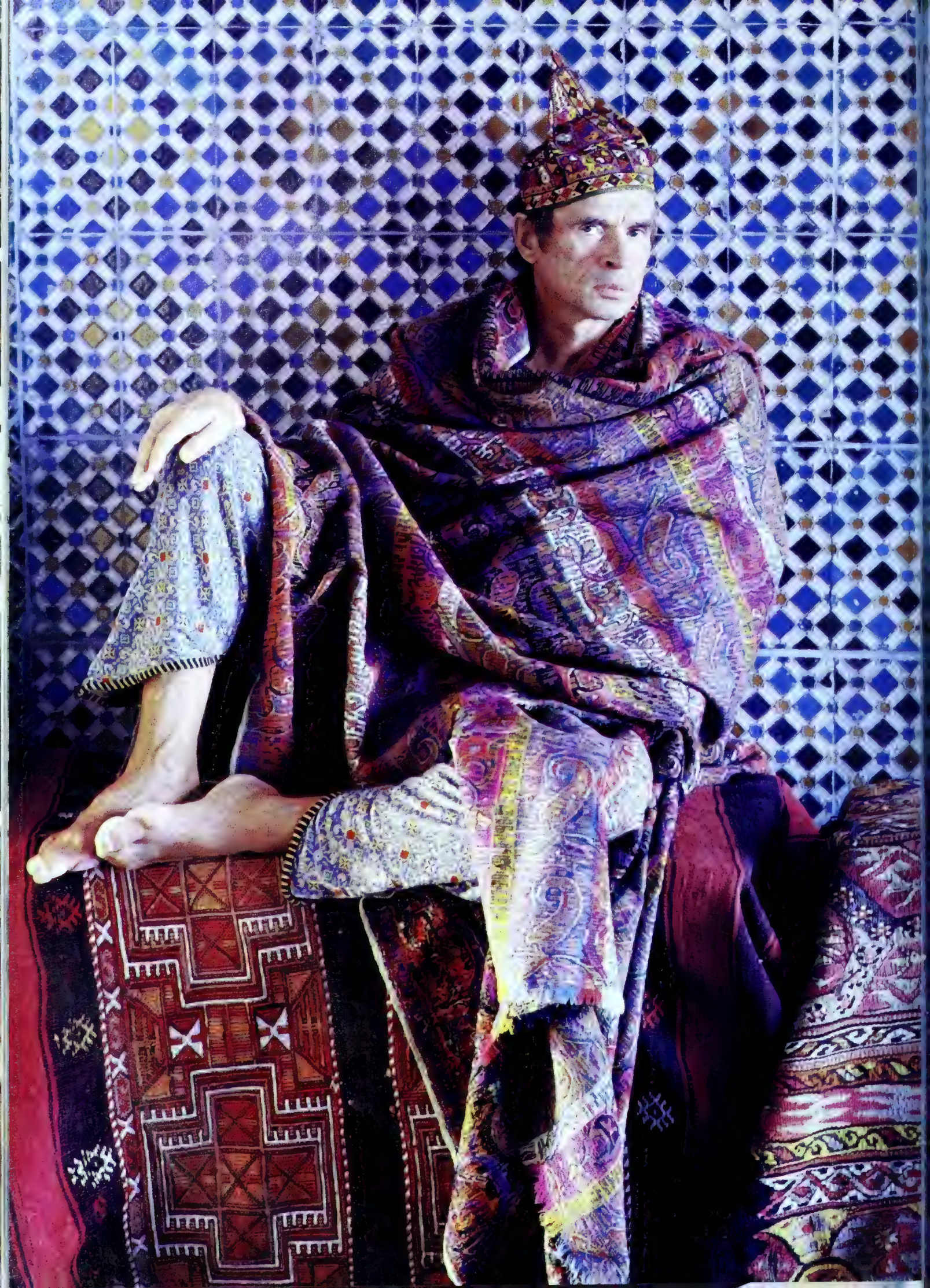
But much as he waxes rhapsodic about nature's ability to separate the architectural men from the boys, Forbes, true to his word, believes that no-nonsense architecture can also be beautiful. For the Origins shop in Cambridge he conceived a faceted glass wall that "dissolves the barrier between passerby and store." A Shaker-like wall of white maple shelves, drawers, and trays displays and stores Origins products, while a copper sink set into a stone counter has a Japanese simplicity. This prototype for all the stores is both elegant and user-friendly.

Forbes entertains fantasies of working away from the East Coast—"I'd love to do a house in the desert. It would be very liberating," he says. Still, this desert house would almost certainly be just as uncompromising as the ones he designs for the rocky Maine coast. What else would you expect from a man who likens the "visceral thrill" of designing to that of sailing in a storm? "You do architecture," Forbes insists, "because you can't *not* do it." ▲

Although he is philosophically a modernist, Forbes has learned the lessons offered by his turn-of-the-century shingle-style house









On Nureyev's Island

xotic tiles and fabrics set the scene for a legend's hideaway in he Tyrrhenian Sea. By Elizabeth Kendall Photographs by David Seidner







SOMETIMES IT SEEMS that Rudolf Nureyev's life is a compulsive playing out of the fairy tale about a handsome youth who leaves a humble home to seek his fortune. First Nureyev left the Ural Mountains city of Ufa for Leningrad. It was in Ufa that he grew up, living in a single room with the five other members of his family—"Some of us had beds," he recalls. "I had a bench." Then in 1961 he left Leningrad and the Kirov Ballet for the West where, as everyone knows, he found adulation and riches.

Naturally he has acquired some places of his own in the course of the past thirty years. These days he has apartments in New York, Paris, and Monaco; a villa in Monte Carlo; a house on Saint Barts; a farm in Virginia; and the latest and most interesting acquisition in terms of the psychology of the man: Li Galli, a small rocky island off the west coast of Italy with a castlelike house, guest quarters, and a stone tower said to have been built in the twelfth century.

The island, he explains, belonged to legendary Ballets Russes choreographer Leonid Massine. "Massine built it all but the tower—fantastic achievement." Nureyev recalls that he wanted a place near the sea. First he looked at a tower in southern Italy, but it was too far from the water. Then he heard that Massine's family wanted to sell the island of Li Galli. When he went to look at it, he says, "I could see myself on it."

Despite the houses and apartments and now the island, one could say that Nureyev has lived a homeless life. Perhaps it is, indeed, fateful that he was born on a train while his mother was traveling from Ufa to Vladivostok. As an adult, he appeared with dance companies all over the globe, hopping continents in a single day and rushing onstage from the airport—bringing with him the various changes of clothing that dancers cart around. Even today his wardrobe consists of an assortment of patterned caps, sweaters, jackets with hoods, Turkish-style pants, blankets, and shawls and robes, all of which might seem to be the tribal weavings necessary to life in a yurt, if you weren't aware that many of his clothes are by Missoni.

Dancing, though, is the consummate no-home art: all you need is your body and your will to move. And Nureyev in his prime was a god of the dance—of more than the dance. The Zeitgeist of the 1960s was defined in his person: the breaking away from social confinement; the cult of androgyny; the concept of international celebrity. And then there was that strong-tender face, a face as haunting in its way as Garbo's. In those years Nureyev's real home was the theater,





Nureyev has covered every inch of the echoing vaulted space he named the Metropolitan Room, after the Moscow metro, with Turkish tiles, *opposite*. *Left:* An antique Persian tile he got in Iran when he danced there is set in a field of stylized floral hexagons and deep blue triangles from Turkey. *Above right:* The 18th-century tile panel of a turbaned figure is Portuguese—"best tile is from Portugal," says Nureyev. *Right:* View from the terrace. *Above left:* The tower.



It's an ideal home for someone born on a train



where he could make believe that pure eagerness, pure appetite, and pure energy were all one needed in life—and so could his audience.

Of course, the dancing had to stop eventually. Last year, however, Nureyev found a way to remain on the stage: he began conducting orchestras. An old friend in Vienna put him in touch with the small but first-rate Vienna Residence Orchestra. Since June 1991 Nureyev has been busy with orchestras in Eastern and Western Europe. On May 6 he made his conducting debut in New York, leading the orchestra of the American Ballet Theater in a performance of *Romeo and Juliet.*

I spent some time with him last winter in Poland when he was giving a Christmas concert with the local orchestra in Czestochowa, where the sacred icon of the Black Madonna resides in a medieval monastery. A scraggly Christmas tree blinked from the stage of the no-frills concert hall, built on the site of the old synagogue. Still it was a sprightly concert; the Tchaikovsky pieces—*The Nutcracker* Suite and the prologue from *The Sleeping Beauty*—sounded lively and up-tempo. Nureyev, in a tailcoat with a nipped waist, looked elegant, rising up on the balls of his feet, embracing the air. "I'm glad they're attached to my body," he said on being complimented about his hands. The audience was mildly appreciative, but the musicians were enthusiastic, crowding around him after the performance and proffering their programs for his autograph.

That midwinter stint in Poland was grueling. When asked how he was, Nureyev would answer, "It could be worse," in his clipped baroque manner. Under the circumstances—the eight-hour night drive from Vienna to Czestochowa, the bleak three days in Czestochowa's Motel Orbis, the snow, the sleet, the sweet wine in the Orbis café, the overnight return trip in a second-class Polish train—the very idea of home in the West took on the glow of paradise. "I think I'll never see my beloved Saint Barts again," Nureyev said plaintively on one bleak stretch of the Polish highway.

He also spoke warmly about Li Galli: "It suits me." He has had the interior of the house covered with antique tiles—"Any paint you buy, in sea air it flakes"—many of them carried up from the basement of a shop in Seville, then trucked to Italy. "This was not cheap," he says. The tiles, together with kilims and patterned fabrics he has collected, speak of his love of color and ornament.

Still, his rocky island makes for a curious image of home. Until recently there was no water; he put in a pump last summer. And, he concedes, there's nothing to do. Furthermore, it's hard to get there when the seas are choppy: "I need private helicopter—for Christmas."

On the overnight train back to Vienna, resting in the dark on the bottom bunk, Nureyev suddenly began to reminisce about Ufa: "The city is on a hill. The train tracks are below. There is no sound in the city, so you can hear the whistle always." Listening from the opposite top bunk, I could almost hear the whistle echoing through Nureyev's whole life, merging with the sound of airport loudspeakers. "Three days on that train, from Ufa to Leningrad," he continued, as we slipped through a frosty Polish station. "My mother packed a suitcase of bread, tortes, eggs. Those eggs were marvelous. I just looked out the window the whole way. And when we crossed the river out of Ufa, it was so beautiful."

Maybe Nureyev's island is, after all, the ideal home for a compulsive traveler. On a rock in the sea, you don't hear train whistles. ▲

Kilims, embroidered silk, and 150-year-old tiles from Seville create an exotic profusion of pattern in the bedroom, *opposite*. Nureyev had the lamps put together from vases he found in Rome and shades sent by a friend. *Above left:* In the living room a bold border caps an expanse of geometric polychrome tile. *Left:* The rusted metal chair came from a Nureyev villa. Details see Resources.





Ryan Gainey, *opposite*, with two of the plants he has rescued from old house sites and cemeteries: a bunch of *Chrysanthemum* × *morifolium* 'Ryan's Pink' and, at right, a cloud of purple *Aster grandiflorus*. *Below:* Hickory rockers overlook the garden from Gainey's back porch.



Rooted in Georgia

Long-lost plants and orphaned furniture find a home with garden designer Ryan Gainey

By Mac Griswold

Photographs by Steve Gross and Susan Daley

Produced by Anne Foxley





BEAK-NOSED, squint-eyed, and wearing a long blue butler's apron, Ryan Gainey contemplates the foot-wide leaves of his *Tetrapanax papyriferus,* which looks like giant hogweed. "They're good for place mats," he says. Gainey, master gardener and garden designer in Atlanta, has created or revamped scores of southern gardens and owns a constellation of shops—three of them—that sell plants, tools, vases, dried flowers, and every kind of garden object, practical or ornamental. He has moved his whimsical flower-strewn style indoors as well, and as Atlanta's leading party decorator, he sets the pace for the city's lavish entertainment life, the heartbeat of the New South. But like many in the New South, Gainey is deeply rooted in the Old South, though his history is definitely not the *Gone with the Wind* kind. He grew up in the sand hills of South Carolina, where "his people" were small landowners and sharecroppers with resounding names like Augustus and Julius Caesar Cato.

The first garden he remembers was that strangest kind of American garden, the swept yard, the special purview of respectable poverty, both black and white, in the South. As utilitarian as a piece of Shaker furniture, and sometimes as handsome as a Japanese dry garden, a swept yard consists of bare soil all around the house. A couple of trees are permitted to grow for shade and maybe a patch or two of special flowers, but what really makes a swept yard a garden is the pattern created with the yard broom. Gainey's childhood yard was domi-

In the living room, *above left,* a flaking 1920s paint job casts an apricot glow on a willow settee by David Hand. *Left:* In the vegetable garden a puppy reclines on a bed of golden thyme. *Opposite, clockwise from top left:* An Adirondack stand holds a pitcher from Tennessee. Gainey frescoed a ceiling with *Magnolia tripetala* leaves. Gullah baskets and an African headdress crown a cupboard in the study. *Tetrapanax papyriferus* leaves shade the dining table. Details see Resources.





The gardener has moved his whimsical flower-strewn style indoors







nated by a huge chinaberry tree, and his broom was made of twigs. He cleaned up the leaves and berries of his big tree, when they fell, and drew outlines of house plans in the smooth shady dirt with a stick. The garden, as one would think of it, was a single large clump of cannas. Little Ryan learned to grow cuttings by the immemorial swap method. A neighbor's camellia twig was set to root in the sand under the barn eaves where the soil caught the drips. Camellia cuttings were covered with quart mason jars; African violets with pint mayonnaise jars.

Gainey's native air is the humid, powerfully scented atmosphere of the South, where plantings for the past fifty years or so have seldom stretched beyond azaleas and rhododendrons—the heavy broadleaf evergreen armature that garden writer Elizabeth Lawrence disdainfully called the "cast-iron garden." Gainey's aim is to lengthen the season of bloom, since the South is a riot of flowers from March through mid June and a green void thereafter. He scavenges nearly forgotten horticultural oddities as he travels around the region, and a local nursery, Goodness Grows, lovingly propagates every cutting, root, and corm he brings back. An elegant and still unidentified fastigiate hardy cypress variety in his own garden was rescued from an abandoned South Carolina cemetery; in a nearby yard an explosion of white flowers in late July indicates the presence of *Chrysanthemum maximum* 'Ryan's Daisy', a Shasta daisy type he found near an old house in Decatur. Gainey's standards are rigorous; as he walks through his borders, where the whitest of *(Continued on page 144)*

Gainey's Old South is not the *Gone with the Wind* kind



A diamond pattern painted by Atlanta artist Jeroy Hannah around the French windows to the upstairs porch, *opposite,* harmonizes with the textures of a sweetgrass basket and a stickwork rocker. Antique garden tiles rest on the bark table. *Above left:* In the greenhouse, a tropical shower among the jasmine, ficus, and bougainvillea. *Left:* Indian embroidery hangs above a guest bed.





It took nearly twenty years, but Arnold Scaasi, *right,* finally found his "small but real" Palm Beach house where giving a party means serving lunch on the terrace, *far left. Below:* The entry hall shares the black and white glamour of the designer's signature advertising campaign. Details see Resources.

Palm Beach Story

For the designer, the resort at its best is simply beach and palms

By Wendy Goodman

Photographs by Oberto Gili

















A strapless silk dress, *above*, from Scaasi Boutique. *Counterclockwise from top right:* The designer with Scaasi fans Deborah Norville, model Connie Cook, Mary Tyler Moore, Nina Griscom, Barbara Bush, and Gayfryd Steinberg. *Opposite above:* Curved windows and railing give a nautical feel to the study. *Opposite below:* Blue is Scaasi's preferred color for a room on the water.

"I JUST CAME FROM A FITTING with Elizabeth Taylor." Barely two sentences into our interview Arnold Scaasi reinforces my observation that he has a near-monopoly on dressing the social icons of our day. He might as easily have come from a fitting with Barbara Bush, who also wears Scaasi.

When I prod for the secret of his success, he exclaims, "I like them! Maybe that's it. I have a good time. I really want to do flattering clothes. I think that's what dressing is all about. That's what I'm all about—can't change." Capitalizing on the designer's popularity with his clients was the idea of advertising wizard Peter Rogers, who came up with the "Me and My Scaasi" ad campaign with its glamorous black and white portraits of Scaasi and his leading ladies.

A time line of these photos covers the library walls of the Palm Beach house the designer bought in 1988 after a quest that lasted nearly twenty years. His requisites for the elusive perfect beach house were few: it had to be "small but real" and easy to take care of, with two stories and wonderful views of water and palm trees. But real estate agents just didn't seem to get it. "They kept showing me these extravagant Spanish-style places," Scaasi complains. "I wanted a simple house. We live a very full life in New York City; when we get down here, we want to collapse."

Scaasi first visited Palm Beach back in 1964 at the behest of client Ruth Tankoos, who insisted he show his collection at the Colony Hotel, which she conveniently owned. The next day, he recalls, "I was invited out to four lunches by all the ladies." Soon the hunt for a "small but real" house was on. "I think Tauruses are house people,



"The whole point of the house for me," says Scaasi, "are the views"





"I wanted a simple house," Scaasi says. "We live a very full life in New York; when we get down here, we want to collapse"



you know. Are you a Taurus?" Scaasi inquires. "Why do I think that? You're a Gemini? No problem—you have two personalities."

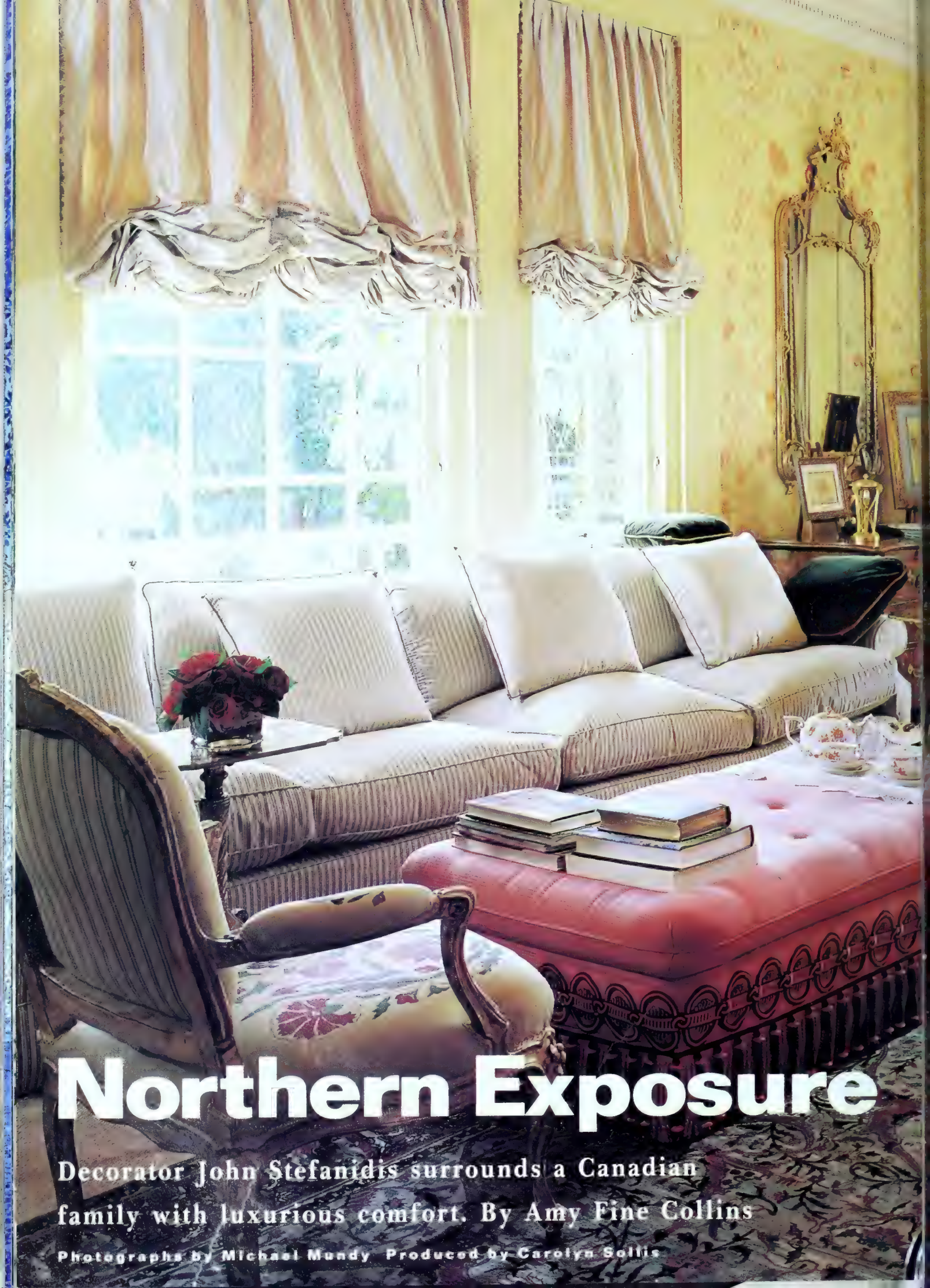
Finally, after looking at more than two hundred houses—"and I am not exaggerating"—he saw this one. It was instant love, sealed with the pronouncement, "This is my house." (When he set out to find a new apartment in New York, he also dismissed two hundred offerings out of hand: "I'd get in the front door and say to the agent, we don't have to go any farther—this is *not* my house.")

Scaasi is used to making a dress overnight and believes decorating should follow suit. Having signed the papers for the Palm Beach house early in December, he wanted to spend Christmas there, so he kept most of its original furnishings and personalized it with flowers, carpets, paintings, and photographs: "All I did was make it look prettier, I hope." The centerpiece of the living room, a vivid folding screen painted by David Hockney, testifies to Scaasi's clairvoyance. He bought it in London before he had found the house to put it in. "I said it would be perfect for the place in Palm Beach."

His entertaining is done mostly outdoors on the terrace, at lunchtime. "The whole point of the house for me are the views," he confides. "At night they don't exist. You could be anywhere." Or almost anywhere. Day or night, the blue room—Scaasi's houses near the water always have a blue room—feels like the pilot house of an improbably luxurious tugboat; the ocean is perceptible even when it is invisible.

Design rules seem to have evolved in Scaasi's scheme of things quite naturally. "I have a theory and it works for me. There is one right way to do a room—when you change it, it never looks as good." And dresses? "If by the third fitting it doesn't look terrific, you are trying too hard; it wasn't meant to be." ♠

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posite below: Pictures
om the "Me and
Scaasi" series fill a
rner of the library.



Northern Exposure

Decorator John Stefanidis surrounds a Canadian family with luxurious comfort. By Amy Fine Collins

Photographs by Michael Mundy Produced by Carolyn Sollis



Stefanidis stenciled the living room walls with a meandering floral pattern inspired by an early 17th century Afghan embroidery. A similar motif appears on the decorator's Bokhara fabric, available from China Seas, which covers the Louis XV fauteuils and a sofa. The other sofa, which stretches for ten feet, is in a Clarence House stripe. The carpet is a Bijar from S. Franses, London. Details see Resources.





HOUSES GO THROUGH CYCLES, just like people," reflects Hilary Weston, explaining why she and her husband, Galen, a Canadian businessman, engaged John Stefanidis to "update and rethink" their Toronto base. The Westons had acquired the three-story brick residence, designed in 1917 by a local architect, nearly a decade before Stefanidis came on board, while their two children were small. "John redecorated for the second stage," she says, "when the kids were no longer wreaking so much havoc."

In addition to such obvious responses to the family's shifting needs as the conversion of a top-floor nursery into an office, Stefanidis also "did a considerable amount of fiddling to achieve better proportions and a slicker finish," he says. Having worked previously on the Westons' historic English estate, Fort Belvedere—the eighteenth-century folly near Windsor Castle where Edward VIII and Wallis Simpson trysted—Stefanidis was already well acquainted with the family's casual tastes and athletic habits.

Indian carpet from Doris Leslie Blau, C, introduces color and pattern to the ng room, painted two shades of buff. *w:* Hilary Weston and her daughter nah with Lettice. *Opposite above:* The t hall's faux limestone walls echo the limestone floor. *Opposite below:* A pool green garden surround the house.

"John redecorated for the stage when the kids weren't wreaking havoc"

Yet the two houses differed in character and purpose. Fort Belvedere is romantic, old-world, pastoral—and a summer house. The Toronto place, "very much for the family," says Hilary, is practical, unpretentious, urban—and suitable for every season. And, as Hilary, a native of Ireland, is quick to point out, the subarctic Canadian winters can seem interminably long, and the hours of daylight oppressively short. "With all the bad weather," says Stefanidis, "we really needed to make things jolly."

An enormous fireplace, ablaze on cool days, welcomes visitors who enter the front hall. Here the house's grandest and most rustic flourishes commingle quietly and without paradox. A deeply carved baroque frame hangs above the marble mantel, yet a colossal rough-hewn basket, heaped high with firewood, squats near the hearth. The pair of serpentine-backed parcel-gilt eighteenth-century chairs from Williamsburg, Virginia, are "very important, one of the best things in the house," Hilary says, but they







rest on a plain limestone floor, its slabs laid at an angle to foster an illusion of depth.

Stefanidis spruced up the living room with "rather good, but not grand" furniture found in New York and London, supplementing what Hilary, an avid collector of vintage textiles, calls "lots of bits and pieces that we'd had around for a long time." One of these "bits" was a circa 1600 Afghan embroidery (now draped over an end table) that served as the creative wellspring of the room. The walls, stenciled in a free interpretation of the cloth's exotic floral motif, blush gentle shades of coral and ocher. The execution is so fastidious, there are no repeats—and therefore no possibility of mistaking the pattern for wallpaper. And the finish is so fine the walls approximate precious faded silk. Not content to stop there, Stefanidis adapted the ancient textile to an "unpretentious" fabric he produced, which covers a pair of Louis XV chairs and an immense sofa, scaled to offset the room's long narrow dimensions and "low North American ceiling."

Upstairs, in the master bedroom, Stefanidis once again unfurled bolts of softly patterned fabric. Curtained and lined *(Continued on page 145)*



floral Stefanidis fabric
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Fils. Stefanidis's shell-
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th Biedermeier pieces.



Parisian Purist

THE IDEALS OF FRENCH MODERNISM DEFINE THE DOMESTIC STYLE OF DECORATIVE ARTS DEALER ERIC PHILIPPE

By Emily Eakin

Photographs by Scott Frances

Produced by Charles Gandee



In Eric Philippe's apartment French masterpieces of the 1930s and '40s, among them Jean-Michel Frank's sanded-oak dining table and chairs and a painting by Christian Bérard, c. 1940, are part of his daughter Nora's daily life. Details see Resources.



WHEN PARIS ANtiques dealer Eric Philippe talks about Dolly Parton, his serene face becomes beatific. "The cowboy singer," he croons, recalling his discovery of the big-wigged American diva one evening on a Stockholm hotel television set. "She's so professional, so smooth, so *bracing*. The way she presents her performers as her own children—she's been around, she's seen a lot, she's lived."

Such enthusiasm may seem surprising from a devotee of London androgyne Annie Lennox. But there is a logic here: what excites Eric Philippe is work that is rigorous and precise, whether it comes with British polish or a Nashville twang. He is convinced that rigor and precision give art its force and pleasure.

> Philippe's sensibility is contemporary and a tad irreverent

At forty-three, Philippe has spent most of his life cultivating his convictions and more than a decade showing them at his gallery near the Louvre—and living with them in his apartment upstairs. Specializing in decorative arts from the first half of this century, he has a particular passion for Jean-Michel Frank, André Arbus, and Christian Bérard, whose daringly simple elegance made them the rage among moneyed Parisians in the thirties. His sensibility, however, is contemporary: sensual, intuitive, and a tad irreverent.

Taste, for Philippe, is not a matter of privilege or education but of belief, and acting on convictions is a family tradition. His businessman father traded in his briefcase for a clown suit and joined the circus to pursue the trapeze artist who became Philippe's mother. Philippe himself abandoned law school after three years. After a flirtation with fashion photography and an increasingly serious study of modern decorative



Bérard's 1940 drawing of columns supported by turtles hangs over a 1938 pearwood sofa by René Prou in the living room, *opposite*. Another Bérard drawing is tucked behind a pair of cane and oak tables and a terra-cotta lamp, all by Frank. Between the windows are sconces, plaster sculptures of gorgon heads, created by Vadime Androusov for André Arbus in 1937. Linen on chair available from André Bon, NYC. *Right:* Philippe, in Comme des Garçons, with Nora, on a chair designed by Frank with leather from Hermès.



Vase and lamp b
Alberto Giacome
are arranged on
Frank's vellum a
walnut wardrobe
all 1930, in the
master bedroom.
Chair fabric fro
Boussac of Fran

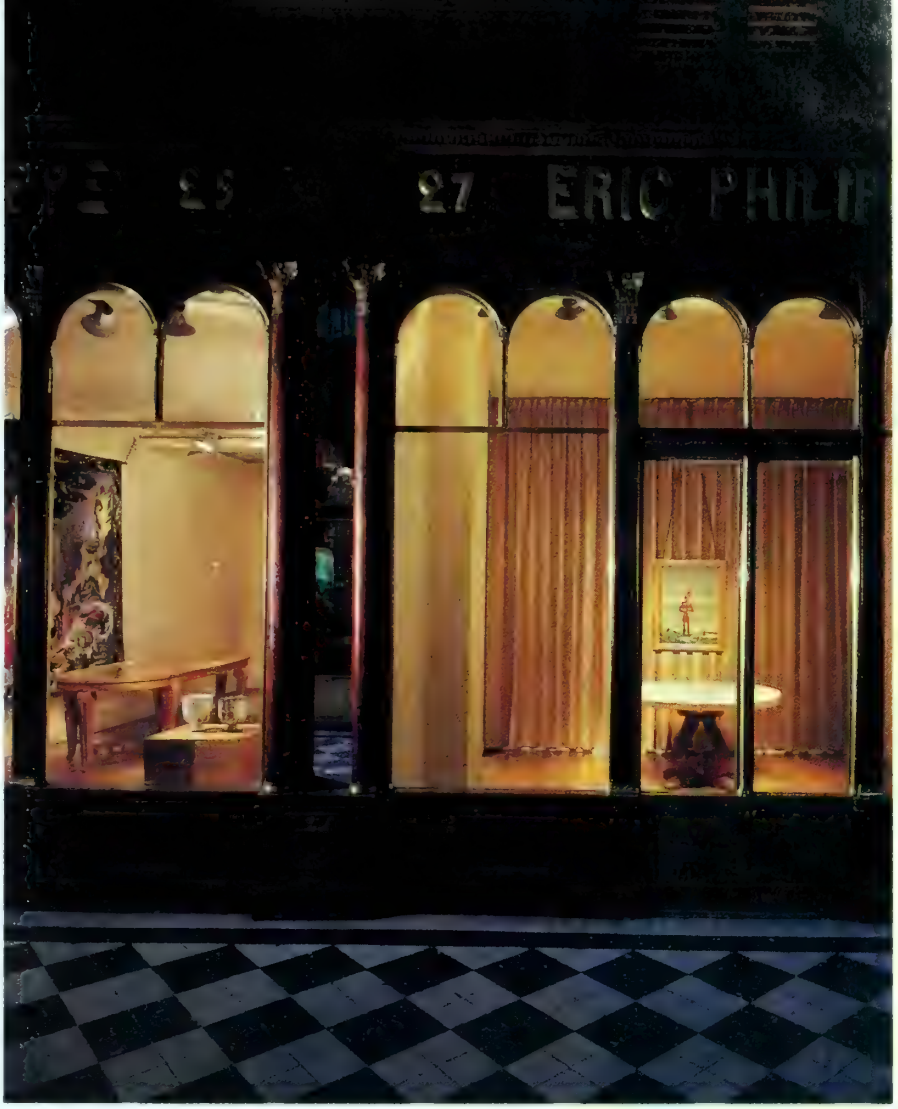
art, he opened his gallery in January 1980.

Philippe exudes a relaxed and slightly funky elegance. In a city where it is rare to see a man whose trousers do not look as though they had just been fastidiously pressed, his faintly rumpled linen is invigorating. He confidently mixes Comme des Garçons tailoring with Gucci loafers or red Gaultier jeans with a floppy shell-draped Paul Smith hat. "I will end up a clown like my father," he says happily.

He works as he dresses, with unerring instinct and unflappable poise. When he was hunting for a gallery space, he disregarded conventional Left Bank boutiques and installed himself near the rue de Rivoli in the galerie Véro-Dodat, a dimly lit jumble of displays of everything from Victorian cupids on strings and Il Bisonte leather purses to fussy marble busts paired with vinyl-green office plants. "I wanted to be in and out at the same time," explains Philippe, referring to Véro-Dodat's central but hidden location, "and this space gave me the energy to work."

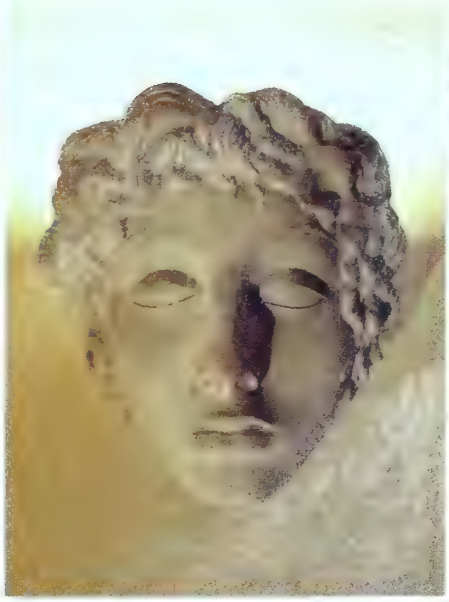


His first exhibition, of work by Jean-Michel Frank, coincided with the publication of a monograph on the designer by Éditions du Regard. The success of the opening and of the book party later that evening—at Le Palace, then the in crowd's nightclub of choice—launched Philippe's reputation and sold him on the idea of organizing special exhibitions. In 1990, to celebrate the gallery's tenth anniversary, he assembled an array of objects into a "collection" and lured clients and friends with a handsome catalogue. Among his finds: stylized Aubusson tapestries from the 1940s ("Too often neglected these days," he laments), a voluptuous sycamore side chair from 1920, a pewter table engraved with a giddy panorama of Stockholm by Nils Fougstedt in 1929. Now an annual tradition, Philippe's collection is kept secret until the official unveiling. "Almost ev-

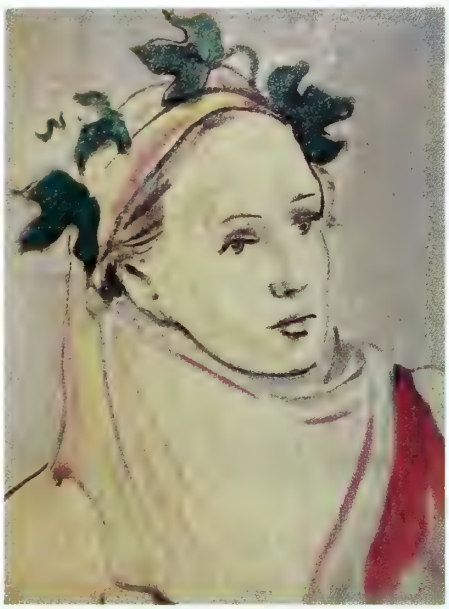


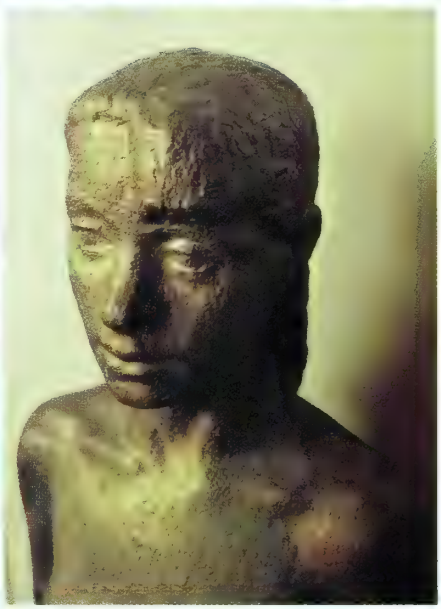


Philippe's showroom, *above right,* **at the galerie Véro-Dodat,** *right,* **displays a 1942 Aubusson tapestry, Georges Devêche's** *Poseidon,* **above a 1935 blond mahogany table by André Arbus and a small 1950 painting by Coutaud above a 1945 table by Jacques Adnet.** *Above left:* **The 1945 oak desk in the office was designed by Countess Ottolenghi.**









erything gets sold," he marvels, adding with peculiarly French sagacity that the point of the exhibition is entertainment, not business: "I do it to amuse myself—and to surprise my clients."

"I am attracted to the pure and the delirious," he continues, and the collections offer him a chance to show off that range. This year's exhibition includes a pair of two-foot-high cement poodles by Tita Terisse from the late 1940s. "They are not kitsch but forceful and funny," Philippe insists. By his own account, his style is "rigorous and clean"—but not too clean. "It bores me when something is too clean; it's pretentious." Tom Wolfe's white suit, for example, Philippe deplores as "too systematic to be truly elegant."

"I am attracted to the pure and the delirious," explains Philippe

This is not to say that Philippe is not meticulous. He makes careful drawings of his display area and buys pieces to fit a particular corner or wall. But each object interacts with its neighbors. You can almost hear the banter between an oversize rose sofa monopolizing one corner and a pair of sober curule stools by Charles Dudouyt. The 1980 monograph describes Frank's interiors as sacred spaces, mausoleums of perfect form through which one tiptoed uneasily, like a thief. In Philippe's hands costly vellum and shagreen, blond woods and untreated leathers are domesticated without being demeaned.

Nowhere is this more visible than in his apartment above the gallery. Approached from a side street and up three flights, it is a quiet explosion of warmth and light. Just inside the front door a 1945 hammered bronze statue of a young girl by the Swedish sculptor John Lundqvist radiates welcome. The long corridor leading to the living room is bare except for a pair of chandeliers in patinated bronze and a series of plain brass door handles, formerly part of a Frank interior.

In the living room the apartment's small scale and modest proportions suddenly seem deliberate, allowing priceless furniture and family life to coexist in uncluttered intimacy. The room doubles as a dining room and library, where Philippe's nine-year-old daughter, Nora, curls up with a favorite Roald Dahl story on a 1938 pearwood sofa by René Prou or perches on a 1937 gold-painted iron and cowhide stool by Marc du Plantier. In the master bedroom an Arbus writing desk in gold lacquer seems almost luminous, while a Frank wardrobe in vellum and walnut projects a deeper warmth.

But the most revealing room in the apartment, its private sanctuary, is the bathroom. Here a deliciously battered Frank armchair in sycamore and natural sheepskin keeps company with a capacious tub and a 1930 porcelain pedestal sink. To this grand and familiar audience, Philippe sings Annie Lennox while he showers. Frank might have found the room decadent. In fact, it is simply an exclamation of pleasure. ♠



1945 gilded and
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John Lundqvist, a
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om. *Opposite above, clockwise from top left:* dreasov's gorgon; portrait of Nora by ançois-Marie Banier; ndqvist's young l; Bérard's wreathed auty. *Opposite below:* Frank armchair in amore and natural epskin takes center ge in the bathroom.





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Great Rooms





Jeffrey Bilhuber's decorating firm makes the most of often-neglected spaces

LOGGIA LIVING ROOM

Jeffrey Bilhuber created an Italianate loggia, *above* and *right*, that offers the comforts of indoor living yet can withstand the elements. The iron furniture has been treated with a noncorrosive finish. The cushions are in a waterproofed Stroheim & Romann cotton. The sisal is replaced every few years.

Slatted Bermuda shutters provide an enclosure, *far right*, that allows in light and breezes. A space-accentuating play of geometric shapes extends from the terra-cotta floor to the diamond strapwork ceiling. Details see Resources.

BY JACQUELINE GONNET AND ALEXANDRA DE ROCHEFORT



REVAMPED REC ROOM

A basement playroom, open to a greenhouse, was given new life by Bilhuber and his partner, Tom Scheerer, as an updated version of the family room, *above*. The semi-subterranean greenhouse, newly planted with bamboo, was designed in the 1970s by Joe D'Urso, who created a spot for it by expanding a window well. A mirror on the back wall of the greenhouse gives the garden the illusion of depth.

A nearly monochromatic pale color scheme lends the room, *left*, a look of tranquillity and coherence. An awkward corner was put to clever use by D'Urso as a reading platform which Bilhuber and Scheerer outfitted with pillows and a futon. The carpet is stain-resistant synthetic sisal from Scalamandré.

Well-defined seating and playing areas and ample storage allow the basement, *opposite above*, to function in multiple ways without being overrun by equipment or clutter. The pool table is set off by a collection of photographs casually arranged on a shallow ledge.

Even though the basement isn't usually a room with a view, this one comes equipped with its own piece of nature thanks to a sunken greenhouse



THE NEW GARRET

Bilhuber and Scheerer's tester bed with sleek soaring lines, *below*, emphasizes the loftiness of a top-floor room at the 1991 Kips Bay Decorator Show House in New York. Stairs and a door leading to a terrace further expand the sense of space as do paintings and photographs in contrasting sizes, displayed on a glass shelf at eye level. Celebrating rather than camouflaging the fact that the room is an attic, the decorators supplied it with an old floor from Stark and a mix of antiques.

Great Rooms



Resources

WRITER IN RESIDENCE
Page 40 Jardin de Tuileries linen (#6905-3) for walls and curtains, to the trade at Scalamandré, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Dallas, Dania, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Washington, D.C.; Jim Ditallo, Denver; Fee-McLaran, Honolulu; Gene Smiley, Minneapolis; S. C. Smith, Phoenix; Designers Showroom, Seattle. English library steps, c. 1870, George III tortoiseshell/ivory tea caddy on mantel, similar at Richard Gould Antiques, Santa Monica (310) 395-0724. Napoleon III folding chairs, c. 1820 Creil bowl holding pencils on desk, similar at Hollyhock, Los Angeles (213) 931-3400.

TRAVEL
Pages 42, 44 Csaszár Baths, Frankel Leo ut 17–19, 1027 Budapest; (1) 115-4680, fax (1) 115-0271. Gellért Hotel and Spa, Szt. Gellert ter 1, 1111 Budapest, (1) 185-2200, fax (1) 166-6631. Király Baths, Fo u. 84, 1027 Budapest; (1) 202-3688. Lukács Baths, Frankel Leo ut 25–29, 1027 Budapest; (1) 115-4280. Rudas Medicinal Baths (men only), Dobrentei ter 9, 1013 Budapest; (1) 156-1322. Széchenyi Baths, Allatkerti korut 11, 1146 Budapest; (1) 121-0310. Thermal Hotel Aquincum, Arpad fejedelem utja 94, 1036 Budapest; (1) 188-6360/9340, fax (1) 168-8872. Thermal Hotel Hélia, Karpat u. 62–64, 1133 Budapest; (1) 129-8650, fax (1) 120-1429. Thermal Hotel Margitsziget, Margitsziget, 1138 Budapest; (1) 132-1100, fax (1) 132-3373.

PEOPLE
Pages 50, 52 Design, by John Ryman, NYC (212) 529-9766. **50** Kange Trac sisal, to the trade at Stark Carpet, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Troy, Washington, D.C.; Gregory Alonso, Cleveland; Dean-Warren, Phoenix. Cathay Damask linen/cotton (#166060) on chairs, to the trade at Schumacher, for information (800) 552-9255. Cotton ticking on sofa and chair, at Harry Zarin, NYC (212) 226-3492.

STYLE
Page 58 Jean-Paul Gaultier's furniture collection for V.I.A., $4,000 to $9,000 ea., at Neotu, Sept. 17–Oct. 27, to order at Neotu, 133 Greene St., New York, NY 10012; (212) 982-0210. Pieces from Jean-Paul Gaultier's fall women's collection: Double-breasted checked wool jacket, at Marshall Field's 28 Shop, Chicago; Dayton's Oval Room, Minneapolis; Faces cotton/polyester vest, at L'Animale, Englewood; Maxfield, Los Angeles; Hand Print silk pants, similar at Macy's, San Francisco; Ralph Davies, San Francisco.

COTTAGE COLORS
Pages 62–69 Contracting, by Ben Krupinski General Contractor, 15 Toilsome Lane, East Hampton, NY 11937; (516) 324-3656. Custom paint color consultation, by Donald Kaufman Color, NYC (212) 243-2766; for standard line, Donald Kaufman Color Collection, Englewood (201) 568-2226. **62–63** Aydin Yoruk kilim, similar at Le Monde des Kilims, NYC (212) 431-9064. Two-seater sofas and ottoman in muslin, to order at George Sherlock Antiques with Upholstery, London (71) 736-3955, fax (71) 371-5179. Swedish Weave cotton/linen check on wicker chair, from a selection at McKinney Kidston, London (71) 384-1377. 19th-century English mahogany hat/umbrella stand, similar to the trade at Ann-Morris Antiques, NYC (212) 755-3308. **64** Parisian Park slatted-wood/metal folding chairs (#4150), from Smith & Hawken, to order (415) 383-2000, catalogue available. **65** 1920s wicker chair and ottoman, similar at Robert Kinnaman & Brian Ramaekers Antiques, Bridgehampton (516) 537-0779. Natural Ribs sisal/acrylic, to the trade at Stark (see above for pg. 50). 20th-century French metal bistro chairs, similar to the trade at Ann-Morris (see above). 19th-century Moroccan terra-cotta water filters, similar at Cobweb, NYC (212) 505-1558. Antique church window mirror, similar at the American Wing, Bridgehampton (516) 537-3319. **66–67** Early 1900s Buenos Aires pine/marble pastry shop table, early 1900s Barcelona bentwood/cane settee, similar at Cobweb (see above). Marble countertops, from the St. Regis Hotel, similar at Urban Archaeology, NYC (212) 431-6969. **68** Priscilla Plaid Taffeta cotton (#45732.02) for curtain, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C., London. Massachusetts painted cupboard, c. 1860, similar at Elaine's Antiques, Southampton (516) 287-3276. Custom-size painted iron bed, to order from M. Bartozzi, Rome (6) 654-3342. Tremolat rayon check (#4281-57) for curtains, to the trade at Manuel Canovas, NYC, Los Angeles; Travis-Irvin, Atlanta, High Point; Shecter-Martin, Boston; Donghia Showrooms, Chicago, Cleveland, Dania, San Francisco, Washington, D.C.; David Sutherland, Dallas, Houston; Egg & Dart, Denver; Matches, Philadelphia. Old dhurries, similar at the Rug Loft, NYC (212) 879-2663. Large armchairs, to order from George Sherlock (see above.) Custom-size painted iron bed, to order from M. Bartozzi (see above). **69** Vintage porcelain tub and sink, similar at Urban Archaeology (see above).

THOROUGHLY MODERN MEN
Page 70 Marcel Breuer 1928 B19 chrome/glass table, similar at Barry Friedman, NYC (212) 794-8950. **73** Alvar Aalto tubular-steel sofa beds (#390), to the trade at ICF, for showrooms (914) 365-2500. Marcel Breuer 1928 B22 chrome/glass table by bed, similar at Barry Friedman (see above). **74** Built-in bookcases, picture rails, both by Peter Superti of Trans-Hudson Design, Hoboken (201) 798-3018. **75** Applause cotton velvet (#2672) for curtain, to the trade at Gretchen Bellinger, for showrooms (518) 235-2828.

RETURN TO GREY GARDENS
Pages 78–83 Garden and landscape design, by Victoria Fensterer, Amagansett (516) 267-6079, (516) 267-8696.

VITRUVIUS IN INDIANA
Pages 84–89 Architectural design, by Thomas Gordon Smith, 1903 Dorwood Dr., South Bend, IN 46617; (219) 239-6137. Structural engineering, by Leonard Morse-Fortier, Cambridge (617) 253-5569. Contracting, by Heritage Construction Co., Granger (219) 277-0101. **84** Painted terra-cotta metopes, by Thomas Gordon Smith (see above). **85** Limestone for columns and entablature, from Bybee Stone, Ellettsville (812) 876-2215. Durock exterior stucco, from USG Corp., for stores (800) 621-9622. Tilt Turn windows, from Marvin Windows & Doors, for stores (800) 346-5128. **86–87, 88** Living room fresco, by Thomas Gordon Smith (see above). Interior plaster for fresco, by USG Corp. (see above). **86–87** American Empire mahogany center table and chairs, similar at 160 West Chicago Antiques, Allen (517) 869-2929. American Empire sofa, similar from Barbara Taylor, Michiana Antiques Mall, Nyles (616) 684-7001. **87, 88** Dining room fresco, by Ruth Engelhardt Stroik, Notre Dame (219) 239-6137. **88** Classic Corlon Sandoval vinyl flooring, from Armstrong World Industries, for stores (800) 233-3823. **89** Painted door surround, by Thomas Gordon Smith (see above).

TALES OF THE SEA
Pages 90–97 Decoration, by Jacquelynne P. Lanham Designs, 472 East Paces Ferry Rd., Atlanta, GA 30305; (404) 364-0472. **90–91** Rivers Natural canvas on furniture, to the trade at Travis-Irvin Fabrics, Atlanta (404) 237-5079. Pucker Cloth cotton plissé (#HC-86305) for curtains, to the trade at Henry Cassen, division of Decorators Walk, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia, San Diego, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C.; Wallcoverings North, Anchorage; Borland, Honolulu; Hampton Row, Minneapolis; Dean-Warren, Phoenix. Seya (#117-20) and Nitik II (#149-201) batik-inspired linen prints (shown bleached) for cushions near fireplace, to the trade at China Seas, for showrooms (800) 723-8207. Italian fabric throw, similar at Melosi, Atlanta (404) 352-5451. New England boat model, c. 1920, and 1880s ship diorama, similar at Witte's Antiques, Hillsboro (703) 668-6521. Manila rattan chair, iron/glass game table (#8001-G) (without glass shelf), to the trade to order at Pierce Martin/Rattanworks, for showrooms (404) 237-6765, catalogue available. French walnut stool, c. 1850, similar to the trade at Tom Hayes & Assocs., Atlanta (404) 233-7425. Custom birch-top table with willow/alder twig base and bird's nest, to order from Tiger Mountain Woodworks, Scaly Mountain (704) 526-5577 by appt. **93** American painted side chairs, c. 1880, similar to the trade at Toby West, Atlanta (404) 233-7425. **94–95** Table of French wrought-iron base, c. 1900, married with 19th-century English pine top, similar to the trade at Toby West (see above). Wood chairs (#7771) (unpainted), to the trade at the Artistic Frame Co., Brooklyn (212) 289-2100. Madagascar Cloth coarse woven raffia (#HCY-390-AA-95) on chairs, to the trade at Hinson & Co., NYC, Chicago, Los Angeles; Jerry Pair & Assocs., Atlanta, Dania; Devon Service, Boston; Jim Barrett, Dallas; Regency House, Denver, San Francisco; Duncan Huggins Perez, Philadelphia; Designers Showroom, Seattle; Richard Russell, Washington, D.C. Giacometti-inspired iron candelabrum (#8122), to the trade at Pierce Martin/Rattanworks (see above). **96** One-of-a-kind turn-of-the-century Philippine mahogany carriage boxes (#5526), Blue Ridge Mountain rattan chair (#3022), to the trade at Pierce Martin/Rattanworks (see above). Frampton chintz (#32489-1) on chair, to the trade at Clarence House, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy. **97** Custom hand-forged steel four-poster bed, similar to the trade to order from Shaffer Forge, Stone Mountain (404) 469-2680. Philippine hand-hammered tin candlestick, copy of 18th-century ecclesiastical candlestick, made into a lamp, similar at Melosi (see above).

MOTHER NATURE'S SON
Page 98 Similar handbags, from the DeVecchi Collection by Hamilton Hodge, at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC; Bloomingdales, NYC, Bergen County, Boca Raton, Chestnut Hill, the Falls, King of Prussia, North Michigan, Palm Gardens, Short Hills, White Flint, White Plains; I. Magnin, Beverly Hills, Palm Desert, Phoenix, San Francisco, Santa Barbara, Seattle, Woodland Hills; Neiman Marcus; Saks Fifth Avenue; for other stores (212) 758-9770. **99** Technical design assistance, by Laura Conti, via Procopio 5, 20146 Milan; (2) 473544.

YANKEE MODERNIST
Pages 100, 102–104 Architecture, by Peter Forbes & Assocs., 241 A St., Boston, MA 02210; (617) 542-1760, fax (617) 542-2407.

ON NUREYEV'S ISLAND
Page 111 Custom lampshades, by Tessa Kennedy Design, Los Angeles (310) 273-4097; London (71) 221-4546.

ROOTED IN GEORGIA
Pages 112–17 Garden design, decoration, by Ryan Gainey, 3165 East Shadowlawn Ave., Atlanta, GA 30305; (404) 233-2050/7800. Selected furniture and accessories, similar at the Potted Plant, Atlanta (404) 233-7800; the Cottage Garden, Atlanta (404) 233-2050; the Connoisseur's Garden, Atlanta (404) 233-7800. **116** Willow garden bench, reproduction to order at the Potted Plant (see above). **117** Decorative painting, by Jeroy Hannah, Atlanta (404) 939-9849. Late 19th century latticework garden edging tile on bark table, reproduction to order at the Potted Plant (see above).

PALM BEACH STORY
Page 118 Ceramic lettuce, by Dodie Thayer, similar at Isabel's Et Cetera, Palm Beach (407) 655-5394. **120** Strapless silk jacquard mid-calf dress, by Arnold Scassi for Scassi Boutique, to special order at Martha, NYC, Bal Harbour, Palm Beach; Neiman Marcus; Nordstrom (couture department); Saks Fifth Avenue. **123** Tobacco Leaf porcelain épergne, by Mottahedeh, at Isabel's Et Cetera (see above); Masterpiece Home Furnishing, Fairfield; George Watts & Son, Milwaukee; Gump's, San Francisco; to order at Maier & Berkele, Atlanta; Amen Wardy, Beverly Hills; Bromberg & Co., Birmingham; Squire Chase, McLean; Jacobson's. Alhambra Limoges porcelain dinner plates, by Philippe Deshoulières, at Isabel's Et Cetera (see above); for other stores (201) 939-4199.

NORTHERN EXPOSURE
Pages 124–29 Decoration, by John Stefanidis, 6

Burnsall St., London SW3 3ST; (71) 351-7511, fax (71) 352-9460. Flowers, by Lidia Tacconelli of Fiori Floral Designs, Toronto (416) 658-0715. **124–25** Bokhara linen/cotton/modralacrylic (#1030-2C) on fauteuils and sofa, by John Stefanidis, to the trade at China Seas, for showrooms (800) 723-8207. Windsor hemp/rayon stripe on sofa at left, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 96). Bijar carpet, c. 1850, similar at S. Franses, London (71) 976-1234. Three Seater sofa, Four Seater sofa, Bestigui chairs at right, ottoman, all by John Stefanidis, to order at John Stefanidis & Assocs., 261 Fulham Rd., London SW3 6HY; (71) 352-3537. **127** 19th-century Mirzapur carpet, similar at Doris Leslie Blau, NYC (212) 759-3715. Colette silk stripe for dining room curtains, to the trade at Osborne & Little, NYC, Stamford; Ainsworth-Noah, Atlanta; Shecter-Martin, Boston; David Parrett, Chatham; Designers Choice, Chicago; Boyd-Levinson, Dallas, Houston; Design West, Dania; Shanahan Collection, Denver; Randolph & Hein, Los Angeles, San Diego, San Francisco; JW Showroom, Philadelphia; S. C. Smith, Phoenix; Stephen E. Earls Showroom, Portland, Seattle; Richard Russell, Washington, D.C. **128** New Kandahar Filler cotton for walls, shell-shaped sofa and chairs, curtains, table, and bed, Kandahar Narrow Stripe cotton on ottoman, chairs, and chaise, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pg 68). Shell-shaped sofas and chairs, ottoman, all by John Stefanidis, to order at John Stefanidis & Assocs. (see above). **129** Emma cotton (#1045-01) for bed curtains and pillow, by John Stefanidis, to the trade at China Seas (see above). Plain Muslin for dressing table, at Elizabeth Eaton, London (71) 589-0118. Custom woven Pheasant's Eye cotton on chairs, to the trade to order at Bernard Thorp, London (71) 362-5745. Daybed, chairs, dressing table, mirror, column lamp, bedside table, all by John Stefanidis, to order at John Stefanidis & Assocs (see above)

PARISIAN PURIST

Pages 130–37 European decorative arts, 1900–1950, at Eric Philippe, 25 Galerie Véro-Dodat, 75001 Paris; (1) 42-33-28-26, fax (1) 42-21-17-93. **130–31, 32**, Tapis Natte linen (#T610) on dining chairs, to the trade at André Bon, NYC; Travis-Irvin, Atlanta; Leonard B. Hecker & Assocs., Boston; Nicholas P. Karas, Chicago; John Edward Hughes, Dallas, Houston; Southard, Dania; Nielsen-Mayne, Denver; Shears & Window, Laguna Niguel; Randolph & Hein, Los Angeles; JW Showroom, Philadelphia; Pacific Showrooms West, San Francisco; Elinor & Verve, Seattle; Matches at Miley, Washington, D.C. **134** Sirocco cotton sateen (#3530) on chair, to the trade at Boussac of France, for showrooms (212) 421-0534.

GREAT ROOMS

Pages 139–41 Decoration, by Jeffrey Bilhuber and Tom Scheerer, of Bilhuber, 19 East 65 St., New York, New York 10021; (212) 517-7673. **139** Caravelle-Texture cotton (shown waterproofed) on cushions, to the trade at Stroheim & Romann, for showrooms (718) 706-7000. Open Cube laminated birchwood tables, to order at Bilhuber (see above). Nagpur cotton print on pillows on sofa, at Far Eastern Fabrics, NYC (212) 683-2623. **140** Tami Tapis olefin carpet, to the trade at Scalamandré (see above for pg 40). New Daughtry Cloth viscose/linen (#HCW-308-AA-74) on sofas, chaise, and chairs, Ultrasuede polyester (#CDW-709-KB-53) for beige pillows, to the trade at Hinson (see above for pgs 94–95). Drap wool (#4135-0085) for dark brown pillows, to the trade at Manuel Canovas (see above for pg 68). Wicker chaise longue (#W7800), to the trade at Bielecky Brothers, for showrooms (212) 753-2355. **141** Norwegian slatted-rosewood/steel chair near pool table, similar at 280 Modern, NYC (212) 941-5825. Stainless steel tester bed, to order at Bilhuber (see above). Antique random width chestnut plank flooring, to the trade to order at Stark (see above for pg 50). Bakh Shaiesh carpet, c. 1830, similar at F. J. Hakimian, NYC (212) 371-6900. American Queen Anne chairs, Chippendale slipper chair, and Chippendale lowboy, similar at Bernard & S. Dean Levy, NYC (212) 628-7088

ALL PRICES APPROXIMATE

Grey Gardens

(Continued from page 82) wrote, "For whenever I say *my* garden I mean that small walled-garden opening out of the sunroom at East Hampton."

"We had to take Edie Beale's word for it that there *was* a garden," says Quinn. Spelunking in the green depths of privet, poison ivy, and wild grape, they found the walls intact. "We had to drop a bulldozer inside with a crane," she says, "because the gateways were too narrow. We took everything out; it was just a mud pit. Then we rebuilt the pergola and planted wisteria over it." Quinn, who is quite happy never to scratch the soil herself, dreamed of "pink things there, tall white things here, little blue curly ones on this side, something lacy, something bushy." Victoria Fensterer, her imaginative garden designer, added *Thalic-*



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Grey Gardens

Rosa rochebrunianum, eryngium, echinops, sidalcea, caryopteris, cimicifuga, perovskia, macleaya, chelone, *Rosa rubrifolia*, pink and white lilies, among many others. In the center of the rectangle, tall soft-colored perennials now ring a patch of turf just big enough to hold two Adirondack chairs. From Anna Gilman Hill's sunroom there is again an enticing view that tempts the laziest summer visitor down the grassy path.

A photograph of the young Anna Gilman Hill, seated demurely in a rambler-covered niche, shows her flanked by two bouquets, one of her own gardening tools and the other of potted hydrangeas. It hints at what her book reveals: her energy, her cheerfulness—and her mild self-deprecating humor. Donning that protective shield was almost a reflex for Hill, or for any of her female contemporaries who set out to display their own expertise in public.

Like the position of women, Hill's garden is somewhat different now. The bare masonry is thickly padded with ivy and roses, and the glimpse from within the garden of "blue water between . . . the high dunes, grass covered and soft gray like our walls," has vanished behind the roofs of other houses, screens of privet, and the green domes of trees. In other ways much is unchanged, and Hill could be writing today when she says that "gardening in Suffolk County spoils you for gardening anywhere else in North America. It is an almost foolproof place, for all you have to do to grow the most delicate specimen is to go out into the rough lawn or into a field, dig a hole and put it in." It is still true that "all green things upon that particular piece of earth praise the Lord with might and main. . . . Their blossoms are larger and more brilliantly colored than those of inland plants," thanks to the "rich black muck" and "an almost continuous moisture from the sea."

Now, as then, this is a garden for summer only—now, as then, the last flowers the owners see as they leave at the end of August are sheaves of silver-pink and white *Anemone japonica*, "which throve in the shadiest border." Summer time acts as a powerful solvent at Grey Gardens, and one hears Little Edie murmuring, "It's very difficult to keep the line between the past and the present. You know what I mean?" Quinn and Bradlee have had the strength and style to keep Big Edie and Little Edie in the garden too: the half-rotten catalpa and the straggly wild cherry by the front porch are their witnesses. Out by the road is another reminder of the Beales and of the continuous life of this place. Instead of the ubiquitous privet hedge, there is a high wild swath of bittersweet, honeysuckle, blackberry, goldenrod, and sweet autumn clematis—something that separates inside from outside, but not the past from the present. ▲

Cottage Colors

(Continued from page 68) explains—and the living room sofas came from London, but much of the rest turned up in local shops. "I found that I love to shop for antiques," she says. An old wicker chair and ottoman she discovered in Bridgehampton sit proudly in the living room in their original faded dress. The Lloyd Loom chairs, also from the Hamptons, have been repainted—"pale pink, apricot, almost colors without a name"—then rubbed down to look old. Towering iron plant stands purchased by photograph from a Newport dealer take the place of curtains in the dining room, and unpretentious French bistro chairs, sans cushions, ring a pine table from the countryside of Argentina. "I'm lucky enough to have a lot of friends who do this sort of thing," says Vivian. "Someone would say, 'I just brought back this great fabric from London,' and it would be just what I love."

If there is a single surprise, it's that an art dealer's house has not one painting on the wall. Instead a changing collection of photographs and twentieth-century drawings appear in unexpected places—propped under tables, marching across the mantle. "The trees and flowers are my paintings," Vivian says. "From Monday to Friday I'm always looking—here I like a rest for my eye."

Asked to describe the transformation of the house, she gently disparages the effect she so painstakingly created: "It's kind of a stripped-down look. I wanted it seamless, as if it had been this way from the beginning, and I think that happened." Her kindred spirit, the old lady buried out back, would no doubt agree: the city folks haven't ruined her farmhouse. ▲

Rooted in Georgia

(Continued from page 116) perennial sweet peas stare back at him with pale green eyes, he talks about what it takes to make him want to save, propagate, and grow a plant: "It's not hard to be picky about plants. A desirable one has to have everything—form, structure, hardiness, and the ability to blend into the garden."

He lives near Druid Hills, one of the oldest Atlanta neighborhoods, whose gardenesque curves were designed by the Olmsted firm just after the turn of the century. A dozen years ago he bought a squat cozy stone-clad bungalow built in 1906 for a family of wholesale florists. From the maze of greenhouses, compost heaps, and garden middens Gainey shaped a series of green rooms. One fallen-in greenhouse became the main garden; the central path, once the central walk between the florists' benches, is partly composed of the original cast-stone pavers. One still-intact greenhouse is filled with tropical plants—and a shower. Gainey's domestic life, as it should be in the South, is a series of little trips that take him outdoors; one of the best is this daily twenty-step jaunt across the paved courtyard. A shorter route to cleanliness leads across the porch to the "Tuscan bathroom," actually an old lean-to transmogrified with terra-cotta paint. The claw-footed tub feels as if it were in the garden, placed as it is in a bay window.

The house itself is overwhelming in its decorative details. Most of the

rooms, Gainey ruefully admits, are seldom used. His busy life keeps him running straight from garden to kitchen to bedroom and bath, with the occasional drop onto a hickory rocker on the porch. The other rooms are like collages—some of them *are* collages. In the sitting room the delicate plasterwork turns out to be huge *Magnolia tripetala* leaves glued to the ceiling. Out-of-scale objects loom in the darkness (the best southern houses are always dark); the latest arrival is a room-height sunflower made out of a wooden dowel and a lot of painted canvas. His second life as a party decorator leaves such flotsam around, and it adds to the charm.

"We only know things up to a certain point," says Gainey about his family's past (his great-great-grandmother was a Cherokee). The highly wrought surfaces of this bungalow are a patchwork of what he wants to remember about where he comes from. Every available wall space has a painted motto or a mural, every tabletop is jammed with picture frames, a family of handmade baskets dwindles to a little split white oak number from Tennessee no bigger than an acorn, a spavined glass-fronted cabinet contains a precious cache of beadwork pouches worked by Native Americans in the nineteenth century. However, Gainey is not a collector or an antiquarian but an assembler, and many of the things he works with inside and out, such as lampshades and flowerpots, are mass produced to start with. In this he is a child of his times. "Everything comes as a blank," he says. "It's what you do with it." He's not a hoarder either, nor could he be—his "secrets" are so easy they can be picked up at a glance—tie a skinny black ribbon around the neck of a plain glass container, for instance. No one could fail to be tickled by what fills his garden, house, and shops. Veering dangerously close to cute at times, his ensembles preserve their dignity and magic with a southern storyteller's nerve and verve.

With prosperity and fame, Gainey now wears French smocks from a brocanteur in L'Isle-sur-la-Sorgue in the Lubéron, $600 challis shawls so fine they can be drawn through the proverbial wedding ring, and wide-brimmed straw hats à la Lytton Strachey. A driving businessman notwithstanding such touches, he is a pleasure to listen to on the phone, giving a lesson in Gainey's Economic Laws to an apprentice who is staking plants in a client's garden: "Remember it's *my* money. *You* can go buy fifty-dollar-a-yard ribbon and fancy green sticks if you want to, but when you're working for me, just go down the street and cut some bamboo and get some old green string." Truth is, the bamboo looks much better anyway. Although Gainey says that with success he is "nervous about staying who I am," there is a ruthlessness about his tastes and character and expression that will keep him safely, uniquely eccentric.

Into the New South, a land of blandly matching furniture and genteelly formal decor, Gainey has introduced an affection for crumbling sand plaster, flyspecked surfaces, crazed paint, and mongrel objects as well as plants that have slipped from cultivation. For him cobalt blue begins at home as the color of milk of magnesia bottles, and a pile of leftover two-inch clay pots becomes a most appropriate coping, overturned and neatly lined up at the edge of his flower border. Buddy, Hollyhock, Snapper, and Rosemary, his yard-dog pack who travel everywhere with him, are stylish mutts as mottled and rustic as Whieldon pottery. Certainly sunstruck chintzes, threadbare brocades, and worn luggage are no novelty in New York, London, or Paris. Gainey's particular ability to stretch the style into the South comes from having lived at the edge of what is now called the "economy of lack," a long-familiar place where nothing gets thrown away and one old saying runs, "Too poor to paint and too proud to whitewash." ▲

Northern Exposure

(Continued from page 128) in a gathered cotton whose design derives from an old French tree of life print, the bedroom beckons like a pinkish chrysalis where one might happily withdraw to await the arrival of spring.

The course of the seasons and the phases of the day do in fact determine the way the house is inhabited, every bit as much as they affect the activity in the statue-dotted green gardens outside. (An avid gardener, Hilary cowrote with Nicole Easton the book *In a Canadian Garden*.) "One uses houses with the light," Hilary elaborates. "We're in the breakfast room in the morning, the living room in the afternoon, and the library after dinner"—a formal meal taken by the family nightly in the dining room. There buff-colored paneling and Georgian silver radiate a mellow gleam that is as flattering as candlelight. On some evenings the expandable table seats just the four Westons; more often it is opened to accommodate visitors.

Not surprisingly, the Westons' guest rooms—stocked with everything from Irish bed linens to writing paper—are frequently occupied. "People are always blowing in for a day or so for one reason or another," Hilary says. "So every room in the house is very much used. I hate rooms that are just for show. I like my house to be lived in fully by all our friends and every family member, including our dog." ▲

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Gandee

AT LARGE

To be a Guest

Thirty years ago, Mrs. Winston Frederick Churchill Guest showed up on the cover of *Time* magazine standing tall, proud, and confident as the platinum-blond paradigm of what in the summer of 1962 was called New Society. For the photograph, taken in front of Templeton, the Guests' fifty-five-room house in Roslyn, Long Island, Mrs. Guest, better known as C.Z., wore riding boots, Huntsman jodhpurs, and a necktie. Her hair was brushed back tight in the kind of taut little flip that Gloria Vanderbilt would later make famous, and a dog stood in front of her, a big beautiful Saluki, which Mrs. Guest steadied by means of a very short and very firm leash.

It was this image of unapologetic American aristocracy that I took with me to Old Westbury, Long Island, not long ago when I turned up at Templeton No. 2, Mrs. Guest's current estate—grand by all standards save the standard of Templeton No. 1—wondering what, if any, difference the past thirty years had made.

Although it was cold, gray, and rainy, Mrs. Guest greeted me at the door dressed for tennis in surprisingly short white shorts. "Want to see the house?" she said. And then we embarked on a high-speed tour. Mrs. Guest pointed out the family portraits by Sargent here, by Dali there. The tour ended in a library with leopard-print carpeting, intensely patterned fabric walls, and a big Mitsubishi TV—a wood-encased floor model—tuned in, very clear and very loud, to the French Open.



Mrs. Guest seated herself in a green velvet lounge chair facing the Mitsubishi, which left me the green velvet lounge chair facing Mrs. Guest, who, after an awkward while, picked up the remote control and lowered the volume a tad so we could talk. Which wasn't easy since Andre Agassi and Jim Courier were putting up such formidable competition for Mrs. Guest's attention. "Your new book?" I began, referring to *C. Z. Guest's Five Seasons of Gardening* due next month from Little, Brown. "I think it's fabulous," said Mrs. Guest, taking the bait. "I'm really excited because it made the Book-of-the-Month Club!" I asked what it meant to make the Book-of-the-Month Club. "I guess it's a sign of excellence. I guess it means you've written a fabulous book," said Mrs. Guest. And then, reconsidering the question: "I don't know what it means. Call up Time Warner. They own it. Ask them what it means." And how many copies of Mrs. Guest's book will be printed? "I have no idea," said Mrs. Guest, "but I know it's going to cost $29.95." I said I thought that was a good price. Mrs. Guest said, "I think it's a fabulous price." Mrs. Guest then added that she was also working on a date book organizer called *Five Seasons of Harvest from Your Garden*—"with menus," she noted. "Very easy menus because I don't know how to cook."

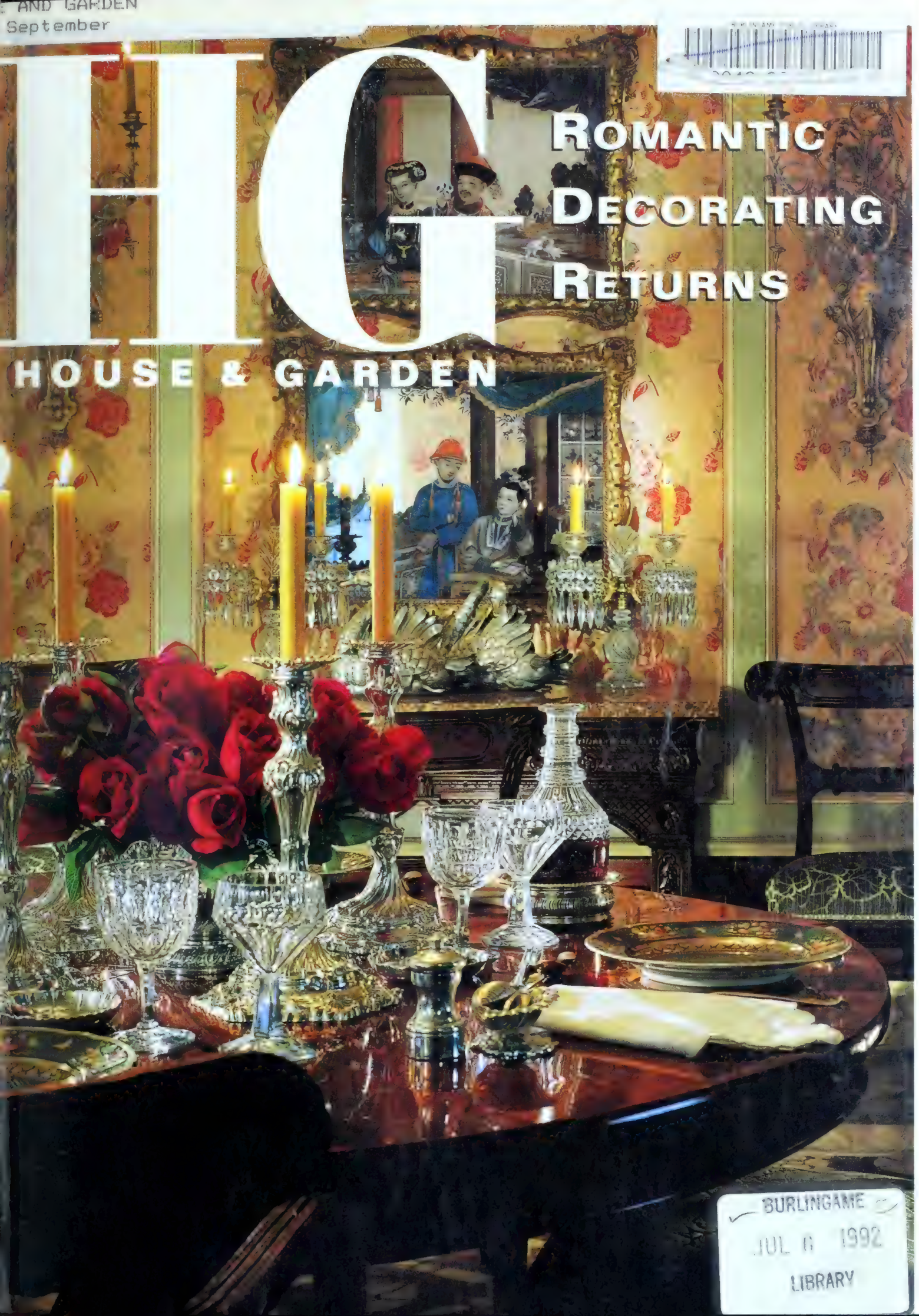
> "I like to think of myself as the Estée Lauder of the garden world"

C. Z. Guest's Five Seasons of Gardening (the fifth is the holiday season) is not Mrs. Guest's first foray into publishing. In 1976 Mrs. Guest wrote *First Garden,* a horticultural primer of sorts, with illustrations by Cecil Beaton and an introduction by Truman Capote. "I learned to garden from my mother's head gardener," recalled Mrs. Guest, who reinvented herself after her husband's death in 1982 as, as she likes to say, the "Estée Lauder of the garden world." Her company, C. Z. Guest Garden Enterprises, includes everything from aromatic bug spray and sweatshirts—"Isn't it chic?" said Mrs. Guest, handing me one with planting instructions on the front—to garden furniture. I asked Mrs. Guest how she designed the furniture. "Well, actually Paul Manno, who used to be with Jansen, helped me with the designs, gave me the designs, let me have the designs, and I worked on them and changed them a little bit. They're really mostly my designs." I asked if the furniture had been successful. "Yes," Mrs. Guest said. "Everything I do is successful."

Among her greatest successes, Mrs. Guest counts her syndicated newspaper column, "Garden Talk." In addition to her column, Mrs. Guest writes for countless other publications, including the *Star.* And what does Mrs. Guest write for the *Star*? "Whatever I think is interesting," said Mrs. Guest. "Because what is interesting to me I think other people out there find interesting. I keep it very basic, gardening tips or Q&As. Actually, it's usually a famous person asking me a question." Like? Like Sally Jessy Raphael.

And speaking of famous people. "Would you like me to show you what Robin Leach did about me?" asked Mrs. Guest. "I think it's pretty fabulous." I said I would. So Mrs. Guest switched off the tennis match and popped in the ever-ready cassette. "I think Robin is fabulous," said Mrs. Guest, giving her undivided attention to herself on *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous.* **Charles Gandee**

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September



HG

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Victoria Hagan's blend of periods in a New England living room, above. Page 124. Below: A dovecote in a Belgian garden designed by Jacques Wirtz. Page 114. Right: Fashion designer Todd Oldham with partner Tony Longoria. Page 152.





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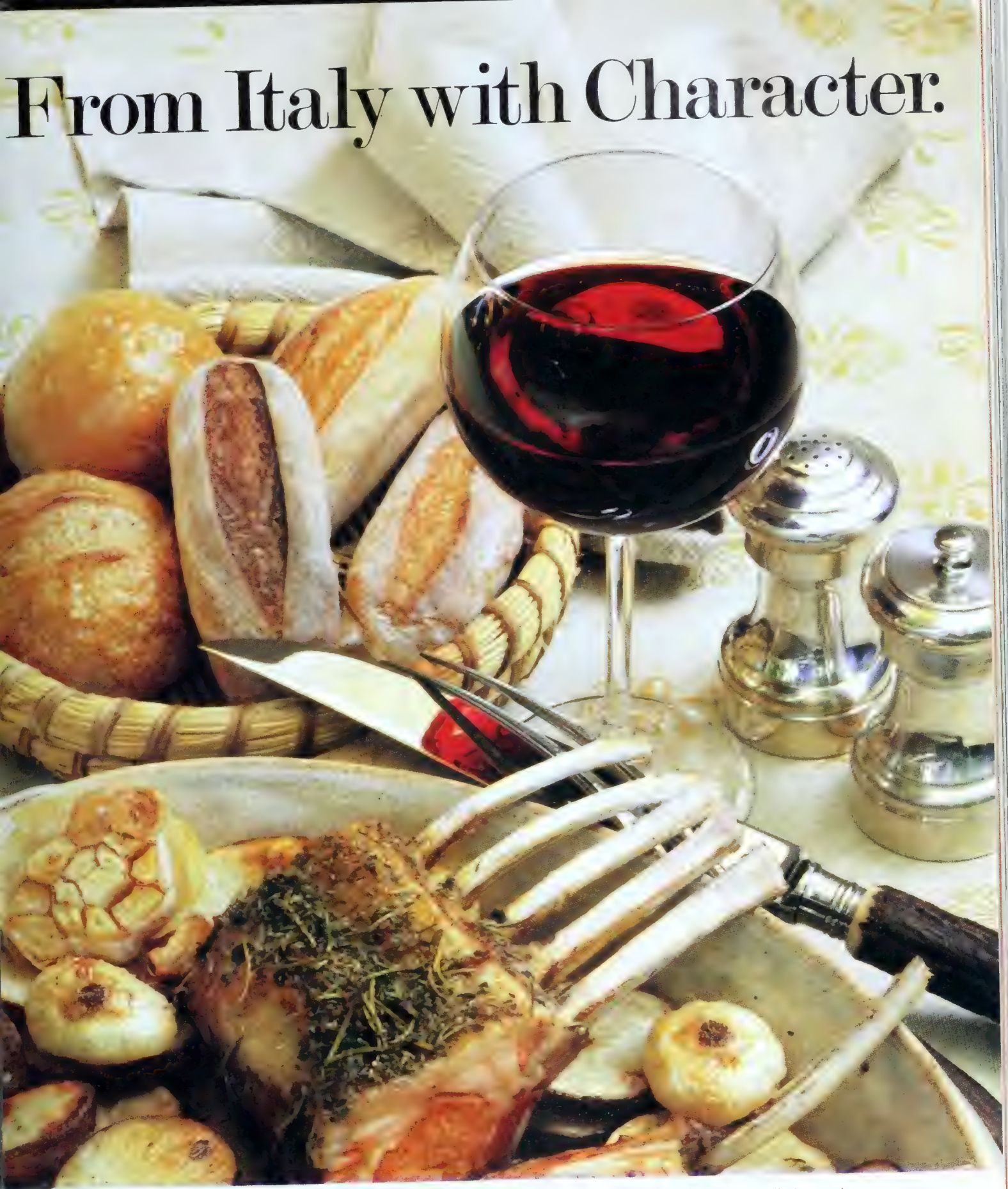
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Hanging pictures of the same size in a row sets up a bold pattern. Page 175.

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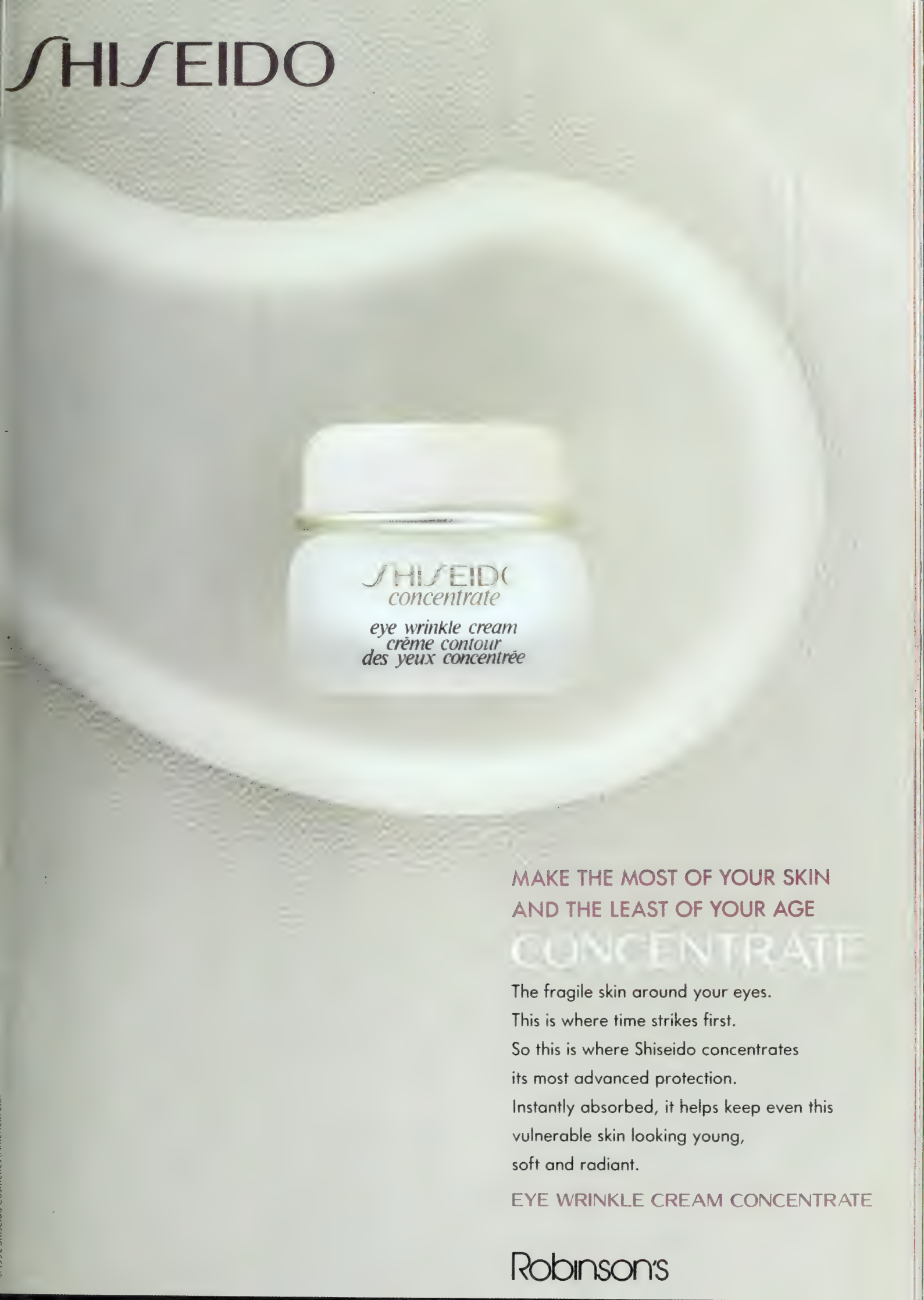
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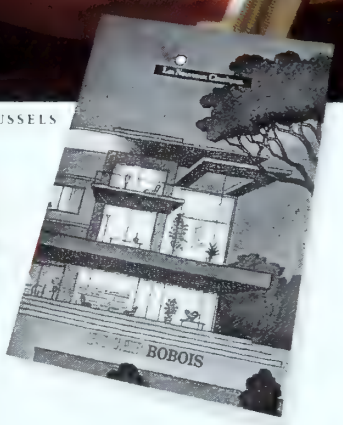
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ROSEMARY RANCK

Robert Peck, a naturalist and historian who lives in Philadelphia, writes about one of that city's landmarks, the 264-year-old garden of father and son botanists John and William Bartram. Peck chronicled one of William's journeys in a 1980 book—after retracing the 2,400-mile route. His recent publication, *Land of the Eagles,* is the companion to a PBS series.

Susan Thames is a New York–based writer whose previous occupations include stints as a "chef, fruit picker, real estate salesperson, and toy painter." Her first collection of stories, *As Much as I Know,* was published earlier this year by Random House, and she is at work on a novel. In this issue Thames reports on a couple whose country retreat is a 1929 schoolhouse, complete with chalkboards, walls of cloak closets, and a 2,000-square-foot gymnasium.



ADAM MASTOON



CAROLINE TAYLOR

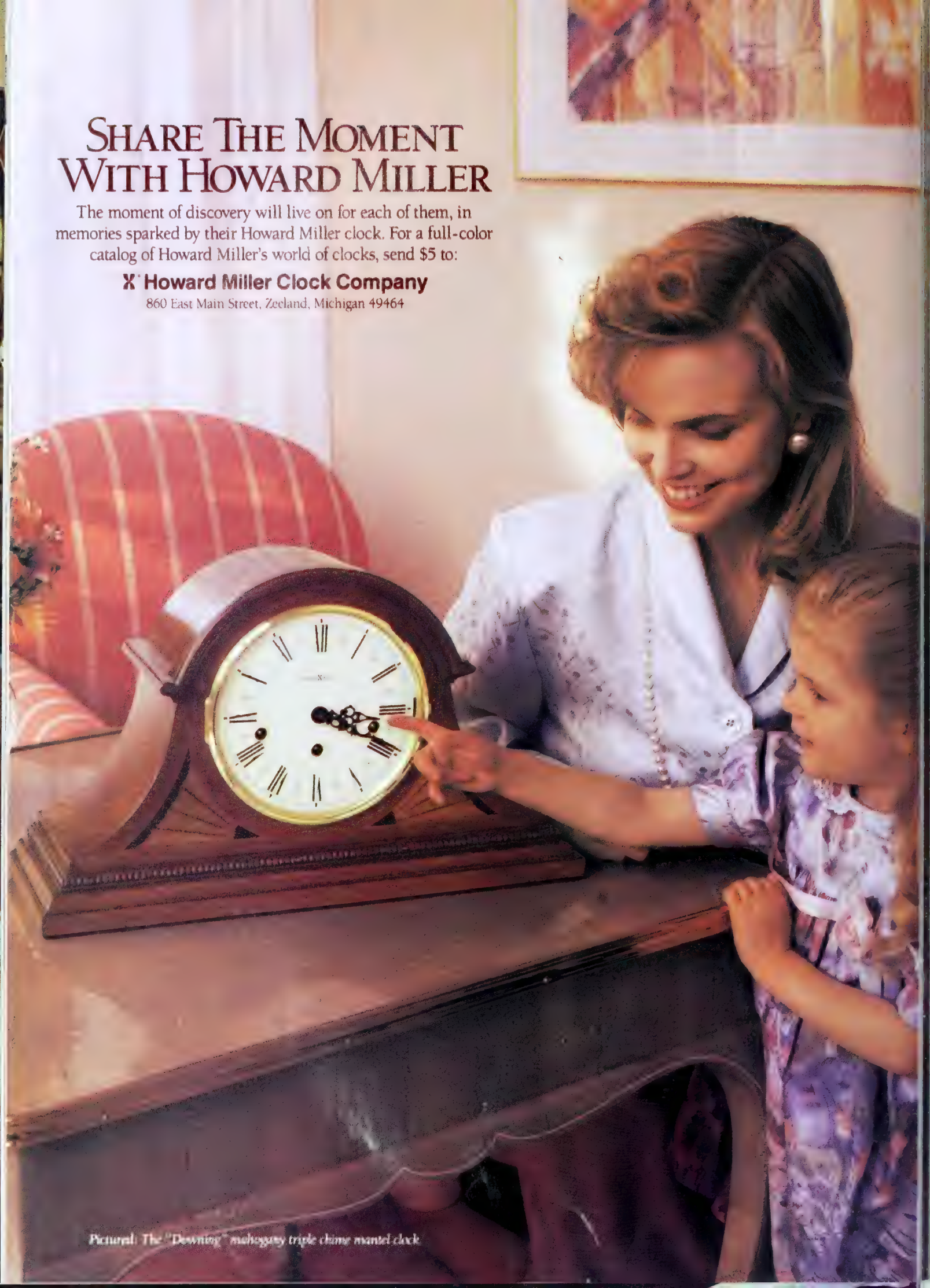
Patrick Taylor lives and gardens with his wife and daughters in England's West Country. Author of several books on horticulture, including *The Gardener's Guide to Britain,* he shifts his focus for HG to the landscapes of modern Belgian master Jacques Wirtz. "When I first saw Wirtz's gardens," says Taylor, "I was struck by his exquisite simplicity and his eye for the role of each plant within a precisely structured whole." Taylor's *Gardens of the Low Countries,* a collaborative effort with photographer Curtice Taylor, will be published by Stewart, Tabori & Chang next year.


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Pictured: The "Downing" mahogany triple chime mantel clock

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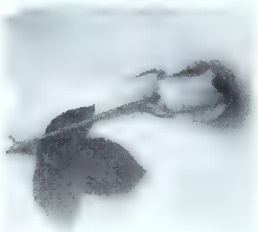
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Contributors Notes



DAVID PERRY

Armistead Maupin, this month's writer in residence, tells tales of the New Zealand farmhouse he and his lover, Terry Anderson, renovated, far from their San Francisco penthouse. "We were both southern boys originally, so it was great to find a place that offered the riches of country life without the rednecks." Maupin wrote his latest novel, *Maybe the Moon*—due next month from Harper Collins—at his Kiwi outpost. His best-selling *Tales of the City* series is being adapted for British television.



LIZBETH HASSE

Kathleen Tynan, a novelist and screenwriter who lives in London, writes about exploring the Southwest with fellow cinéastes en route to the Telluride Film Festival in Colorado. "One year," Tynan recalls, "I galloped through Monument Valley with Chinese, Russian, and French companions." She is author of a biography of her late husband, critic Kenneth Tynan.

How to twist
the rules
of the game.



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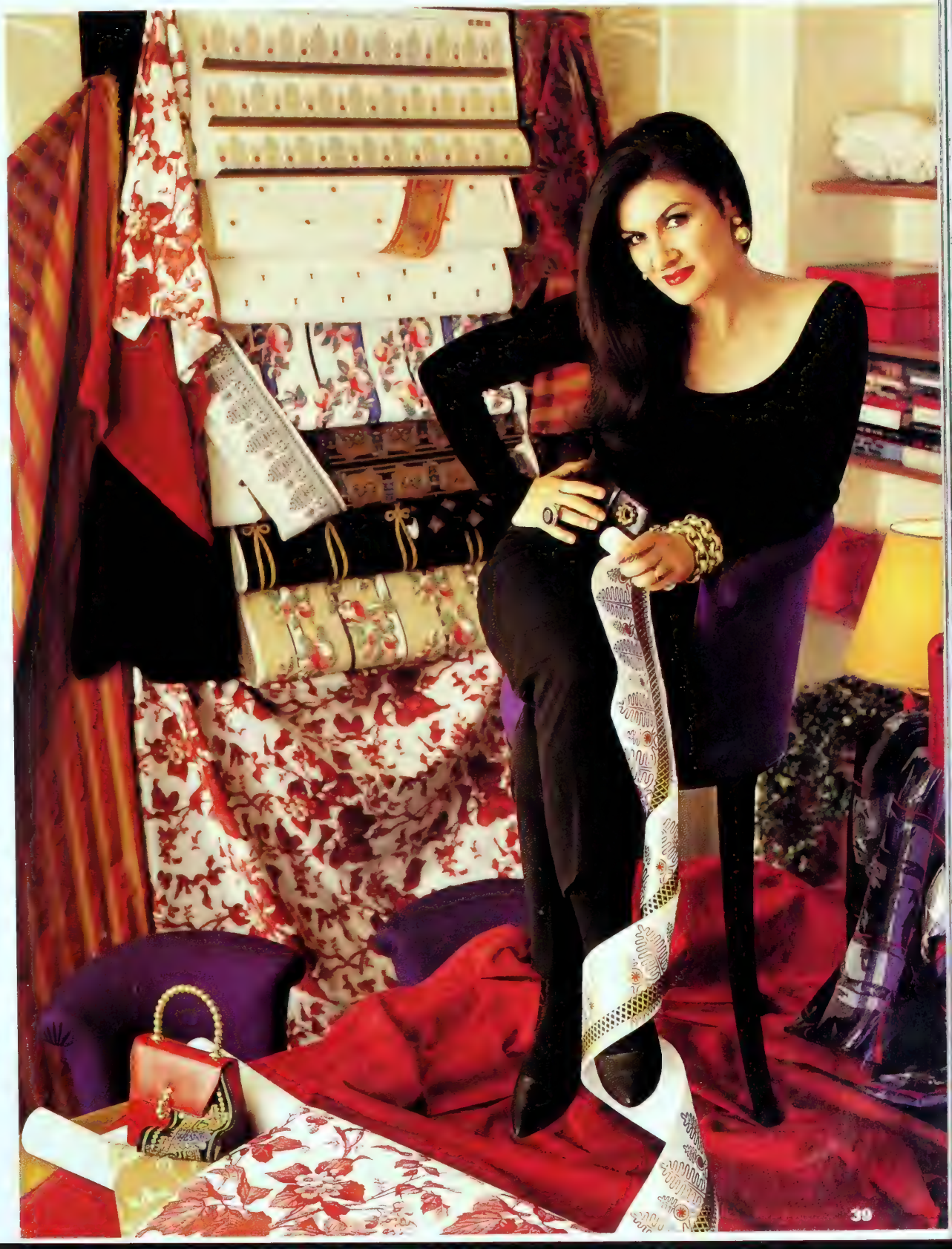
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ANDREW FEZZA
FIFTH AVENUE

Notes

HG REPORTS ON THE NEW AND THE NOTEWORTHY By Eric Berthold

"Unlike fashion, interior design has to have staying power—to be classic and blend with what you have," asserts Paloma Picasso (*right*), who nonetheless designed her first line of fabrics and wallpapers from a sartorial perspective. The collection Motif Designs is unveiling at the end of this month includes a passementerie-style border (*above*) that defines a room "like a belt," Picasso says, "separating the top of an outfit from the bottom." Ever present is her trademark red, as well as her signature X, for a "romantic twist without being cute." (Motif Designs. For showrooms 914-633-1170)





Italian Perspectives Josephine linen and cotton print (*above left*) and Amish cotton print (*above right*) by Lorenzo Rubelli, to the trade at Bergamo. For showrooms (718) 392-5000.



From the Attic Replica of a black-figure amphora, c. 460 B.C. (*above*), available to the trade from Museum Art Reproductions of Greece. For showrooms (310) 495-1699.



French Open Paul Tribe armchairs (*above*), from Galerie Vallois, at the Biennale Internationale des Antiquaires at Paris's Grand Palais, Sept. 18–Oct. 4. Call (800) 354-0528.



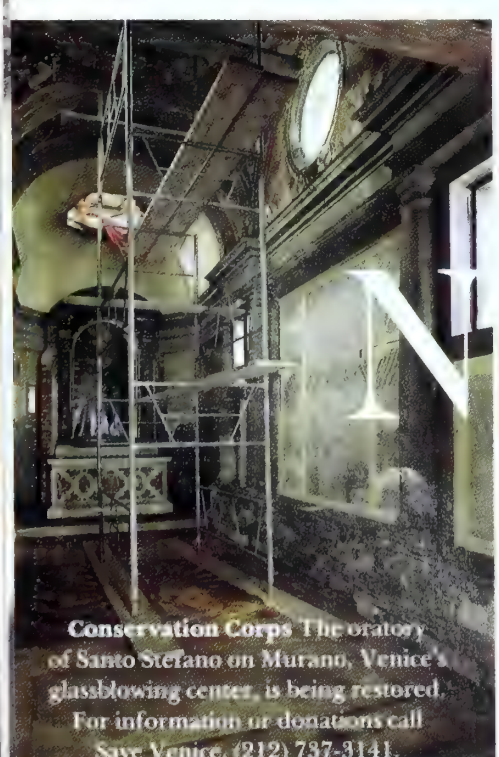
R.s.v.p. Entertain yourself and others with Renny Reynolds's *The Art of the Party* (Viking Penguin, $45) and John Loring's *The Tiffany Gourmet Cookbook* (Doubleday, $50).



Making Points Star lamp in gold leaf, to the trade at Formations, L.A. (310) 659-3062.



Vintage Beaujolais Cross a moat to one of twenty guest rooms (*above*) of the restored 13th-century Château de Bagnols, Bagnols, France 74-71-40-00.

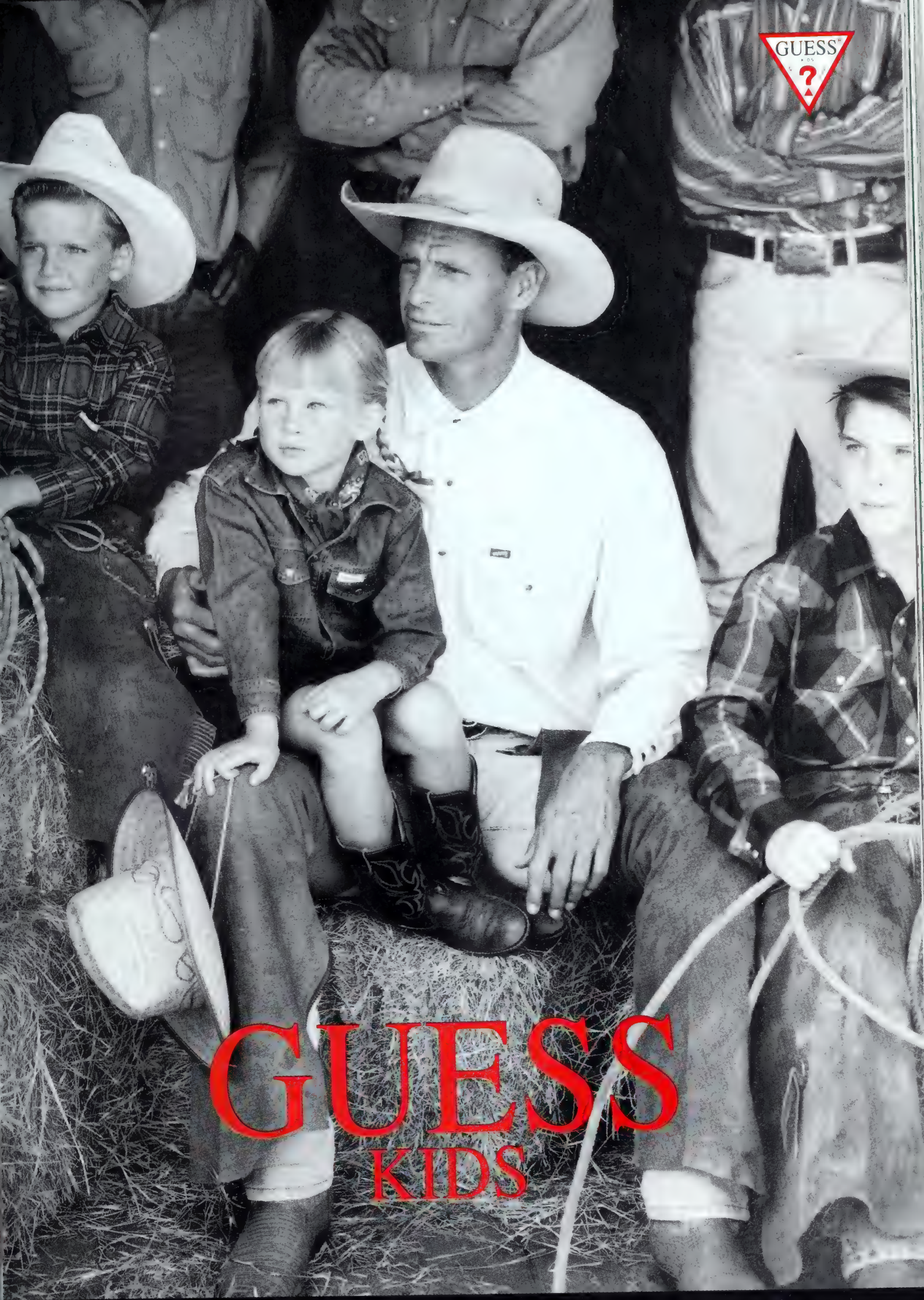


Conservation Corps The oratory of Santo Stefano on Murano, Venice's glassblowing center, is being restored. For information or donations call Save Venice, (212) 737-3141.

Notes



Trading Places A 19th-century Indonesian hanging (*above*) and other textiles from the Australian National Gallery record cultural interchange. Asia Society, NYC. Sept. 18–Jan. 17.


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Camp Seating Cabin Twig rattan bench (*left*) from Palecek. For dealers (800) 274-7730.



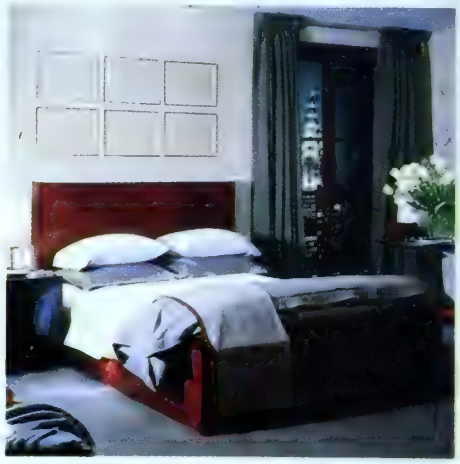
Fresh Scallops Cocktail table (*above*) in steel from Swaim. For dealers (919) 885-6131.



String Quartet Mappa burl veneer writing table from Baker Furniture. Call (616) 361-7321.



Orient Expressed Japanese-style painted-silk chest (*above*) from Platt Collections. For dealers (800) 283-3330.



Back to the Future RL 2000 mahogany bed (*above*) from Ralph Lauren Home Collection. For stores (212) 642-8700.



Soft Spot Brenda ottoman (*above*) from Dapha. For dealers (800) 284-4063.



Revival Skill Mark Hampton's Gothick table for Hickory Chair. For dealers (704) 328-1801.

Notes



Eagle Eye Gold-leaf girandole mirror (*left*) from La Barge. For dealers (616) 392-1473.



Time Out Smithsonian garden furniture from Brown Jordan. For dealers (818) 443-8971.



Stellar Drawers Painted star chest from Century Furniture's Henry Ford Museum Collection. For dealers (800) 852-5552.



In Good Form A Shaker-inspired hunt sideboard from Drexel Heritage. For stores (800) 447-4700.



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William Bartram painted *Franklinia altamaha*, above, a native tree he and his father, John, helped save from extinction. Top: The river front of the house John remodeled in 1770. Left: A 200-year-old yellowwood tree.

The seeds for horticultural cooperation between the Old World and the New were sown by John and William Bartram

BY ROBERT MCC. PECK

Across a field of wild iris and oxeye daisies, within view of Philadelphia's center city skyline, stand a house and garden that loom large in the history of horticulture. Now a small green island in a sea of urban sprawl, John and William Bartram's botanical garden, arguably the oldest in North America, looks much as it did in the eighteenth century when the father and son proprietors supplied plants to George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, and King George III. As many as two hundred American plant species now common in Europe can trace their ancestry back to the Bartrams' seed beds, and almost as many Old World and Asian novelties, including rhubarb and the ginkgo tree, may have first touched American soil there.

John Bartram (1699–1777), a Pennsylvania Quaker of English stock, acquired the 102-acre property, complete with a small stone farmhouse, in 1728. Over the next few decades, he and his wife, Ann Mendenhall, raised nine children, adding as they did to both the property and the house, which overlooks the Schuylkill River. The quirky stone columns and ornament that give the river façade of the main building its idiosyncratic charm were designed and carved by Bartram in 1770. He may have drawn these classical details from architectural books he had seen in the library of William Penn's secretary, James Logan, who lived in a far grander house elsewhere in Philadelphia. Although Bartram lacked a formal education, voracious reading and an inquisitive mind made him one of the most original thinkers of his day. He became an accomplished herbalist and physician as well as a pioneer in agricultural hybridization, and together with Benjamin Franklin he helped organize the American Philosophical Society.

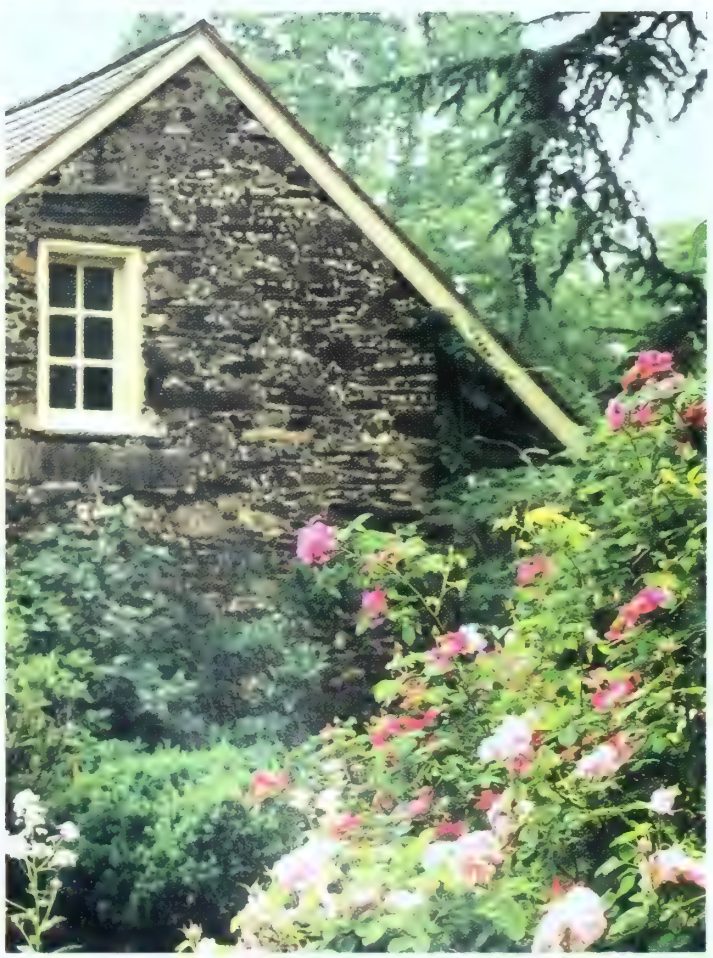
Bartram's interest in botany took a professional turn in 1733 when Logan introduced him to Peter Collinson, an influential London merchant. Collinson was also a Quaker and an avid gardener, but unlike Bartram, he had money to spare. He commissioned the enterprising Philadelphian to collect and send him bulbs, seeds, and cuttings of unusual North American plants in exchange for books, clothing, and cash. Though the two men never met, their transatlantic correspondence turned into a lifelong friend-


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The nursery buildings look much as they did when George III was a patron







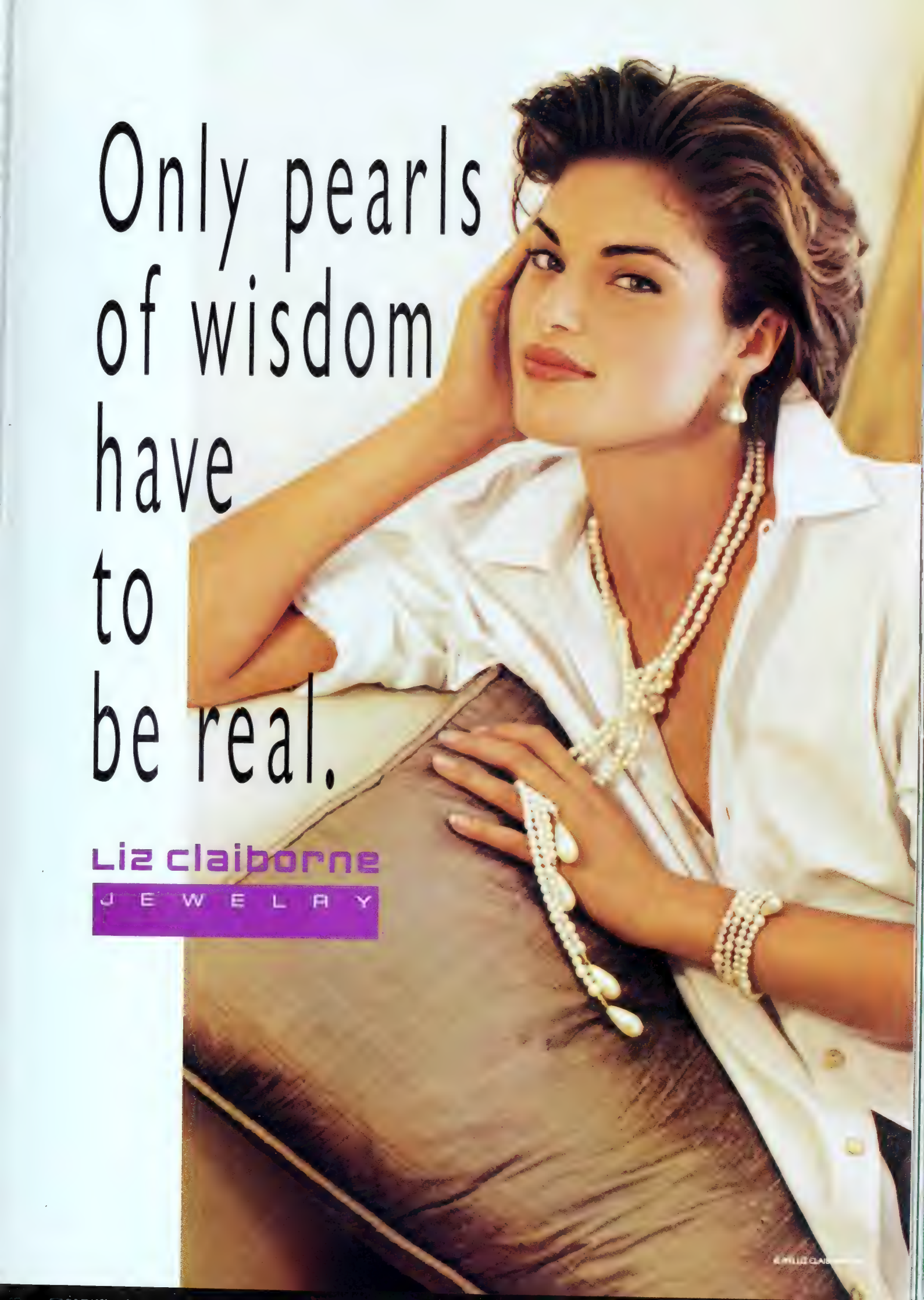
The garden preserves much of the design shown in a 1758 plan, above. Top: An upstairs parlor. Left: Old roses bloom near the seed house where the Bartrams prepared shipments to Europe. Above left: A stone frieze below the window was carved by John Bartram in the 1770s.

ship and helped bring Bartram's botanical knowledge and discoveries to the attention of an ever-widening circle abroad.

Within a few years of his introduction to Collinson, Bartram was corresponding with a who's who of European horticulturists: Sir Hans Sloane, court physician to George II and president of the Royal Society, Philip Miller, director of the Chelsea Physic Garden in London, Johann Dillenius, director of the Oxford University Botanic Garden, Frederick the Great, Queen Ulrica of Sweden, and her countryman Carl Linnaeus, the father of modern scientific classification, who is said to have considered Bartram the "greatest natural botanist in the world." In 1765, at the urging of Collinson, Sloane, Miller, and others, George III appointed Bartram royal botanist for North America and agreed to pay him a collecting stipend of £50 per annum.

As Bartram's horticultural enterprises grew, so did his garden. A detailed plan of the property he sent to Collinson in 1758, before adding the columned extension to the house, shows the flower and kitchen gardens on an upper terrace and the working nursery below with its tree-lined walk down to the Schuylkill. This bird's-eye view suggests greater order than may actually have existed, for between childrearing, plant gathering, and farming, Bartram was often hard-pressed to keep the place as neat and trim as his many visitors might have wished. "His garden is a perfect portraiture of himself," wrote Alexander Garden, a friend and fellow plantsman from Charleston, South Carolina, for whom the gardenia is named. "Here you meet with a row of rare plants almost covered over with weeds, here with a beautiful shrub, even luxuriant amongst briars, and in another corner an elegant and lofty tree lost in a common thicket. Every den is an arbor . . . and every small level spot a parterre where he nurses up some of his idol flowers and cultivates his darling productions."

By mid century Bartram was able to turn with increasing confidence to his family for support in running the nursery business. Of all his children,


Only pearls
of wisdom
have
to
be real.
Liz claiborne
JEWELRY

Between farming, childrearing, and plant gathering, John Bartram was hard-pressed to keep his garden neat for visitors

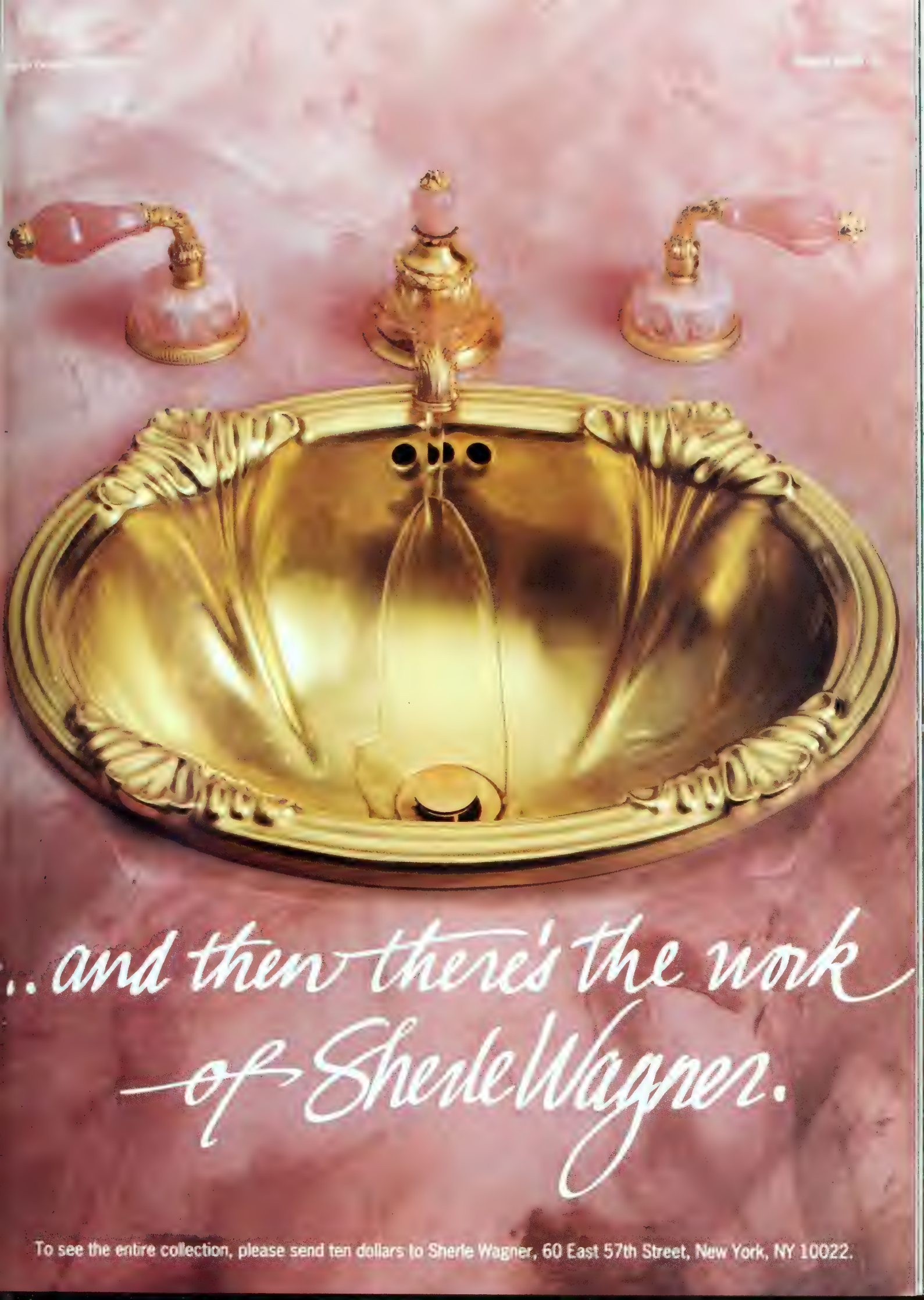
William (1739–1823) was the most eager student. As a young man, he accompanied his father on collecting trips in Pennsylvania, New York, and Florida. He developed a comprehensive knowledge of plants, birds, and other wildlife as well as a remarkable ability to depict them in words and watercolors. In 1774 William embarked on a major expedition that would establish him as rightful heir to John's reputation as this continent's foremost naturalist. Traveling 2,400 miles on foot, on horseback, and by boat through a region that now comprises North and South Carolina, Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Louisiana, and Mississippi, the younger Bartram collected, recorded, and drew hundreds of plants then unknown to the scientific world. He brought many back to propagate in the family garden. Others he sent to England where his botanical patron, John Fothergill, and an enthusiastic coterie of horticulturists introduced them to Europe.

Among the Bartrams' best-known exports are the pawpaw (*Asimina triloba*), oakleaf hydrangea (*Hydrangea quercifolia*), Oswego tea or bee balm (*Monarda didyma*), striped maple (*Acer pensylvanicum*), garden phlox (*Phlox paniculata*), wood lily (*Lilium philadelphicum*), and several species of native azalea and rhododendron. The Bartrams' discovery of the franklinia helped save this flowering tree from extinction. Sadly, because William did not publish an account of his trip until 1791 and because few of his paintings were reproduced in his lifetime, many of his botanical finds have been credited to others. For those who know the history of American horticulture, however, he and his father will always rank among the patriarchs.

The house and garden remained in Bartram family hands until 1850, when they were purchased by the industrialist Andrew Eastwick. In 1891 Eastwick's gardener, Thomas Meehan, a renowned nurseryman in his own right, convinced the city of Philadelphia to buy and preserve the site as a permanent monument to John and William Bartram. Today the city-owned property is operated by the John Bartram Association, whose members include scores of descendants of the remarkable man who began puttering in the garden 264 years ago. ▲

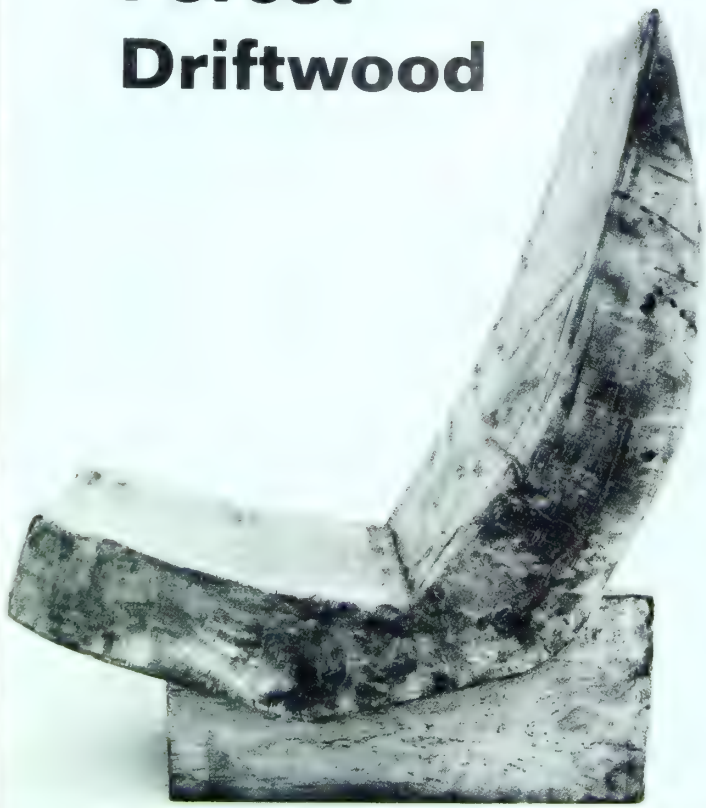
For visitors information: John Bartram Association, 54 St. and Lindbergh Blvd., Philadelphia, PA 19143; (215) 729-5281.





To see the entire collection, please send ten dollars to Sherle Wagner, 60 East 57th Street, New York, NY 10022.

Rain Forest Driftwood



BY HEATHER SMITH MACISAAC



Renato Varela, above, in a throne chair crafted from a canoe. Left: A chair made from a found chunk of pequi wood. Details see Resources.

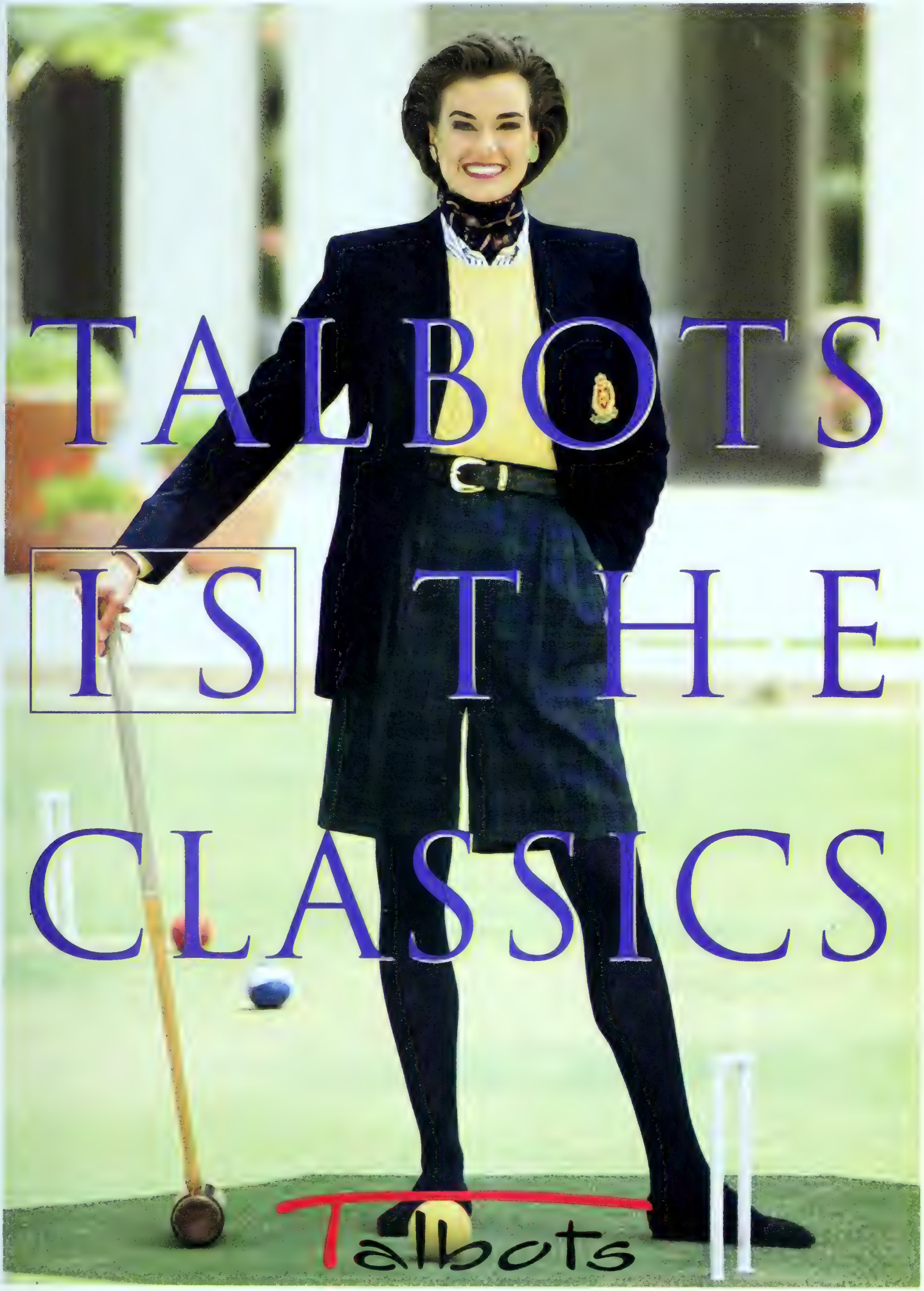
Renato Varela crafts his own way of saving rare Brazilian woods

Long before environmental concerns became a dictate of design, Renato Varela was busy saving a bit of the rain forest piece by piece. Seventeen years ago he sold his car parts store and moved to a pristine village on Brazil's east coast. Soon enough he "figured out how to make furniture, since there was nothing else to do."

Varela typically spends mornings on the water scouting for driftwood; afternoons, he heads for the forest in search of fallen trees and odd roots and stumps. The only materials he has ever paid for are old hand-hewn canoes. "Like many things in Brazil," he explains, "my method of working is more instinctive than cultivated." He likes to roll a hunk of wood until it comes to rest and then climb on top to intuit the form it should take. His favorite objects are those that seem to come together naturally, such as a chaise longue that took its lines from the gently curving roots of a tree. Varela's furniture has an unprocessed sculptural feel that is gaining fans from Salvador, Brazil—home of his gallery Arte Sana—to Manhattan. Last spring a New York show of his work, produced by the photography studio Industria, featured dark-wood pieces set on white sand lit only by skylights and candles. It was a striking introduction not only to rare rain forest woods but also to a man with a talent for knowing when to leave well enough alone. ▲



Oiticica, a strong dark wood, is crafted into an hourglass pedestal, above, a throne, below, and a table, left, with a base made from the hollow stump of a tambor ocado tree.

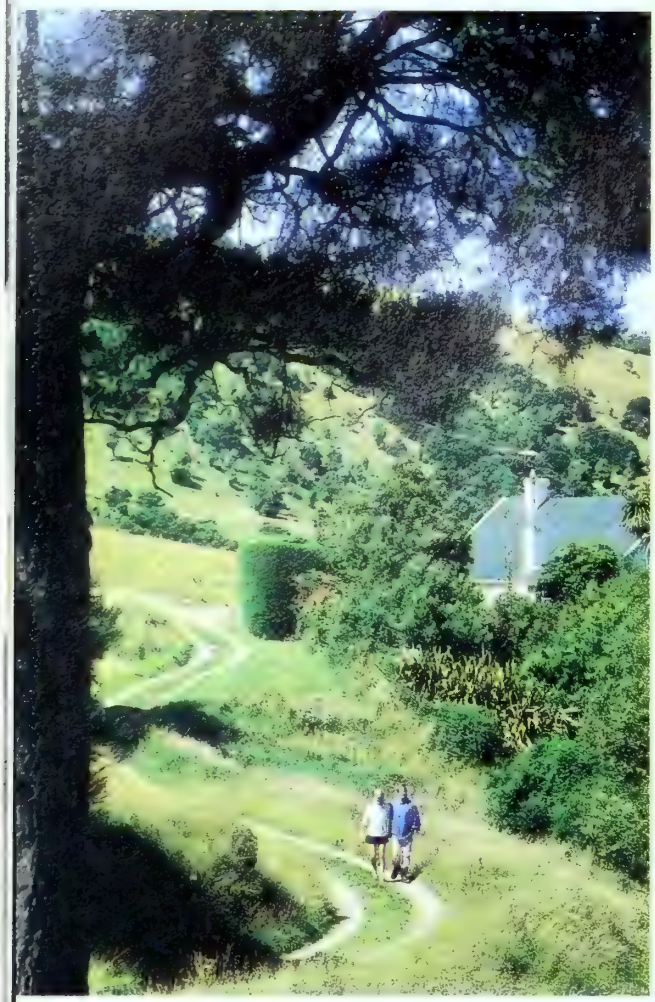


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A Californian Goes Kiwi

More than 6,000 miles away in New Zealand, a San Francisco novelist found his ideal weekend place BY ARMISTEAD MAUPIN



My boyfriend, Terry Anderson, and I discovered New Zealand's Banks Peninsula in early 1990 at the weary end of an international book tour. After bidding farewell to the last reporter, we rented a car in Christchurch and set off on a leisurely loop around South Island, ending up in Akaroa, the southernmost French settlement in the world. We glimpsed the village first from the peninsula's historic Hilltop Tavern, gazing down on an impossibly blue harbor making jigsaw dents in the volcanic hills, and were instantly seduced. Our hostess at a local inn, a transplanted Californian, recognized the crazed light in our eyes and told us about a small colonial farmstead for sale across the harbor.

The next morning, without waiting for an estate agent to guide us, we took off in search of the property. After several false starts—and a phone call back to the innkeeper—we found it at the end of a winding dirt road: a two-acre or so plot containing an empty farmhouse, a cowshed, several outbuildings, and an apple orchard. Peering furtively into windows, we determined that the interior of the house was dark and cramped and, worse yet, paneled with characterless fiberboard. Still, the old garden had been lovingly maintained, and the view of the South Pacific out through the headlands was nothing short of heart-stopping.

Here, we realized, was the weekend house we had always dreamed of in northern California, complete with a babbling brook, a huge Monterey cypress, and a wraparound vista of grazing sheep. What's more, the price was comparable to that of a nice garage back in the Mission District, our neighborhood in San Francisco. The only daunting part was the prospect of a "summer place" at the bottom of the world where no other landmass stood between us and Antarctica. Could anyone in his right mind construe this as a practical commute?

The thought that we might be victims of end-of-tour hysteria occurred to us immediately, so we avoided the subject for a while and lost ourselves in sightseeing. We booked onto the Canterbury Cat, a local tour boat, in the

The renovated farmhouse, top right, was named after a kahikatea tree overhanging the drive, top left, where Maupin, at right, walks with Terry Anderson. Above left: Books line the entrance hall near the living room.



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Anderson and Maupin, top left. Top right: David Hockney laser prints on the wall of a "dozing nook" were a gift from the artist. Left: A counter of native rimu. Above: The tub has a view of Akaroa Harbor.

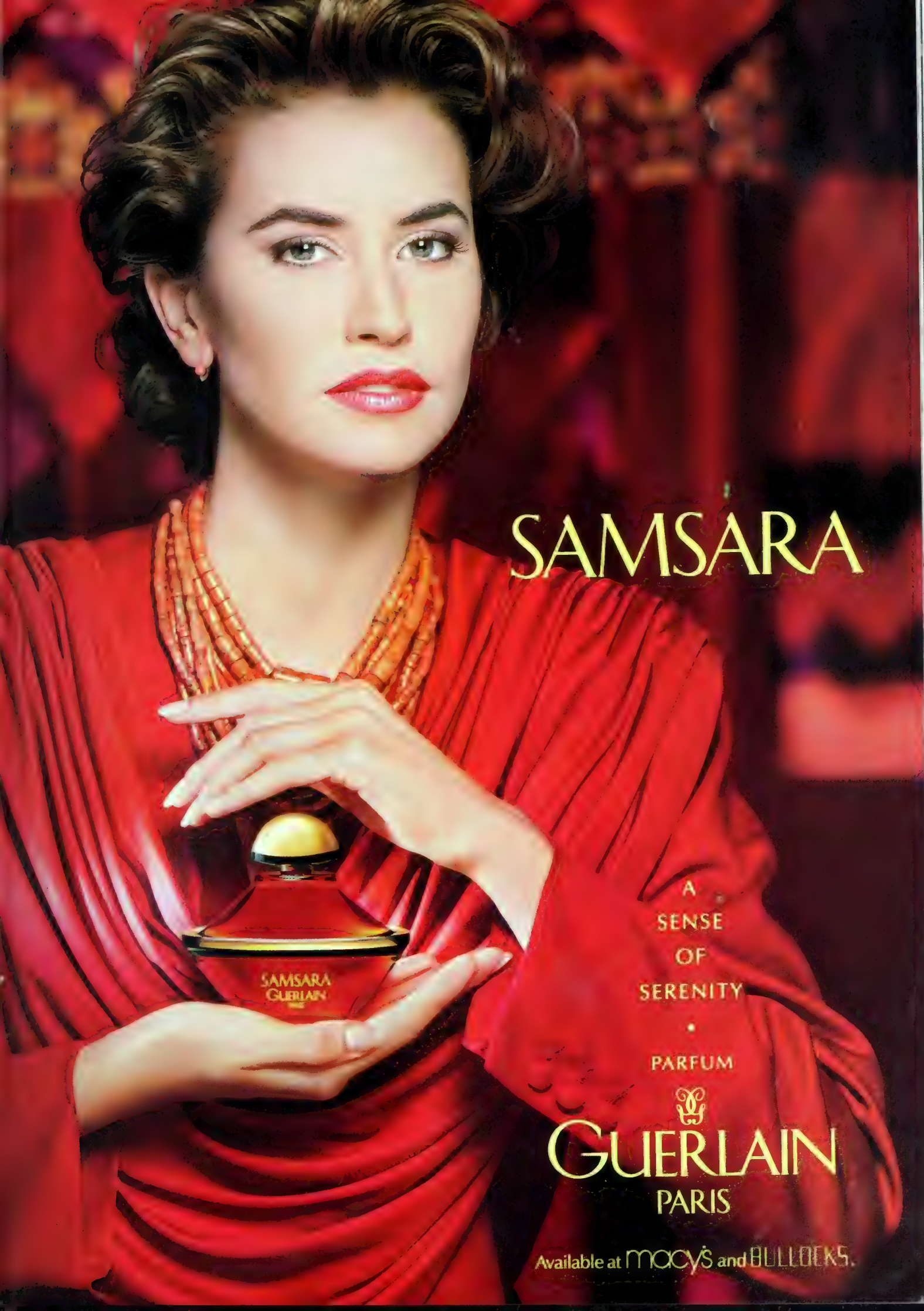
We sought to reflect the local blend of English coziness and South Seas abandon

hope of spotting one of the rare Hector's dolphins—among the world's smallest—that make their home in Akaroa Harbor. We saw several little blue penguins and a cormorant or two, but there wasn't a dolphin in sight. One of them had died earlier in the week, the captain explained, so the rest were most likely in mourning.

Disappointed, I let my mind wander back to our previous obsession. I scanned the nearest hillside with my telephoto lens until I found the telltale cypress and, beneath it, the little iron-roofed house. As I handed the camera to Terry and we began to fantasize anew, we heard a collective gasp from the people next to us and turned to see a trio of Hector's dolphins, frisky as poodles, cavorting off the bow. If their perfect timing wasn't an omen, it seemed enough like one to set our minds racing again. It was our last day there, but on our way to the airport we opened an account at the Bank of New Zealand. And less than two months later, we closed the deal by mail from San Francisco.

The following July, while I was in New York sweating over the book for a musical, Terry returned to the chilly Antipodes to begin renovation of the house. Working with a local contractor, he tore out the offending fiberboard to reveal the original "matched lining" (tongue and groove paneling) of native rimu. He replaced the modern mismatched windows along the veranda with French doors he found in salvage yards and ripped out several interior walls. He designed a new kitchen, using rimu for the countertops. Perhaps most dramatically, he created a windowed alcove on the veranda for a large bathtub commanding a view of the South Pacific. "Just make sure it's supported," he told the builder. "This thing has to hold two fat men and a lot of water."

We named the place Kahikatea—or, more accurately, renamed it, since it had once been called that—after the venerable native tree that stands where our driveway crosses the creek. Taking occupancy in mid October, just as spring was arriving, we received a welcome as warm as the weather. A neighbor we'd never met had filled every room of the house with flowers from her own garden and left a batch of homemade brownies on the kitchen table. Another neighbor spent most of the day unclogging our spring and teaching us the mysteries of our water supply. Even more amazingly, our local postie (mail carrier) let us know that she would gladly deliver to our door any items we might have forgotten at the general store. By the time we joined our fellow valley dwellers and their kids for a Guy Fawkes Day bonfire at the beach, we felt as if we'd lived there all our lives.


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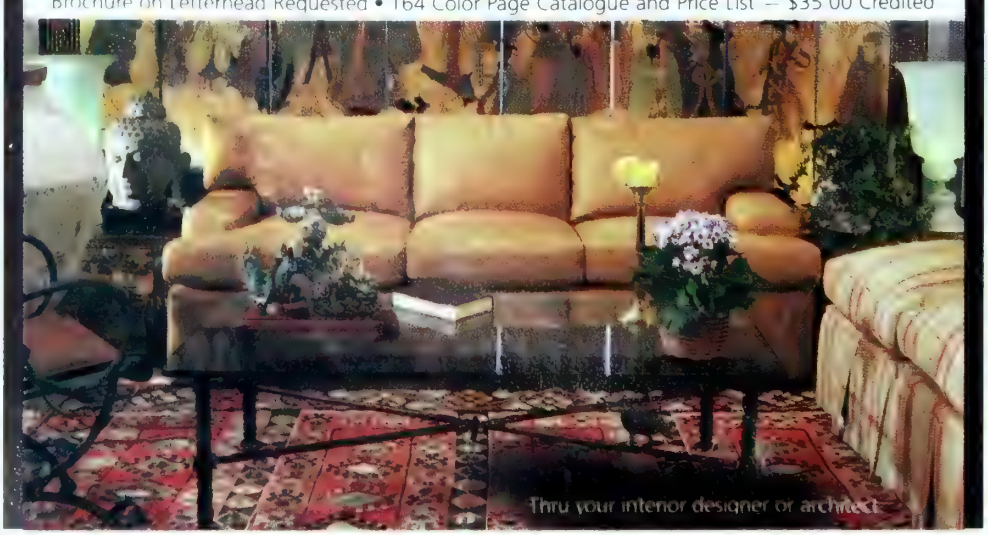
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Early in that first stay we realized that the cowshed was of no real use to us—and was blocking a great view of the hills—so we had it removed and a lawn planted in its place. Ray Wright, a landscape designer from nearby Wairewa, began a long-term program to restore portions of the property to its original native state. (Much of the Banks Peninsula was brutally deforested in the last century.) So pleased were we by the new growth that last year we bought fifteen additional acres of bush surrounding the driveway, with further regeneration schemes in mind.

Over the past two years we've furnished the house with pieces we've found in second-hand stores in Christchurch. An antique kauri chest we unearthed in the back of the cowshed responded beautifully to restoration. Our friend David Hockney sent us laser prints of his latest oil paintings to brighten the walls, and we imported from Berkeley—somewhat to the amusement of our neighbors—a collection of 1930s New Zealand travel posters. In decorating we tried to suggest a cross between a beach cottage and a mountain cabin, since the house reminds us of both. We also sought to reflect the curious blend of English coziness and South Seas abandon that characterizes this corner of the world.

One day I hope to build a studio on the slope above the creek, but for the moment I do my writing in the bedroom to an absurdly melodious chorus of bellbirds and wood pigeons. Since business inevitably follows us, Terry manages affairs from an office nook by the fireplace. So far, we've been spending about three months a year here during the temperate Kiwi summer. Friends visiting from the States and the U.K. revel in the toasty weather and the three hours of daylight after dinner. Even then, though, the wind can whip in suddenly from the Pole, biting and wet, and we huddle in blankets around the fire, wondering what happened to paradise. It becomes increasingly obvious why our predecessors put up all that fiberboard. ▲



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High on the Hog

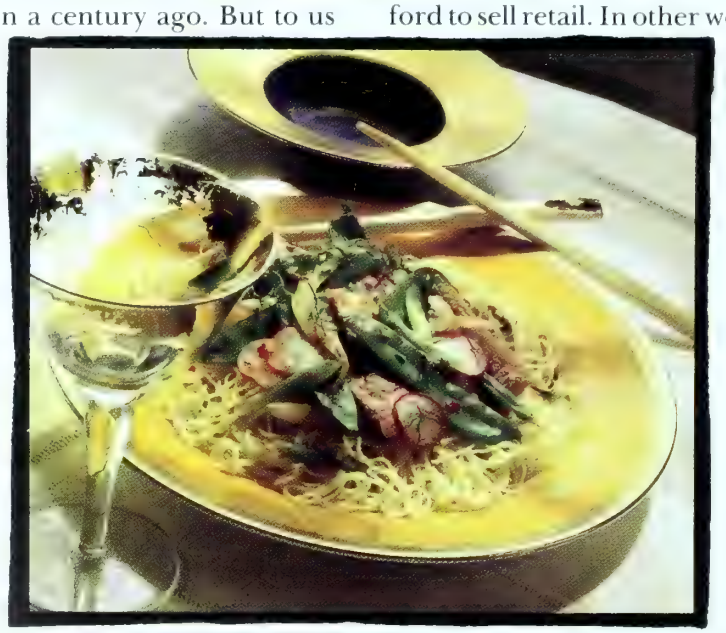


Basil and pistachio stuffing makes a rolled pork loin roast, left, that's company fare. Below: Stir-fried pork with fennel, snow peas, and scallions on a Rorstrand plate. Details see Resources.

No matter how you slice it, pork isn't just another white meat BY LESLIE LAND

SEPTEMBER IN MAINE IS SUMMER'S END. HERE ON THE coast trees are still green, but the first leaves are starting to turn. Waves of purple asters lap the roadsides, and plump potatoes, winter squash, sweet beets, and carrots are ready. At last it's time for grilled pork chops and roast fresh ham with basil and pistachio stuffing, time to cook the porcini that spangle the woods into fresh pork and wild mushroom stew.

Fresh pork is no longer a seasonal item; refrigeration put an end to that more than a century ago. But to us traditionally minded types, it will always be the meat of fall, as closely linked to the shorter days and sharp air of autumn as lamb to the new grass and balmy breezes of spring.



It may be the accompaniments: apple cider to spark a cream gravy in the Norman style or the first crisp fresh sauerkraut of the season, its ivory strands sopping up the juices of simple Pennsylvania Dutch spareribs baked with onions, celery, and black pepper.

These northern European ways with pork are classics of American home cooking as well; they've been with us since the earliest colonists. Yet China is the world's leading pork producer and consumer, and they don't call Mexican food "Aztec cooking plus pigs" for nothing. Once pork season comes, I'm as likely to stir-fry bits of the meat with fennel and snow peas or to use it as the base for a multi-peppered chili touched with bitter chocolate as I am to make old-fashioned country sausage with sage or scalloped pork chops with potatoes in milk.

From crown roast with English mustard to Indonesian saté with peanut sauce, I went from neophyte to pork meister in one fell fall the year a yen for organic pork made me owner of an entire pig, 160 pounds dressed weight. Although it's still uncommon, genuinely organic pork in much smaller amounts is now available in a few specialty stores and by mail order, but as recently as five years ago buying flavorful, healthful, humanely raised meat was like buying drugs: you had to know somebody. The person I knew was a folk singer/farmer named Pixie Lauer, who, like most small-scale producers, couldn't afford to sell retail. In other words, all or nothing. So I took the lot and had much of it custom-smoked, then I roasted, fried, grilled, sautéed, stir-fried, stewed, braised, and sausaged the rest. Except, of course, the splendid lard, which produced flaky piecrust and tender tamales, doughnuts to die for, and considerable fame for my fried chicken.

Delicate unadulterated lard is to the supermarket stuff as the finest first-pressing virgin olive oil is to generic vegetable oil. It's also, surprisingly, lower in cholesterol than butterfat. Are pork producers vocal about this? Fat chance. After all, an industry publicist once assured me, "Lard doesn't come from pigs."

These are the folks whose advertising calls pork "the other white meat." Presumably you're supposed to think of chicken: low in calories and cholesterol, endlessly adaptable in the recipe department, inexpensive, easy to prepare. The "like chicken" mantra has been used to sanitize everything from rattlesnake to rabbit. It's an insult to good pork, a succulent and substantial meat that has very little in common with poultry.

Ironically, modern pork is starting to be a lot like mod-

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Grilled pork chop wreathed in vegetables; flatware from Bergdorf Goodman, NYC.

Once a fat hog was a good hog. No more. And that can be a problem for cooks

ern chicken. Specialized factory farms are rapidly displacing smaller old-fashioned operations; the sound ecology of the barnyard is being replaced by conditions of confinement that mock the idea of humane care while costing dearly in energy and environmental degradation. And not coincidentally, the firm flavorful pork of the recent past is giving way to flabby bland meat, more likely than not dosed with antibiotics, which has only a lowered fat content to recommend it.

From the earliest domestication of pigs, roughly 3000 B.C., until vegetable oils and petroleum distillates put lard out of business at the end of World War II, the fat of the pig was a valued commodity, good for everything from greasing lug nuts to frying doughnuts—and for making the soap you could use to wash up afterwards. A fat hog was a good hog. No more. Over the past fifty years breeders concentrating on chicken comparisons have brought the fat content of pigs down by one third to one half, depending how you measure and which year you choose as a base. Most of the change in the meat itself has come in the past decade, to the point where three ounces of the leanest pork is now marginally lower in calories and cholesterol than three ounces of skinless chicken breast. And it's just as likely as skinless chicken breast to taste like sawdust if it's overcooked.

In the old days it was widely believed that pork was dangerous if it showed the slightest trace of pink; authorities recommended an internal temperature of 185 degrees Fahrenheit. Fortunately the fat marbled through the meat helped to keep the pork juicy and gave cooks quite a bit of leeway in the doneness department, though even then 185 degrees was way too much. In fact, trichinae are killed at 137 degrees, slightly below the accepted temperature for rare beef, and even the U.S. Department of Agriculture's Meat and Poultry Hotline (800-535-4555), a conservative outfit if ever there was one, has come around to a fairly temperate 160 degrees. I'm a 150–155 degree fan myself, and Judy Rodgers of San Francisco's Zuni Café says she pulls her justly famous arista—a rosemary- and garlic-scented semicured rib roast—from the oven even sooner.

Of course, Rodgers is using pork sold by the Niman-Schell Ranch in Bolinas, California, which also supplies pork to Chez Panisse, Stars, Square One, and the Lark Creek Inn in the Bay Area and Lora in New York, whose chef and co-owner Lora Zarubin explains, "Natural pork just tastes better. You can taste the grain. The difference is deliciousness; I don't know how else to say it."
(For mail-order suppliers of organic pork see Resources.)

COMPANY ROAST PORK

- 4–5 large cloves garlic, minced fine
- 4 cups basil leaves, coarsely minced
- 1 cup lightly roasted pistachio nuts, coarsely chopped
- ⅓ cup golden raisins
- 1 egg, beaten
- Fresh pork leg, 8½–9 pounds, boned but not rolled
- 1 large carrot, thinly sliced
- 1 large stalk celery, thinly sliced
- 1 large onion, thinly sliced
- 2½ tablespoons fat from the roasting pan
- 4 tablespoons flour
- 2 cups pork or chicken stock
- ½ cup Madeira
- Salt

To make stuffing, combine the first five ingredients. If desired, make stock from the bone the butcher removed from the roast.

Preheat oven to 400 degrees. Place the meat on the work surface, skin side down, and spread it out. There will be a small roughly triangular chunk that is barely connected to the rest. Cut it off and reserve for another use.

Cut off the tough skin but not the fat layer beneath. Trim away all other fat and gristle, including the large lump at the hock. You should now have a roughly rectangular roast that weighs about 6 pounds.

Cut small slits deep into the meat, working with the grain. Enlarge the slits with the handle of a wooden spoon and press in as much of the stuffing as possible. Repeat until the meat is well marbled, smear excess into the natural crevices, then tie the roast into a compact rectangle.

Line a shallow roasting pan with the sliced vegetables, pour in ⅓ cup water, and lay the roast on top, fat side up. Cook 25 minutes, then reduce heat to 350 degrees and cook 1½–2 hours, until a meat thermometer registers 155 degrees; if vegetables show signs of burning, add small amount of water. Remove roast and keep warm.

To make gravy, place fat in a large heavy saucepan over medium heat. When the fat sizzles, stir in the flour.

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Lower heat and cook about 5 minutes, stirring frequently, until flour is lightly browned. Add ¾ cup water to the roasting pan and stir well to dislodge browned bits. Pour through a coarse strainer, pressing juices from vegetables. Remove fat and add enough pork or chicken stock to make 3 cups of liquid. Slowly whisk it into the flour mixture. Add the Madeira.

Raise heat to medium high and cook the gravy about 20 minutes, whisking frequently until it coats a spoon. Add salt to taste and 1–2 tablespoons Madeira if desired.

Just before serving, slice the meat ¼-inch thick across the grain. Add any juices to the gravy, stir well, and transfer to a sauceboat. Serves 12.

Rolled Pork Loin Variation To make a rolled loin, have the butcher butterfly a 3-pound loin roast (explain that it is to be rolled). Make half the recipe for stuffing, using a whole egg beaten. Place the meat fat side down on the work surface, spread with stuffing, then roll and tie securely at ½-inch intervals. Place on the vegetable bed and roast 15 minutes in a 425-degree oven; reduce heat to 375 and roast 45 minutes more. Remove roast and keep warm. Make the gravy, using half the ingredients listed. Serves 6.

GRILLED PORK CHOPS WITH DEEP ROOTS

- ¾ pound beets
- ¾ cup olive oil
- 5 tablespoons lemon juice
- 2 large cloves garlic, thinly sliced
- 6 center-cut loin pork chops, ¾-inch thick
- 1½ tablespoons butter
- 2 large onions, thinly sliced
- ¾ pound carrots, cut in ¼-inch slices
- ¾ pound parsnips, cut in ¼-inch slices
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 6 lemon wedges

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Place beets in a shallow pan. Cover tightly and bake about 40 minutes, until tender when tested with a knife. Let cool and reserve. (Beets may be cooked a day in advance; allow to return to room temperature before using.)

Combine oil, ¼ cup lemon juice, and garlic in a shallow nonreactive dish large enough to hold the chops in one layer. Add chops, turn, then cover and marinate 2 hours at room temperature or 6 hours in refrigerator, turning once. (Return meat to room temperature before cooking.)

About 40 minutes before serving, melt butter in a heavy 10-inch skillet, add onions, and cook stirring frequently over low heat, 25 minutes, until golden brown. Peel beets and dice into ¾-inch pieces.

Preheat broiler. Place carrots and parsnips in a saucepan with 2 tablespoons marinade from the chops and 3 tablespoons water. Cover and cook over medium heat 6–8 minutes, until vegetables are just tender and water has evaporated. Add remainder of the lemon juice and the sugar and salt. Stir in beets, cover, and turn off heat.

Drain the chops and pat dry. Broil 4–5 minutes on each side, about 3 inches from heat. Centers should be slightly pink. Make a wreath of vegetables on each plate; place a chop in the middle. Garnish with lemon. Serves 6.

STIR-FRIED PORK WITH FENNEL, SNOW PEAS, AND SCALLIONS

- 2 large heads fennel
- 1 pound lean pork
- 2½ tablespoons peanut oil
- ½ pound snow peas
- 2 bunches scallions, cut in ½-inch lengths, including 2 inches of green tops
- 3 large cloves garlic, finely shredded
- 1 tablespoon finely shredded ginger
- 2–3 tablespoons minced chili pepper
- ½ teaspoon fennel seeds
- 4 red radishes, thinly sliced
- 1 tablespoon tamari
- Salt

Cut stalks and feathery greens from the fennel bulbs and chop the greens. Save stalks for another use. Slice the bulbs crosswise at ¼-inch intervals and discard the core.

Chill the pork so that it is very firm, then slice into paper-thin pieces no bigger than 1½ inches square. Place a large wok over medium-high heat. When hot, add peanut oil. Stir-fry pork in three batches, removing with a slotted spoon as it changes color, about 1 minute. Do not overcook.

Raise heat to high, add fennel slices and ¼ cup water, and stir-fry about 2 minutes, until water has cooked away and fennel is translucent. Add snow peas and scallions and cook about 2 minutes until peas change color.

Stir in reserved pork and its juices, along with 1 cup chopped fennel greens and the garlic, ginger, chili peppers, and fennel seeds. Cook 1 minute, cover, and turn off heat. Let the mixture steam 1 minute. Stir in radishes, tamari, and salt. Serves 4. ♠

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Urban Homesteading

Redrawing scenes from a Wisconsin childhood, a graphic designer puts down stakes in New York's East Village

BY MARGOT GURALNICK



Bill Anton, right, turned his living room, above, into a trompe l'oeil barn with a ceiling that visually raises the roof. Details see Resources.

If Bill Anton had spent his formative years in Manhattan, chances are his East Village apartment would have smooth white walls, a black canvas sofa, and ceilings without a rafter in sight. But Bill Anton grew up in Wisconsin where early on he learned about the comforts of what he calls camp-style living. His parents, Rusty and Betty, presented him with cowboy boots before he could walk and taught him how to build a fire shortly thereafter. Weekends, the family left their suburban house near Sheboygan and headed for their horse farm—"a goofy midwestern ranch tricked out to look western." By high school Anton had become a seasoned horse trainer, an expert skeet shooter, and the member of his graduating class most likely to become a veterinarian. A soul-searching trip through Central America during his senior year in college, however, led him to switch majors from zoology to design and, soon after, to leave Wisconsin. But only in terms of geography. Though he settled in New York City six years ago and staked his claim on a four-room renovated tenement apartment in 1989, Anton still manages to live down home.

Not that he's home much. At thirty-six, Anton is co-owner and principal designer of a new New York graphic design firm, Service Station, which made its debut by creating every aspect of the graphics for this year's Democratic National Convention, including logos, banners, and the official coffee mug. He is also a senior critic in


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Yale's graphic design program and a "gym rat," meaning when he's not working, he's often working out. But when he puts his key in the door, he opens it to find his own wild kingdom awaiting him. There's a wooden bear carved with a chain saw, a leather pig, tin roosters, dog-patterned pillows, and a snapshot of his old horse, Chic Chic Cody—all in a place more akin to a coop than an urban co-op.

Anton tackled the apartment with the help of several specialists whom he signed on after a thorough screening process. He turned away four paperhangers before finding the right person to tackle the closet-size space that is his front hall. "I wanted someone who was really excited about the job," he says. Sculptor Heidi Schlatter was "so great to have around" that Anton kept finding more windows and doors for her to finish with iron bars bent to look like unruly vines. For furnishings he hunted down comforting familiar objects—a polka-dotted dining table, a wagon wheel chandelier, a fifties floor lamp—and planted them throughout the apartment. "The more I live in it, the more I realize that this whole place is about my childhood—what I had and what I wanted," says Anton. What he always wanted was a giant four-poster—"a bed so high you have to jump to get on and off it." Rustic-furniture maker Daniel Mack filled the bill, going so far as to uproot his own clothesline pole for one of the posts. Decorative painter Elizabeth Dow produced an appropriately surreal setting by engulfing the bedroom in a floor-to-ceiling expanse of radiant clouds and sky.

Next Anton transformed a featureless cubicle into a meditation room as tranquil as an empty pasture by lining it with pine plywood—à la his parents' moderne living room—and little else. In the kitchen he applied more plywood to every vertical surface, including the refrigerator, staining them in primary colors and studding them with flat circular knobs. He keeps the counters clutter-free by storing all his plates, glasses, and utensils in the dishwasher and says the whole setup was inspired by his sister's Barbie dollhouses and Easy Bake ovens: "That's about my level of understanding when it comes to cooking."

The kitchen's saloon-style doors swing out to the living room where Anton decided to take the full sentimental journey and construct a simulated barn. With a sheaf of pencils Elizabeth Dow rendered the entire illusory structure in graphite—knotty boards, broken ceiling timbers, and all. Along one wall she also supplied a faux fieldstone chimney that rises behind a wood mantel which is Anton's "condensed and improved" version of his family's big brick hearth. Fully acclimated to life on his ersatz farm, he likes to spend Sundays "watching the light wash through the spaces." And when neighborhood squirrels climb through the living room windows for a look around, he considers it a good omen. "They feel at home here," he says. ♠

Pine plywood panels and paintings of sunflowers by Christopher Russell line the meditation room, above. Below left: The living room mantel is set against a faux stone chimney. Below center: Custom plywood cabinets and ironwork in the kitchen. Below right: A Daniel Mack bed floats in clouds.







As I See It #8 in a series
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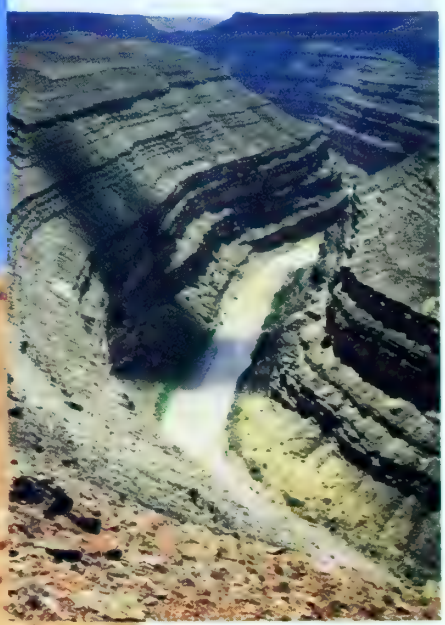
Kitchen Interior Design by SieMatic

Zooming in on Telluride

European filmmakers scan the western horizon before credits roll at the annual festival

BY KATHLEEN TYNAN

I fell in love with the High Southwest the first time I joined Tom Luddy's caravan bound for the Labor Day weekend film festival in Telluride, Colorado. Every year Tom, a producer with Zoetrope and a codirector of the nineteen-year-old gathering of cinéastes and film buffs, guides friends through canyons and tablelands for three or four days. John Ford may have explored the area's astonishing natural beauty before Tom, but no one has done more to introduce this landscape to foreign filmmakers—Werner Herzog, Agnès Varda, Krzysztof Zanussi, Dušan Makavejev, Alain Tanner, Maurice Pialat, Barbet Schroeder, Bertrand Tavernier, Beeban Kidron, and Stephen Frears, among them. Wim Wenders's experience influenced his film *Paris, Texas* and his collection of photographs, *Written in the West.*





On the road with producer Tom Luddy, below right, an English visitor and Pacific Film Archive director Edith Kramer explore Monument Valley, left. Last year Luddy led his caravan of movie buffs through southeastern Utah and along the San Juan River, above, to Telluride, Colorado, inset left, where the film festival marks the end of summer.

One year in Monument Valley, Russian director Andrei Tarkovsky raged, "Only the materialistic Americans could use this landscape to shoot Westerns. We Russians would kneel down and worship this as a place to make films about God!" On another trip I spotted Andrei Smirnov, head of what was then the Soviet Filmmakers Union, calling from a public phone to invite Alexander Solzhenitsyn to celebrate his birthday in Moscow. That was also the year we picked up a Japanese filmmaker hitchhiking to Telluride without benefit of a word of English.

But it is not only foreign filmmakers who love the Southwest; it is foreigners per se. Everywhere we travel in the Four Corners region where New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado, and Utah meet, we find Europeans enjoying this uncrowded inexpensive wonderland. Driving on side roads for a day we encounter no more than one or two other vehicles. Instead we see cattle and horses and, if we're lucky, desert bighorn, mule deer, col-





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lared lizards, golden eagles, mountain bluebirds, rock squirrels, along with rice grass, sego lilies, Indian paintbrush, and a variety of trees.

And we see rock, 300 million years of living rock in red, green, gray, terra-cotta, ocher, lemon yellow: buttes, monuments, spires, arches, sandstone fins, canyons formed by rivers whose U-shaped bends geologists call entrenched meanders.

Last year Tom led us through southeastern Utah, described by Robert L. Casey in *Journey to the High Southwest* as the "most intense concentration of incredible multicolored landforms in the world." We drove from Las Vegas to Zion National Park where we climbed up under the Weeping Rock and gazed at the sharp green canyon floor. Then on to Bryce Canyon to admire the delicately carved sandstone spires and twisted pinnacles by sunset. At Bryce we stayed at Ruby's Inn, where excellent broccoli soup, fried chicken, and pecan pie plus wine cost less than $40 for three people.

Day two took us to the remote but spectacular Escalante canyon system. From the tiny farming and ranching town of Boulder—where mail was delivered by mule until 1938—and the Anasazi Indian Village State Historical Monument, we cut off on the Burr Trail, north to Capitol Reef National Park, then along the Fremont River, lush with cottonwood, to Hanksville and south to the Glen Canyon National Recreation Area. The van was full of music: Kate and Anna McGarrigle's *Heartbeats Accelerating*, Brazilian jazz with Flora Purim, some standby Mozart. At Bullfrog Resort and Marina on Lake Powell, the man-made lake that harnesses the Colorado River, we settled in for the night at the very comfortable Defiance House Lodge.

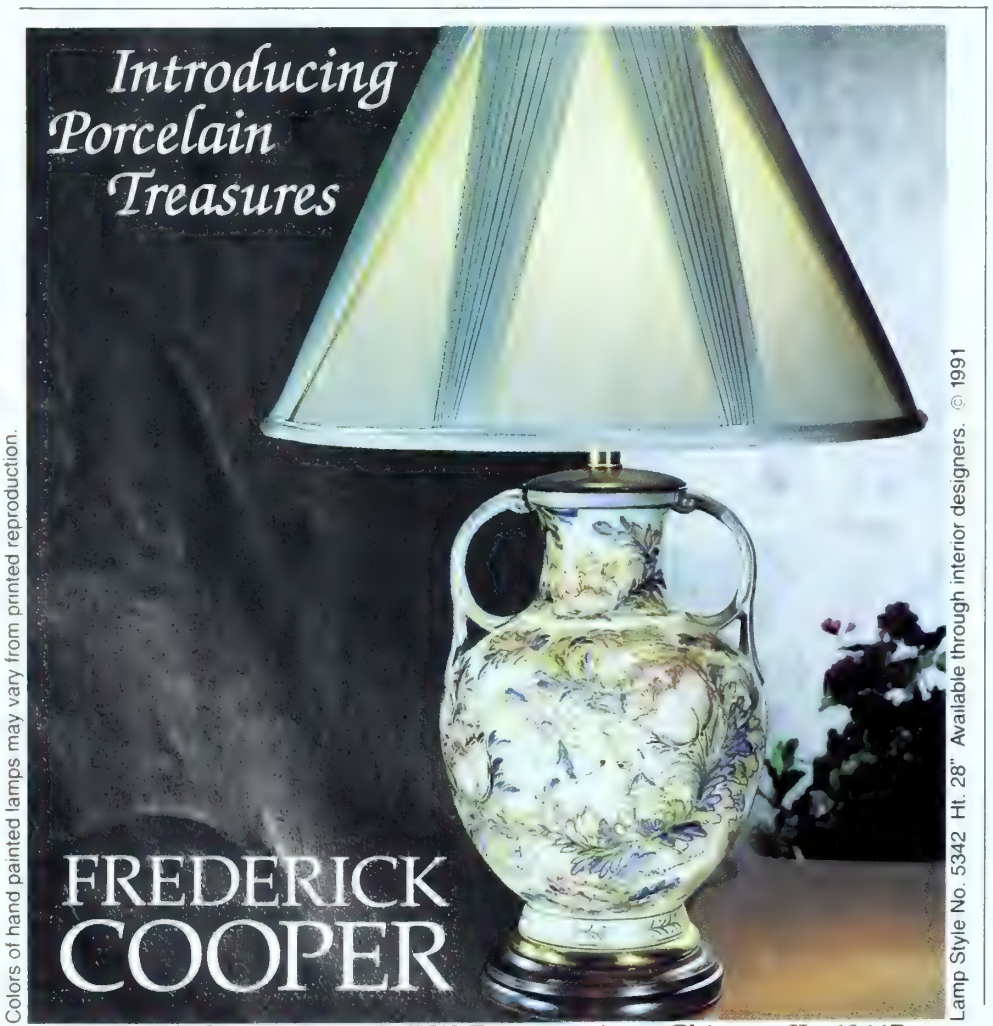
Early the next morning we took our van by ferry across the lake and drove to the Valley of the Gods. I listened, on the advice of the redoubtable Luddy, to the Soviet composer Alfred Schnittke's Concerto Grosso No. 1. That afternoon we reached Monument Valley, where we had booked horses with Edward Y. Black's Monument Valley Trail Rides. We rode through God's land for three hours, then dined at the modest but appealing San Juan Inn in Mexican Hat with Ed and his schoolteacher wife, Maybelle.

Ed, who plays an active role in Navajo ceremonial life, had once assured me that the Indians had horses long before the advent of the Spaniards. This time I dared to ask him where the horses came from. "In God's land there is a heavenly horse," I was told. "God gave the people the dirt, the grime, from this horse's skin. And they mixed it with diamonds and gems to make the Indian horse. It was a serious business. But there were two guys who didn't take it seriously, and instead of making a horse they made a donkey."

As we traveled on to Durango, Colorado, the next day, the canyons were replaced by plateaus, which in turn gave way to foothills and farms. Then we began the climb into the Rockies past the remains of old mines—the Yankee Girl, the Orphan Boy, the National Belle—to Silverton, Ouray, and, finally, Telluride, frontier towns now tamed for tourists.

Telluride, first settled as a mining camp in 1876 and the site of Butch Cassidy's debut as a bank robber, was later commandeered by hippies and most recently by resort developers—it's the next Aspen, for better or worse. Now that we're here, we catch our breath and feel our hearts pound. It's not merely the altitude of some 8,700 feet, but also the promise of four days of great moviegoing—premieres, retrospectives, works in progress. We will discuss, argue, eat, drink, and enjoy the international film community. And we'll talk about which part of the Southwest we should see next year. ♠

For visitors information: Ruby's Inn, U63 Highway, Bryce, UT 84764, (801-834-5341); Defiance House Lodge, Bullfrog Resort and Marina, Box 4055, Bullfrog Lake Powell, UT 84533, (801-684-2233); Edward Y. Black, Monument Valley Trail Rides (801-739-4285); San Juan Inn, Box 535, Mexican Hat, UT 84531, (801-683-2220).



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In the Royal Mold





An aristocratic tradition flourishes at the Sèvres porcelain works BY CHRISTOPHER PETKANAS




An artisan dips a plate into an enamel bath, top, a traditional glazing technique. Center left: The "breast bowl," a 1787 commission from Louis XVI for Marie Antoinette. Center right: Drying racks with breast bowls in progress. Above left: Applying a trompe l'oeil finish to a teapot designed in 1984 by Adrian Saxe. Above right: Painting a floral plate first made in 1840.

One of the most passionate and touching chapters in the rich history of French porcelain has Madame de Pompadour reputedly searching for a way to recapture the friendship, if not the love, of Louis XV. It seems the king's head had been turned by the comtesse de Choiseul and Pompadour was out as mistress. Playing on the sovereign's great desire for status, she presented him with the idea of investing in a promising new factory specializing in porcelain, a product sought by European rulers as a symbol of power, taste, and position. Nancy Mitford writes that Pompadour even planted her garden with china flowers, anointed them to smell like real ones, and fooled the king, who quickly sunk money into what later became the National Manufactory of Sèvres—and reinstated Pompadour into his inner circle.

But Madame de Pompadour's personal victory was nothing compared with the boon the factory represented for the decorative arts of her country. Granted royal status in 1753, Sèvres became the most important porcelain works in Europe during the second half of the eighteenth century, even shouldering out the acknowledged masters at Meissen in Saxony of whom the French court was so jealous. A gratified but greedy Louis XV for a time prohibited anyone else in France from making porcelain

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Throwing a teacup, top. Above: Plaster molds, including many vintage examples still in use. Right: A plate adorned with a French landscape, c. 1830. Left: An 1876 wood-fired kiln. Below: Sculpting the details on a figure of Mozart assembled from 36 stamp-molded pieces. Details see Resources.



and held his own annual sales of the factory's wares in his dining room at Versailles.

As a nascent enterprise, the company drew notice for dinner services with intricate borders and Boucheresque center motifs set off by such lush ground colors as bleu celeste and rose Pompadour. Production has never ceased and every stylistic period from Empire to art deco has received full expression at Sèvres, which is now state run under the aegis of the French Ministry of Culture. Experimental work continues thanks to a program offering selected ceramists from around the world the opportunity to work and live at the factory, still in the town of Sèvres on the banks of the Seine. "Our goal has always been to make objects that you've never seen before," says head scientist Antoine d'Albis, citing a 1787 bowl in the shape of a breast—a commission from Louis XVI for Marie Antoinette's dairy at Rambouillet—and a 1984 wood-grained teapot with a snail-form spout.

As in the earliest days at Sèvres, each piece—and there are only about five thousand produced every year—is handmade and hand-decorated using clays, pigments, metals, enamels, and glazes prepared on the premises. One of the glories of the factory is its ability to turn out any piece from its 254-year history, no matter how labor intensive. A tray depicting two lovers and a Peeping Tom is painted today just as it was in 1766—with all the detail of a miniature oil on canvas. When a septuagenarian artisan was asked how long it takes her to polish the gold palmette frieze on a $1,000 dinner plate, she replied, "exactly 450 minutes"—or thirty minutes less than the eight hours in her workday.

Sèvres maintains a staff of 170 handpicked craftsmen, who must first pass an entrance exam and then apprentice for three years. Nobody works for the wages. A trainee takes home approximately $870 a month; a veteran with twenty-five years experience, $1,250. Selling exclusively from the factory shop, a Paris boutique, and the Baccarat stores in Japan, the company itself is hardly focused on turning a profit. "Rather," says Albis, "our purpose is to create porcelain that will occupy an important place in history." Sèvres also exists to keep France's Élysée Palace, National Assembly, senate, ministries, and embassies around the world flush with china. "The way our porcelain is treated by the embassies sometimes is distressing," deadpans Albis, who is responsible for replacing every chipped teacup. Cradling a saucer, he wonders how anyone could fail to feel "its strength, its power, the absolutely perfect rapport between weight and volume. Sèvres," he says, "is the only porcelain you hold with your hands and your heart." ♠

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Grounded in History

A scholarly appreciation of the past is fertile soil for Deborah Nevins's own landscapes BY PAULA DEITZ



Back in the summer of 1988, just after the crest of the boom years, a columnist for *The Independent* in London conjured up the ultimate fantasy of a new stately home and pleasure ground for a figure he called the Thatcher-era millionaire. For the house design he turned to a young British architect who drew on "ancient values," alluding to classicism without imitating it. For a garden plan, however, he tapped an American, Deborah Nevins, the New York landscape designer who during the past decade has made a solid reputation creating lush gardens and timeless landscapes, mostly for families of the Fortune 500.

Thoroughly grounded in art history, Nevins emerged in 1976 as a curator of the exhibition "Two Hundred Years of American Architectural Drawing" at New York's Cooper-Hewitt Museum. One of the most illuminating offshoots of the Bicentennial, the show and catalogue established Nevins as a perceptive historian of architecture—a field which soon led her to the related area of landscape architecture. After stints as an adjunct professor in landscape history at Barnard College and a museum lecturer, she decided, she says, "to create landscapes rather than write about them."

Her classic survey lecture, a grand tour of landscape history, is still part of her repertoire, though now it helps her to brief potential clients as well as architects, with whom she often collaborates. One recent afternoon Nevins set up her slides for architects at a SoHo firm near her office. "History," she began, "is a source, not a pattern book." With that, she launched into a stream of images—fields divided by hedgerows, circular clearings in woodland, groves of trees, orchards, and allées—to explain a vocabulary she appropriated for her designs without ever making direct quotations. "Some of our strongest forms in landscape design," she says, "are references to primary forms that evolved from agriculture and from community or religious practices." As examples of plantings harking back to traditional configurations she shows a single majestic beech tree positioned above stone steps



On a Long Island estate, top right, Nevins, top left, reinterpreted the formal herb garden. Above: Local stone links arts and crafts–inspired herbaceous borders to a rural New England landscape. Right: Crab apples and a privet hedge create a dramatic allée along a seaside drive.

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"History," Nevins tells clients, "is a source, not a pattern book"

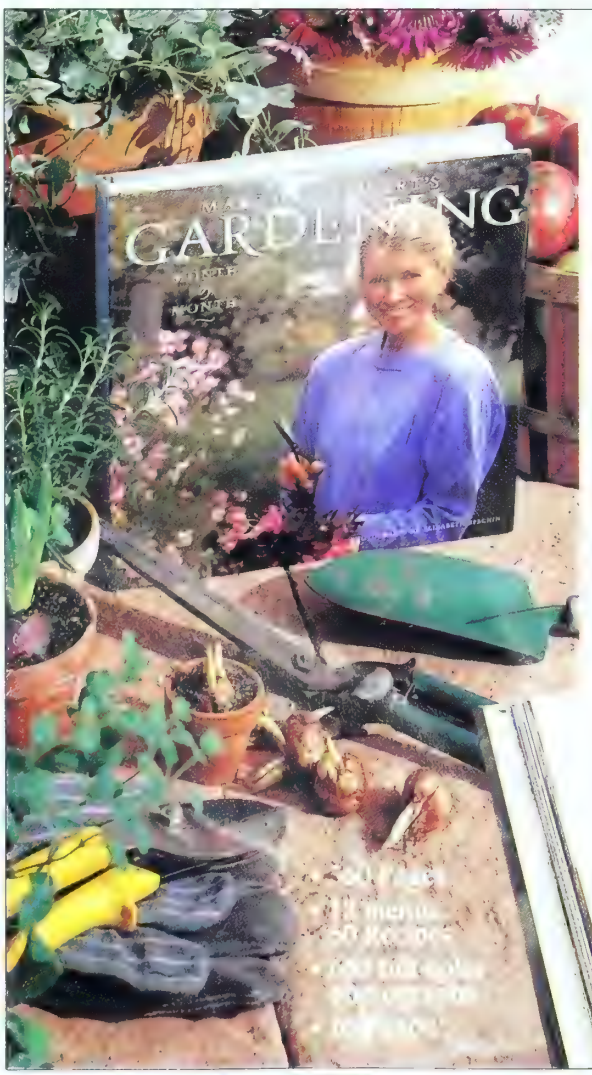
at Hidcote in the Cotswolds and a grove of chestnuts in the place Dauphine in Paris.

Nevins describes the gardens she designs, often suites of open-air enclosures, as "private territories within the exterior world." Her sensitivity to regional character—both in plant selection and in formal composition—binds the private realm to its context. Proposals for new commissions are presented as a mix of site plans, relevant historic views, and photographs of indigenous flora—all mounted on fine paper in bound volumes that rival Humphry Repton's "Red Books" for sheer beauty and clarity of organization. The idea of the garden becomes as exciting as the garden itself.

By defining a progression through a series of spaces, Nevins can make even a small property appear filled with visual incident. In one Long Island garden, for example, a buttressed brick wall separates a geometric arrangement of square parterres of herbs and standard roses from an apple orchard underplanted with spring bulbs and summer wildflowers. On a New England estate, the lawn between luxuriant herbaceous borders in the arts and crafts manner becomes a green corridor to a simple hedge-ringed circle. The individual plots of houses in a new town in Florida have been linked by the repeated verticals of cypresses against the sky. At a working farm in the Midwest, Nevins will plant clumps of full-grown trees in the middle of vast cornfields as confidently as Capability Brown deployed copses in English parks. "I love dense trees," she allows with a smile, as if she knows her passion is self-evident.

Recently Nevins has embarked on a series of gardens surrounding a new Caribbean hideaway that involves an imaginative adaptation of different cultural traditions: vine-draped slat houses, coral-stone paving, a lotus pond based on one in Bali, and a courtyard of citrus trees like those in Seville in almost continuous bloom. Fragrance is the client's mandate, and the night air will be tinged with the scent of jasmine and stephanotis.

If a single image can sum up Nevins's landscape sensibility, it is a treasured photograph by Henri Cartier-Bresson that hangs in her dining room. The 1955 French park scene is akin to Seurat's *A Sunday on La Grande Jatte* in its mixture of formality with fantasy. On one side of a hedge two boys play on a path leading to a river, while on the other, two girls in tutus turn toward a sunlit opening like sprites. "The photograph shows how minimal forms—a hedge or a path—can create intimate spaces within the larger landscape," Nevins says. She could just as well be talking about one of her own gardens. ▲



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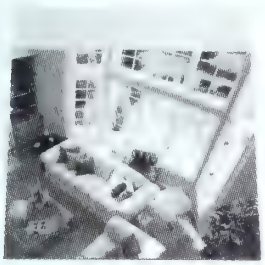
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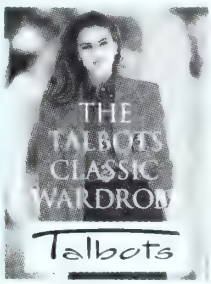


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Country Manors

Simplicity is a precious commodity when American city-dwellers decorate a weekend retreat

BY MARTIN FILLER

A friend of mine has a summer house in Southampton, to me the most beautiful of the resort communities on the eastern end of Long Island. Although his place is in the town's fabled estate area and the house is anything but small, it feels completely unpretentious because of the way it's decorated. There is nothing country kitsch about it: no new pastel quilts, no cabbage-leaf crockery, and certainly no tortuous twig furniture. Neither is it Shaker chic, with that one perfect rocker on a sea of wide-board flooring, a cherry candlestand (bearing one chaste oval maple box) three yards away.



No, this comfortable country house is filled with all sorts of things, most of them picked up at the flea markets, tag sales, and arcade auctions to which the owner is addicted. Some of those objects are really quite good, but nothing is made to seem precious. A Gothic revival stoneware pitcher worth hundreds is just as likely to be used for serving iced tea as a Fostoria glass pitcher bought for fifty cents. What you won't find, though, are silver ice buckets, gold-rimmed lead-glass tumblers, or anything that speaks of obvious expense or urban formality. That's the most important principle that makes a weekend there such a relaxing proposition: although there's lots to delight the eye, nothing is that intimidating.

The simple country life is a distinctly American point of view. In England, where the upper classes often consider their country houses to be their primary residences (even when there is a London house where they spend most of the week), no amount of grandeur is considered excessive even in the most rural settings. That is true on



Consuelo Vanderbilt Balsan at Garden Side, above, her Southampton house, 1963, photographed by Horst for *Vogue*. Left: Billy Baldwin's cottage on Nantucket, 1981. Far left: La Portugaise from Brunschwig, chosen by Baldwin for his upholstered seating. Top: William Morris's Willow Boughs wallpaper from Sanderson. Details see Resources.

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The country life—without intimidating possessions—is a very American view

every scale, from the baroque magnificence of Castle Howard, where the domed great hall is still used by the Howard family as their sitting room, to the miniature Georgian elegance of Gervase Jackson-Stops's Northamptonshire neoclassical pavilion bought from the National Trust. Each reflects the English belief that one's best possessions are never out of place in the country.

Things used to be much the same in America. Down the road from my friend's house in Southampton is Garden Side, the mansion that for many years was home to Consuelo Vanderbilt Balsan, the American heiress who had been married off in her early twenties to the ninth duke of Marlborough and became chatelaine of the ultimate country house, Blenheim Palace. Madame Balsan's Long Island country house may not have been Blenheim, with its boiserie-paneled, Aubusson-carpeted drawing room hung with gold silk curtains and a crystal chandelier, but it would have been more at home in Versailles than on Ox Pasture Lane.

But just a minute's ride away in that privileged enclave is yet another house recently designed by the New York architect Alan Wanzenberg and decorated by his partner, Jed Johnson. This lovely place sums up the best of what the American country house today should be. The architecture, inspired by the local shingle-style tradition, stops well short of the turret and dormer mania that makes many Hamptons houses of the eighties look like country clubs for corporate raiders. The interiors of the house are just as easy-going. There is enough well-joined millwork to give the rooms scale and proportion, but the detailing quickly recedes from notice. And though the owners are top-notch collectors of contemporary art, their wonderful pictures are neither too numerous nor too overpowering.

But nowhere in Jed Johnson's interiors is there anything the least bit ostentatious. There is no gilding, no marble, no velvet, no tassels or fringe. That's also true at my friend's house nearby, even though the two schemes are very different in their specifics. What they have in common is sisal matting and good small rugs, cotton and linen upholstery fabrics, and nineteenth-century English wallpapers: William Morris's classic Willow Boughs pattern in the Johnson-decorated guest bedroom and, at my friend's place, a dazzling array of mixed patterns and borders. My friend even gets away with some things that would seem certifiably citified but for a slight shift in how they are handled. A rather grand William Kent–style console table in the entry hall looks less imposing because it's painted white and is always buried under the day's acquisitions,



from corn and tomatoes to Czech deco tea towels from a yard sale. And despite the use of black throughout the house, that urbane accent is applied sparingly—horsehair upholstery or a papier-mâché chair—as a foil to the pale greens and off whites that predominate.

One of the best summaries of this philosophy for decorating an American country house was the last set of rooms the great Billy Baldwin did up for himself, in the little house on Nantucket where he spent his final years. Baldwin was no stranger to luxury, and in his famous but tiny flat in Manhattan he was able to work in quite a few opulent objects that wouldn't have been out of place in an English stately home.

For him, city sophistication had no place on Nantucket, but he didn't try to work around that by replacing ivory with scrimshaw. Baldwin had always favored printed cotton fabrics to glossier materials even in formal settings, so by the time the decorator reached his cottage on Hussey Street, there was little question as to what he would use. The only big surprise was the pattern Baldwin selected: a bold floral chintz broken with equally bold brown stripes. Though not startlingly exotic like the garden-in-hell red chintz he chose for the sitting room of Diana Vreeland's last New York apartment, it still was a departure for Baldwin personally.

Comfort is a state of mind—not a question of materials, but more a matter of attitude

Needless to say, it worked. Perhaps this was the kind of room that only a decorator could do for himself. For a client, one would have to be very confident about making such a major commitment to a single and very particular pattern, but no one knew his own taste better than Billy Baldwin. He also knew that comfort is a state of mind and that a country house is above all an escape from the pressures and obligations of urban living. It's not just a question of informal materials, though that's an important component, but more a matter of attitude.

Too many people use a country house to work out an alternate approach to the way they wish their city houses were decorated. The people I've met who most enjoy their retreats are those who began from first principles, like the museum director who didn't want a single work of art staring her in the face on weekends or the writer who is so determined to finish her book that she and her guests at her compound on Casco Bay in Maine live in separate cottages and meet only for dinner in the big house, which contains just a kitchen, dining room, and sitting room. The details of how each is decorated tend to fade from memory while the good feelings about being there remain vivid. That's what country house interiors should do—and, plain or fancy, the less noticeably the better. ▲



Neutra's Comeback

The architect's furniture now reaches a new market

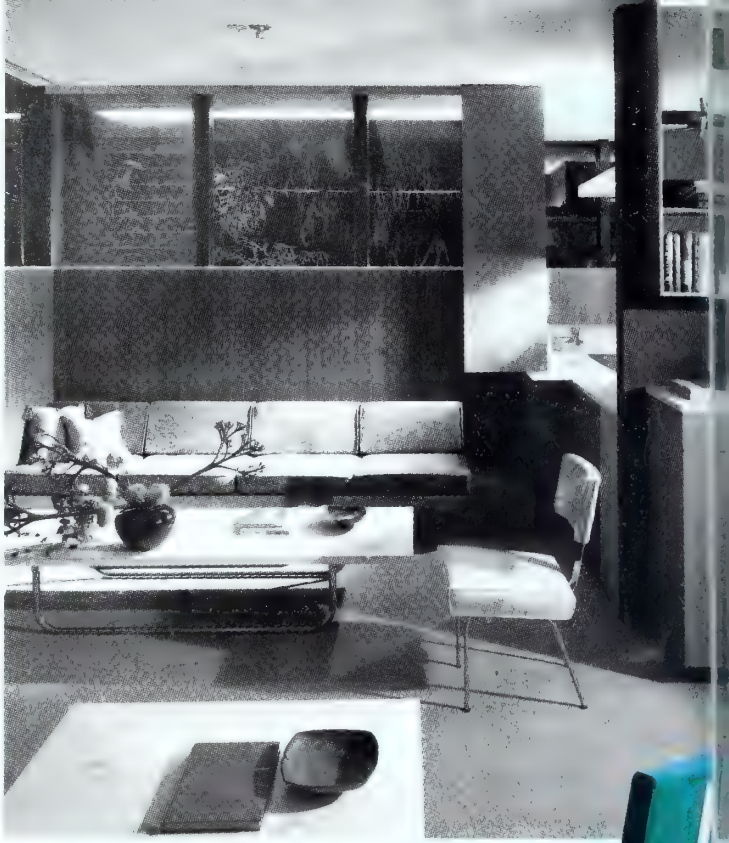
BY PILAR VILADAS

This year marks the hundredth anniversary of architect Richard J. Neutra's birth. Upon his arrival in Los Angeles in 1925, the Vienna-born Neutra—with his belief in new materials and technologies and his fondness for minimal barriers between rooms and expanses of glass to let the outside in—helped introduce the international style to the place that he saw as a promised land of innovation and optimism.

Neutra designed a number of pieces of furniture for his houses, but they were never produced in large quantities. Now, under license from his son, Los Angeles architect Dion Neutra, five of Richard Neutra's chairs and tables are being manufactured by the Italian company Prospettive and sold in the U.S. through ICF.

Neutra often refined and modified his furniture designs. The steel-frame Cantilever chair, with its rear-band spring, was made in 1929 for the Lovell house, Neutra's most famous creation. It was reinterpreted in wood in 1942 and later given a higher back, which inspired Neutra to change the legs of his simple Side chair from wood to steel. The Camel table, so called because its legs fold like a camel's, adjusts from dining to cocktail height. And the wood and webbing Boomerang chair, created for a 1942 building, was reworked several times.

The Prospettive furniture also reflects a new concern for environmental issues. The company has used nontoxic foam for the upholstered seating and substituted stainless steel for chrome-plated steel because plating produces toxic gases. This is furniture whose substance is as modern as its style. ▲



Neutra's Side chair, right, paired with the Camel table in the 1932 VDL Research House, above. Details see Resources.







The 1942 Boomerang chair in the Nesbitt house, above right. Neutra often modified his furniture to suit later projects; the version now in production, right, is from 1951.



The 1929 steel-frame Cantilever chair was redesigned in wood in 1942, right, and again with a higher back, far right.


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Fulco di Verdura's splendid artistry enjoys a renaissance

Verdura in 1930, top right, and his designs from over three decades, clockwise from top, baroque pearl elephant brooch; sketch for an elephant brooch; bejeweled lapis lazuli candlestick; shell-topped letter openers; lapis rhino with a rock crystal cargo; gem-studded sodalite cushion and onyx bracelet. Details see Resources.

BY WENDY GOODMAN

"MINERALOGY ISN'T JEWELry!" said the Sicilian duke Fulco di Verdura of a dinner companion's egg-size sapphire. Similarly disaffected with the art deco diamond and platinum abstractions of his day, Verdura looked to the Renaissance for inspiration, crafting multicolored stones, baroque pearls, and yellow gold into witty naturalistic designs. Launched by Chanel, a devotee of his Maltese cross bracelets, he opened a New York shop in 1939 and supplied his haut monde crowd with jewels and objets: opening-night cigarette cases for Cole Porter, an American Indian headdress tiara for Mrs. John Hay Whitney, shell earrings for the duchess of Windsor. Though Verdura died in 1978, his legacy lives on in the pieces produced from his original sketches by the present owner of the business, jewelry connoisseur Ward Landrigan. "His work is in another sphere," explains Landrigan, "where beauty is the only currency." ♠



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COUTURE

September



"ANY NEWS?" asks Georgie, his customary greeting in E. F. Benson's delicious Lucia novels. In HG's Madison Avenue offices, the thirst for news easily matches that of Georgie, Lucia, and others in their English village; finding news—people, trends, and ideas—keeps life at HG interesting. The news this month is romantic decorating. In the case of Rico Espinet and Heloisa Zero's Ephratah, New York, schoolhouse, romance relies on nostalgia, an inventive evocation of a rural childhood. There's more in a romantic and rural vein, in Victoria Hagan's scheme for a house in the Berkshires which marries country furniture with Louis XVI chairs. Romance has also resurfaced in urban settings. In New York, Mark Hampton's collaboration with a gentleman collector yields an apartment with the quality of a treasure ship that has returned to its home port. In London, Valentino, with Tom Parr of Colefax & Fowler, achieved a romantic Italian variation on English decoration. On the cutting edge, there's the adventurous personal style of fashion designer Todd Oldham. And what could be more romantic than Euro Disney's fairy-tale visions of American resorts as interpreted by an international roster of architects? The modernism of early twentieth century decorator Elsie de Wolfe has now assumed a romantic aura—but it is also so very timely that we are proud to add her to the news we broadcast from the corridors of HG.







Romance redefined. Clockwise from above: Todd Oldham's silk peonies. Rico Espinet and Heloisa Zero's schoolhouse kitchen. Fairy-tale architecture at Euro Disney. Valentino's English style with Roman flair.

Mary Novogrod

EDITOR IN CHIEF



Rico Espinet and Heloisa Zero fou
little need to alter their schoolhous
for domestic use. The central door,
left, still opens onto a gym, and the
living room, *opposite*, features a wal
of chalkboards. The floor lamp is a
Espinet design. Details see Resourc



Back to School

The weekend is recess for two New York artists in their little red schoolhouse. By Susan Thames

Photographs by Todd Eberle Produced by Susan Goldberger



THE APPROACH TO THE old Ephratah schoolhouse is a winding upstate New York road that makes its way north from the small towns that hug the banks of the Mohawk River through the rural farming community of Stone Arabia. Past acres of cornfields and a scattering of colonial farmhouses and modest mid nineteenth century frame houses, a 1770 stone gristmill marks an oblique intersection. From there it's a gentle rise to the stately redbrick building which is the country house of sculptor and lighting designer Rico Espinet and his wife, Heloisa Zero, an assistant art director of *Sports Illustrated*.

Broad meadows to the east and west and a pine grove to the south mark the boundaries of the property. "The pine grove was planted by schoolchildren in the fifties," says Espinet. "It was one of the features that attracted us. Of course, we also loved the space that the structure provided. It was a public building in a rural setting—an unusual combination. It had good bones and great proportions." The proportions tap a collective memory: 5,000 square feet that echo with the seemingly limitless possibilities of childhood.

Built in 1929, the Georgian revival school was modeled after the nearby Johnstown courthouse, the oldest functioning courthouse in the country. The strong symmetry favored by the period was an inviolable part of the school's design: a hall the length of a bowling alley runs down the center, with three large classrooms (formerly home to grades one through six) on one side, two restrooms and

Espinet and Zero, *left*, in the gymnasium. *Opposite above:* The living room is sparsely furnished with mission oak and old desk chairs that look as if they've always been in the 1929 building. The sculpture next to the door is by Espinet. *Opposite below left:* The room overlooks a pine grove planted by schoolchildren in the fifties. *Opposite below right:* Works by Espinet are arranged on a library table with found objects and books.

"Our aim was to endorse the simple beauty of the place"







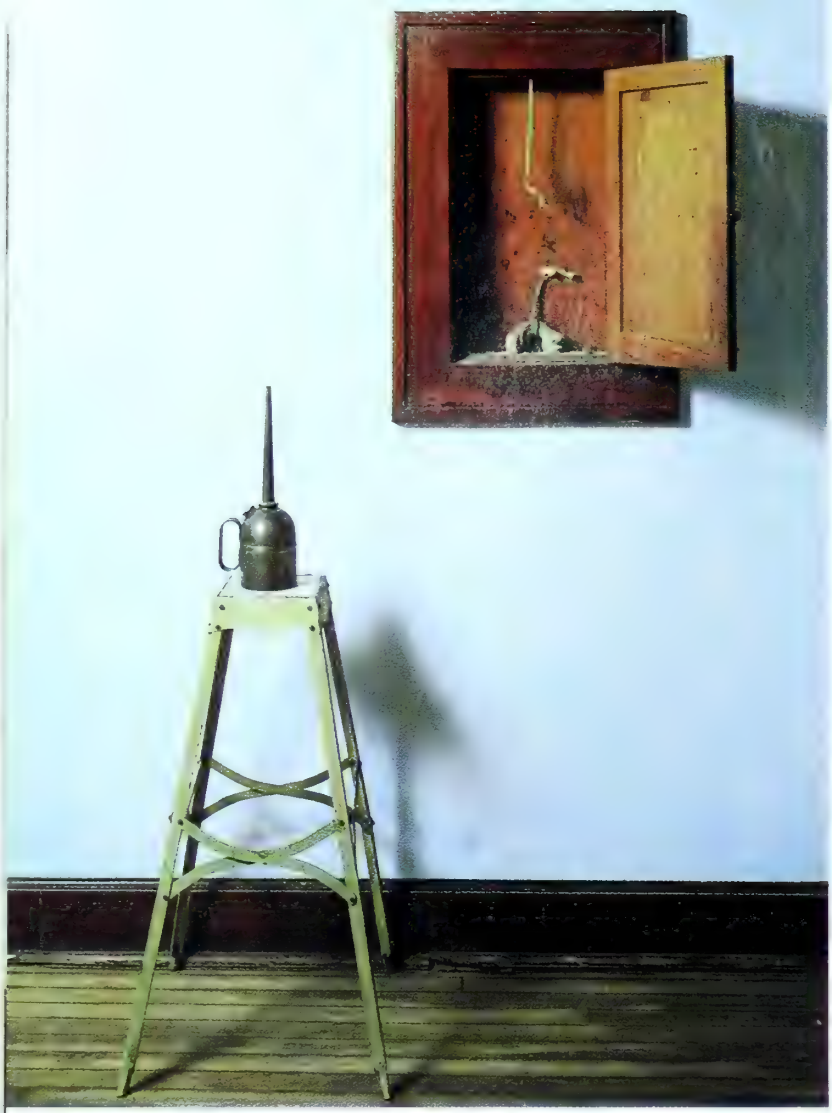
the kindergarten on the other, and a small kitchen and a gymnasium at one end. In response to the changing demographics of the community, the school was closed in 1979, and when Espinet and Zero bought it in 1985, the exterior was in solid condition but the interior had been stripped and vandalized. "Except for ugly linoleum floor tiles, bathroom stalls, and broken windows," says Zero, "there wasn't much here."

The couple's busy working life in New York City forced them to move slowly on their plans for the school. "I'm really happy we weren't in a position to restore this place quickly," comments Espinet. "We've been able to learn exactly what would be best for the building by living in it." The restoration has been essentially cosmetic: inside and out were freshly painted, the old tin roof received a new coat of sealant, and the ceiling was dropped in the master bedroom—which occupies the boys' restroom—to create an intimate contrast to the larger spaces. Throughout, the couple have reinvested the rooms with the quiet energy that allows a school to be a container for learning and human expansion. "Our aim was to endorse the simple beauty of the place," says Espinet. "It didn't need anything more than that."

Remaining traces of the school's former life—the cloak closets, chalkboards, and hall cupboard in which the rope for the school bell hangs ready to be pulled—were all preserved, along with the gymnasium. "At one point, Rico pressed for us to break up the gym space," Zero remembers. "But I love the grandeur of it, that it's majestic like a cathedral." Zero's references are altogether appropriate given the long sweep of the room's barrel-vaulted ceiling and the rich way time has worked on

In the kitchen, *opposite,* flea market ceramics and enamelware line a trio of shelves above a vintage sink retrieved from a neighbor's basement. *Above left:* Against a backdrop of cloak closets in the living room, Espinet's Conga lamp stands next to a Victorian bench. *Left:* A spacious former classroom is now Espinet's studio.













The golden yellow walls of the gym have aged like Roman frescoes

its golden yellow walls, which have aged like Roman frescoes.

Espinet, who designed the New York restaurant Luma and has created lighting for numerous New York stores, including Bergdorf Goodman and Henri Bendel, concentrates on sculpture at the schoolhouse. Two of the large classrooms are now his studios—one to contain the mess left from sawing, planing, and sanding; the other for clean work and fine finishing. He begins his days with a spell in the pine grove, winds down with a drive in the car "just to look at the landscape," and devotes the hours in between to his work.

All through the building, Espinet's large abstract sculptures and his lamps, made of materials as diverse as rubber tubing, linen, and blown glass, are carefully placed on and alongside mission oak and old institutional furniture collected during the couple's afternoons of "junking." In the luxury of seemingly limitless space, objects both large and small—a library table, a brown fedora, a three-limbed lamp by Harry Anderson, a yellowing *Boy Scout Handbook*—take on the kind of significance that a gallery affords works of art.

Zero, who spends her weekday hours outside of work painting in a studio in their Brooklyn apartment, counts on weekends at the schoolhouse to visit with friends and explore the area. "Last summer," she says, "we found a swimming hole with water so clear you could see your feet." Occasionally she and Espinet put the empty gym to use as a bike track. They've also served intimate dinners for four on the child-size stage. Plans for the future of the property include a pond to be dug in the east meadow next spring. The leftover earth will be shaped into a curved mound—a form that recurs in many of Espinet's sculptures—and will serve as a roadside boundary planted with Austrian pines that will someday tower over the school and look across at the pine grove. The west meadow is reserved for an apple orchard, a wedding anniversary promise from Zero to Espinet.

Living in the old Ephratah school, the couple are newcomers in a community with tender feelings for the building and more than a casual interest in the changes being made to it. Espinet feels sure that the warmth with which they've been welcomed is a direct result of the love and respect people can see being given to a place that is a treasury of childhood memories for the whole town. ▲

Espinet and Zero take a spin around the gym, *above*. *Opposite, clockwise from top left:* In the hallway an old stool serves as a pedestal for an elegant oil can, and a cabinet houses the school bellpull. An Espinet sculpture is mounted on a guest room wall above a sleeping platform. In the master bedroom Harry Anderson's Stickman lamp tops a bureau next to paintings by Darwin Nix and Willy Heeks. A bedside lamp by Espinet.



Twin mantels and Reg
mirrors unify the L-sha
living room. Sponged
walls bordered with an
century Russian patter
give way, beyond the a
to a silk check from
Le Manach. The Aub
provides common gro
for a Victorian desk an
Russian stools. *Opposit*
The house is set off by
lawn edged with box h
Details see Resources.



Valentino's London

The Italian couturier collaborates with Colefax & Fowler to create a romantic image of English style

By Raffaella Barker

Photographs by Alexandre Bailhache

Produced by Françoise Labro





"I AM IN LOVE WITH THIS house. It is the place I have always wanted to live." Valentino Garavani isn't in Rome, where he spends most of his time overseeing his fashion empire. Nor is he at his villa on Capri or his chalet in Gstaad. Instead, the couturier is ensconced in a comfortable Victorian armchair in London, admiring the view of the front garden from his second-floor drawing room. Located near the end of a sweeping crescent of early Victorian white houses, just a step away from Brompton Cross and another from Harrods, Valentino's retreat bears his imprint even on the outside. The fifty-foot-long garden, a frothy trim of white hydrangeas that gives way to an expanse of lawn, is as dramatic and immaculately cut as one of his gowns. The brass doorsill is so brightly polished that standing on it, you can see right up your own skirt.

"I am passionate about cinema but I turned down an invitation to the Academy Awards to spend a few days here," says Valentino. Four years ago, after much looking, he bought this house, delighted to have a base in his favorite city. "The house was very good-looking, full of pretty chintz," he remembers. "But I am a man, and I couldn't live in a house full of flowers." So he enlisted the help of Tom Parr of Colefax & Fowler and redesigned all five stories. "I did Rome with Renzo Mongiardino and New York with Peter Marino; in London I wanted an English decorator to work with," he says, confessing, nonetheless, that he and Parr

Valentino, *above left*, in his back garden. *Left:* Tom Parr of Colefax & Fowler helped create a combination breakfast room and conservatory in which a blue and white theme extends from a Brunschwig cotton on the ceiling and chairs to the Chinese plates embedded in the wall. Valentino's menagerie includes, *opposite, clockwise from top left*, a 1799 engraving by Jean-Baptiste Audebert against a monkey-motif toile; Japanese bronze monkeys; an 18th-century Italian greyhound; a French bronze vase; Meissen pugs; and Russian bronze bears.

















Le Coq, an 18th-century French wallpaper, was custom-reproduced for the dining room, where Valentino displays Chinese art, including a pair of porcelain roosters. The table is set with Irish crystal, French silver, and Metropolitan Museum of Art Limoges plates that are copied from a c. 1760 service made for Czarina Elizabeth of Russia.





had differing ideas at the outset: "Tom was for classic English. I wanted something more aggressive. I love to live in places that suit me."

Sumptuous, scented, and rigorously well groomed, Valentino the house now complements Valentino the man superbly. The drawing room is a tamed riot of color, from the vast turquoise and gold Aubusson carpet—"Rare," he says proudly, "because it's not faded"—to the sage plaid fabric that lines the walls of the rear half of the room. Two fireside armchairs upholstered in the same plaid, with tapestry seats, pale green velvet backs, and fringe along the bottom, are "very Valentino," notes Parr. "He loves detail and understands sewing and fabric utterly."

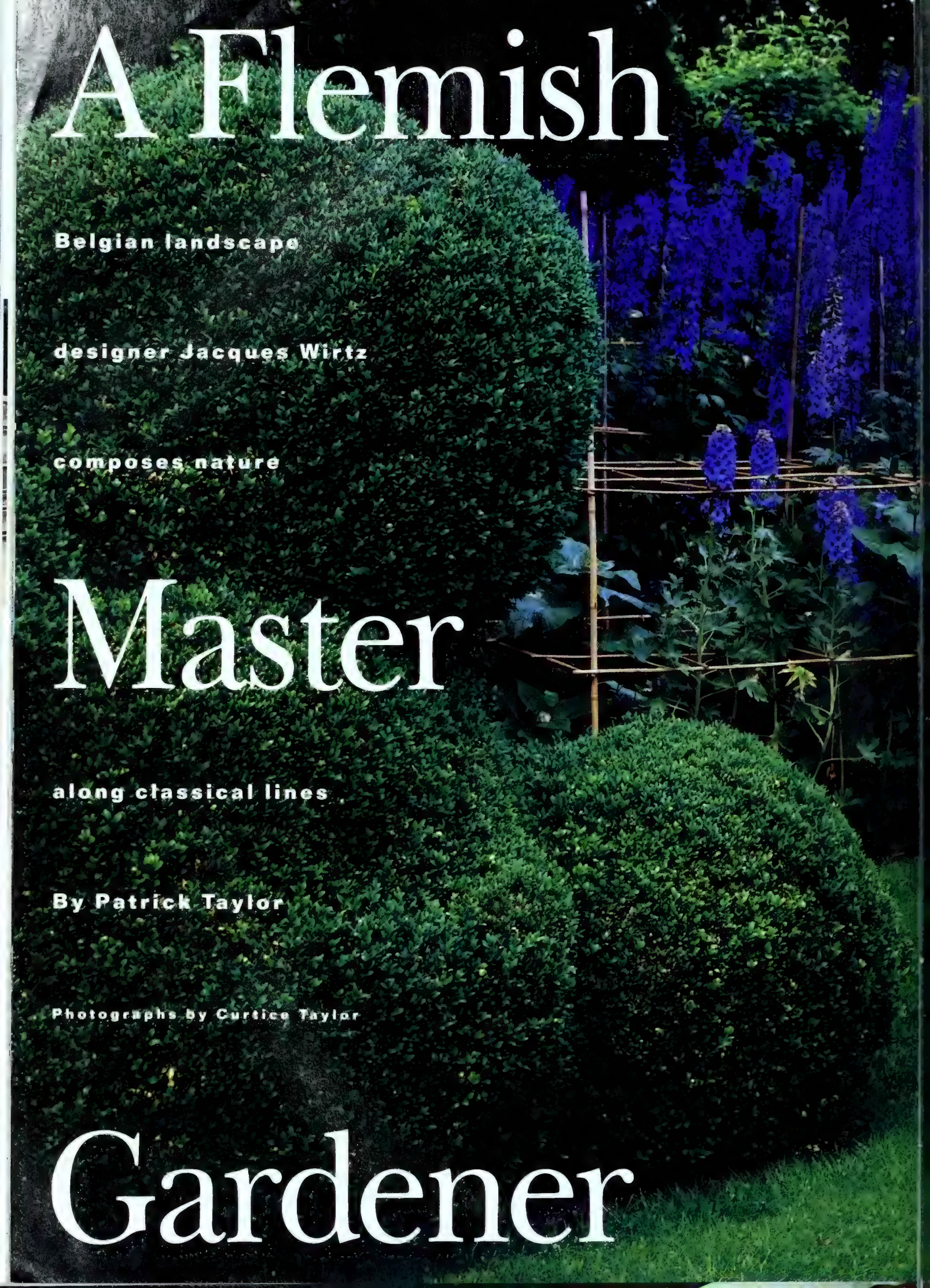
Every surface bears witness to another Valentino passion—decorative objects. "But I don't like boring objects," he says. "I would never buy a china cup with little flowers. I like things that are amusing and strong." Specifically, what Valentino likes are animal figurines and portraits, a recurring theme in each of his residences. "In Rome there are pugs as well as elephants and rhinos," he says. "In New York I have a group of Chinese cranes." In London the menagerie includes a collection of small Flemish paintings of carousing monkeys, a Meissen greyhound inscribed to Czarina Catherine of Russia, several Japanese bronze monkeys and Russian bears—and that's only in the drawing room. A pair of Chinese porcelain roosters adorn the mantel in the dining room, which is papered in a historic French pattern called Le Coq. And in the master bedroom Meissen pugs guard the desk.

Through- *(Continued on page 178)*

In a toile-covered guest room, *above left,* a 19th-century Russian bed is flanked by matching bookcases. The brass lamps and linens are Valentino designs. *Left:* Colefax & Fowler supplied Valentino's bathroom with a bathtub skirted in Italian linen and a tiger-striped carpet available from Stark. *Opposite:* In the master bedroom a Russian needlepoint carpet spreads before an 18th-century English four-poster that nearly touches the ceiling.

"I love big furniture in a small room. It has impact"





A Flemish Master Gardener

Belgian landscape designer Jacques Wirtz composes nature along classical lines

By Patrick Taylor

Photographs by Curtice Taylor



Swirling ramparts of clipped box frame a neatly staked bed of old-fashioned delphiniums in Wirtz's own country garden at Domein Botermelk to the east of Antwerp.





JACQUES WIRTZ IS ONE of a handful of garden designers at work today whose designs have an entirely distinctive stamp. Two years ago, after a long career little known outside his native Belgium, his triumph in the international competition to redesign the Jardin des Tuileries and the Jardin du Carrousel in Paris (a joint victory with the French team of Pascal Cribier and Louis Benech) placed him firmly on the world gardening scene. Long before that, however, his landscapes were already well known among discerning visitors to Belgium who recognized the work of a master. The style they admired—devoid of showy, self-consciously romantic gestures—is like the cutter's art in couture, the epitome of understated precision.

Wirtz was born in 1924 in Antwerp, where his father worked in finance. A vividly cosmopolitan seaport, the Flemish provincial capital was also an early center of horti-

Wirtz in his greenhouse, *left*. *Above:* At Domein Botermel he retained old appl trees and sheared neglected box hedge into rhythmic mounds brightened in spring by stands of orange crown imperials. *Opposite above:* Closer to the house, a crisp formality dominates the landscape. Box-edged parterres and clipped beech border an oblong lawn. *Opposite below.* A rectangular pool like an 18th-century miroir d'eau is fringed with irises.







culture and plantsmanship. There, in the sixteenth century, master printer Christopher Plantin was among the first to commission finely illustrated botanical books which were distributed all over Europe. To this day part of Antwerp's enormous Sunday street market is devoted to a bewildering selection of plants, seeds, and cut flowers. As a child, Wirtz delighted in the old city center and its harbor, but when he was twelve his parents moved to the countryside east of Antwerp where the woods are still alive with nightingales. This ordered rural landscape with its canals edged by stately rows of poplars or willows has been an abiding influence on Wirtz's design, and despite the new international scope of his career, he draws deep inspiration from the simple Flemish gardens of his youth.

Training at the Vilvoorde horticultural college near Brussels gave Wirtz the practical experience and physical contact with plants—a grounding absent from the education of many present-day landscape designers—that have always been essential to his work. After leaving college he gradually built up his own business selling cut flowers and wheeling his barrow from door to door seeking garden maintenance work. He expanded his horticultural practice after World War II and traveled widely in the 1960s and '70s, visiting gardens in Italy, England, and France and taking note of the lessons they offered. At home he executed countless private commissions before winning the competition to design the garden for the Belgian pavilion at the 1970 International Exhibition in Osaka. Although keenly interested in planning public spaces, Wirtz has never been prepared to involve himself in the politicking and touting on which such work often depends. The commission to design the campus of the University of Antwerp, UIA, for example, another key project of the seventies, came to him through his friendship with the university's di-

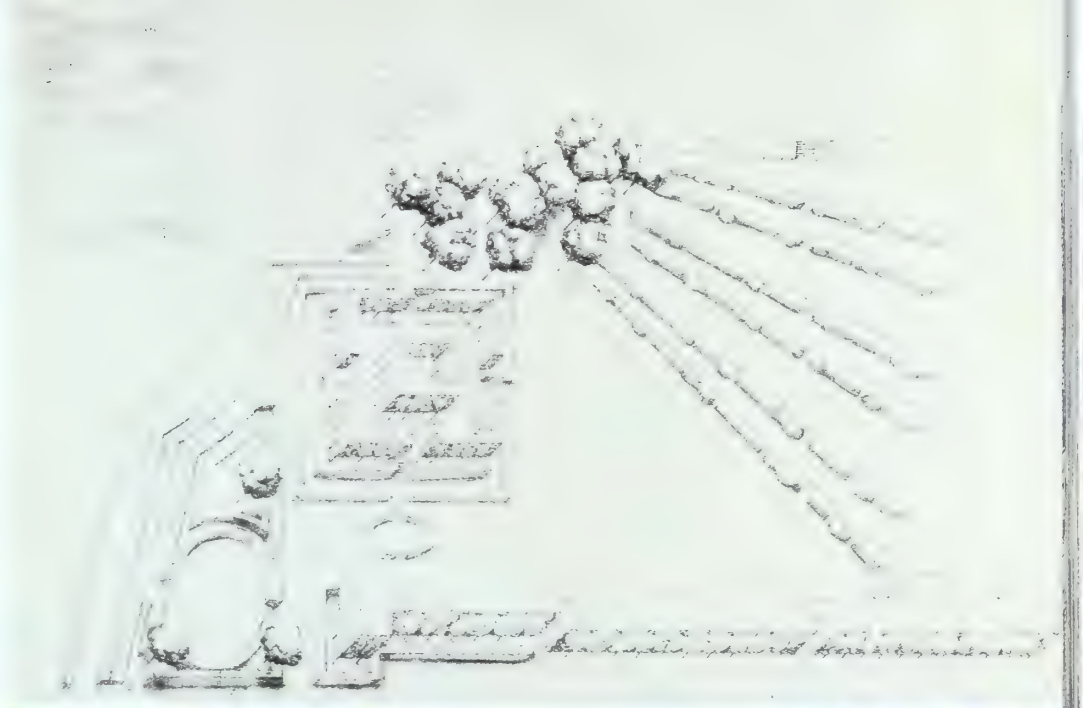
Wirtz still honors the ordered rural landscape of his youth



rector. Wirtz veiled the rather stark university buildings with a profusion of flowering shrubs and trees and introduced water features of almost Japanese subtlety.

The designer's own garden at the Domein Botermelk, close to the place where he spent the latter part of his childhood, displays his exquisite restraint to full advantage. More than twenty years ago he bought the former kitchen garden of a great house, and as always, he has honored the site, making full use of what he found. The plot was uniformly flat, and apart from some old fruit trees, the only plantings of note that survived were the overgrown boxwood hedges on either side of a long axial path. Instead of attempting to take the neglected box back to its original rigid straight lines, he gently shaped it into swirling mounds, much as the Japanese clip trees in an attempt to reveal their inner essence.

Wirtz uses the garden to "store" his superb collection of mature topiary, including enormous ancient yews he acquired from a nearby nursery that was going out of business when he moved in. From time to time some of these topiaries find their way, in pairs or groups, into the gardens he designs for clients, instantly imparting a venerable air. In one corner of Wirtz's property, a secret garden is hidden behind ramparts of clipped beech. Inside, the textures and hues of different hedging materials—holly, more beech, and box—compose geometric patterns which are then exuberantly blurred by old roses, wisterias, and herbaceous perennials. Wirtz's resourcefulness and originality are most *(Continued on page 182)*





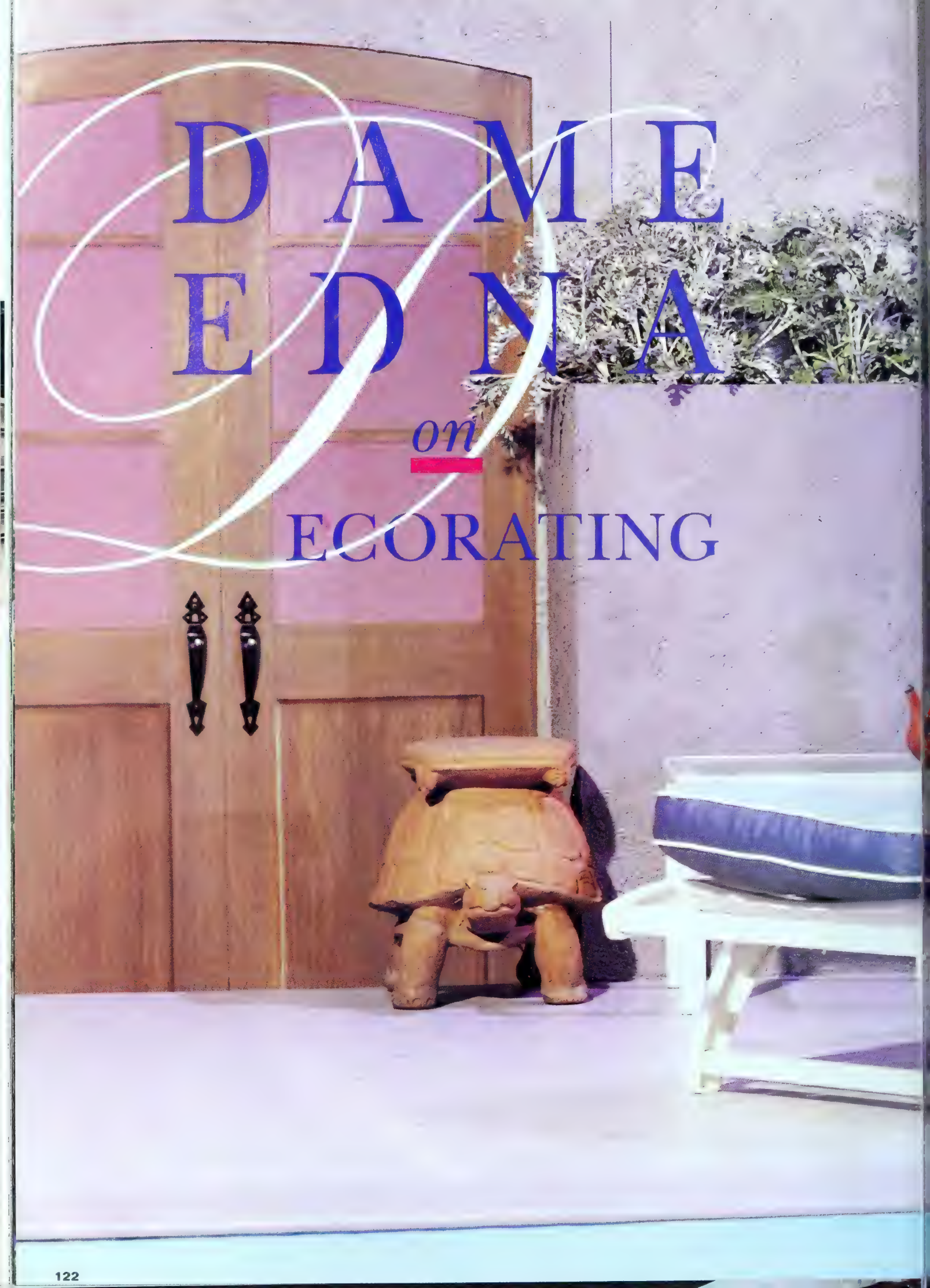


In a private garden at Meer, *opposite above*, curved borders mediate between house and lawn, and a vista past the lily pond, *opposite below*, ties formal plantings to surrounding woodland. *Right, from top:* Low hedges radiate from the Arc du Carrousel in part of Wirtz's design for the garden between the Louvre and the Tuileries. An arched bridge at Bellem leads to a lime allée. The estate's 1640 dovecote makes a splendid eye-catcher behind an avenue of trees.





…e long low Flemish
…mhouse at Bellem
…erlooks an intricate
…x-hedged parterre
…dly planted to soften
… geometry. A standard
…e blooms above
…dy's mantle. *Opposite:*
…isteria, roses, honey-
…ckle, and other vines
…rland the dovecote.



DAME EDNA *on* DECORATING





"VERY OFTEN IN THE ENTERTAINment world, where there is a billiard table there are gold records on the wall. I think that's ostentatious. All *my* awards are in the servants' quarters," proclaims Dame Edna Everage, the Melbourne megastar who has become the latest arbiter of Tinseltown taste. The mauve-coiffed alter ego of Australian comedian Barry Humphries has spent a lot of time in Los Angeles lately, taping the NBC specials *Dame Edna's Hollywood*, the third of which will air this fall. Dame Edna spares no one. "Many of the neo-Georgian Tudor haciendas in Beverly Hills have signs saying 'Armed Response.' When you ring the doorbell, you think you're going to be shot," she complains.

She takes aim at "film producers who have obsolete farming implements on their walls—a broken wheelbarrow, a rake, or some piece of rotten wood with rusty bits of metal. Perhaps a decorator put them in touch with someone who found this rubbish on a little drive through Iowa and thought, 'I know a producer up there off Coldwater Canyon.'"

Should you be one of those unfortunate producers, don't invite Dame Edna to your beach house. "Malibu is very overrated," she declares. "That flea-infested strip of sand onto which icy cold, heavily polluted water pounds is one of the most inhospitable stretches of coastline anywhere in the world. It's like a strip of streaky bacon, Malibu—not much meat but a lot of fat and gristle."

Is there anything about L.A. that Dame Edna likes? Of course—her own Beverly Hills house, "built in the Spanish mission style to replace an actual Spanish mission." It's full of Hollywood history, she confides. "They say that one of Bud Abbott's or Lou Costello's exwives lived here." And her living room is full of art. "I have a painting called *The Cry* by Munch. It's an image I adore," she says. "I've had it made into table mats and bowls. When people finish their soup, there's this adorable little person screaming at them. A lot of people think she looks like Sigourney Weaver in *Alien 3*." **Pilar Viladas**

Modern Country Romance



Designer Victoria Hagan updates New England traditions in a farmhouse in the Berkshires. By Celia McGee

Photographs by William Waldron

Produced by Anne Fahey



Unexpected additions to country Americana in the living room include a pair of 18th-century French side chairs, a horn footstool, and an acorn-shaped piece of tramp art. The sofa in the foreground is covered in Stroheim & Romann linen, the armchair in Schumacher cotton. Details see Resources.





AS AN ICON, THE NEW England farmhouse has run the risk lately of being trivialized by adulation, evoked in too many subdivisions and home furnishing catalogues. But it's an icon nonetheless. What becomes this icon most is something fresh, a loosening of the constraints imposed by the familiar building type itself and by the follow-the-pack mentality current in much design. In a farmhouse in western Massachusetts, Victoria Hagan has supplied some twists that might not have occurred to less eclectic designers.

Hagan remembers the first time she drove to the Berkshires to see the place that her clients, a couple from a New York suburb, had bought after five years of what the wife describes



as "following up on every likely sounding *New York Times* ad from Montauk to Vermont." Says Hagan, "I thought the house and barn were so graphic against the landscape. There was something primitive and elegant about the shapes. I always had them in the back of my mind when I was designing the interior."

She had some good, if predictable, material to work with: eighteenth- and nineteenth-century American and Canadian country pieces the couple started collecting once they'd found their house. It was a wreck of a property, heated by the same wood stoves the former owner, an octogenarian dairy farmer, had installed decades before. They moved the front staircase, made a large master bedroom out of three tiny ones, built an addition for their son and daughter, tore down outbuildings, and shored up the barn. But four years and much work later, they felt something was missing.

"All those primitive pieces were giving the house an early American look I wasn't able to break away from," says the wife. "I didn't know how to bring in my own spirit. Victoria had the spark that made that happen. It's very hard to find a designer. It's like collaborating on a book: I had all the experience and knowledge and understanding, but I needed someone to interpret them."

Hagan felt the house needed more of the "strength of character" she identifies with the wife, a woman with many creative interests who is now pursuing a bachelor's degree in liberal arts at the same time as her children. "Her vision is similar to mine," says Hagan, a designer known for her unusual juxtapositions and unforeseen mixtures, a lean sophistication, and a kind of unforced allusiveness in interiors that benefits from her ceaseless antiquing off the beaten decorating paths.

The first step was color—soft greens, warm whites, wheat yellows for rooms that Hagan wanted to have echo the house's surroundings. "They're the same natural colors you might find out in the landscape," she says. She relaxed the existing interi-

Hagan combined an English dining room table, *above*, with a Canadian sideboard and an 18th-century American tole chandelier. Sisal from Patterson, Flynn & Martin. Bayberry green walls were keyed to the surrounding landscape, *opposite below*. *Opposite above:* By moving the main staircase the owners created a sunny hall. The 19th-century American hooked rug with rooster was an early purchase for the house. Hagan found the latticed iron bench at Claiborne, NYC.



ors' rigid appropriateness by moving things around and infusing the unexpected. Down came a reproduction wrought-iron chandelier in the dining room, up went eighteenth-century American tole bobbing with spiky stars. A gilt mirror with lush floral carvings went over a simple pine dresser in the master bedroom. A piece of tramp art resembling a giant acorn appeared in the living room not far from a horn footstool and within shining distance of four 1920s stainless-steel and copper arrowhead sconces.

Hagan looks for shapes and visual thoughts that go together, not periods or places of origin. And she is just as happy hanging a flower painting her clients found in a junk shop for thirty-five dollars as a pair of exotic animal prints imported from England. Hagan's art is in the hanging

Hagan looks for visual thoughts that go together, not periods or places of origin

as well as in the positioning of a Shaker chair against a door molding or an armillary sphere next to a rough-hewn bench and the utilizing of wall space in the least obvious ways.

She took her clients where they wanted to go—to the past but not to any identifiable era. "I like something that looks as if it has always been there," says the wife. "I don't want to be able to tell when it was done. The house is my fantasy of living back in time, away from pressures and hubbub." The fantasy allowed Hagan to introduce two Louis XVI side chairs into the Massachusetts living room. "The friend who was with me when I found them said, 'Oh, you can't get those—one of them has a hole in the back,' " Hagan says. "But that's exactly what I love. I like to think of it as a bullet hole. And the chairs are quite distressed. It's something that connects them to the house and the fields. It's an old house. *(Continued on page 183)*

A guest room, *above*, offers the simple comfort of iron beds from Hobnail and an armchair from Evergreen Antiques, NYC. *Opposite, clockwise from top:* In the master bedroom, originally three small rooms, a flower painting found in a thrift shop hangs near a love seat in a Clarence House toile. Designer Victoria Hagan. The pairing of a formal gilt mirror with a country cupboard typifies her style.







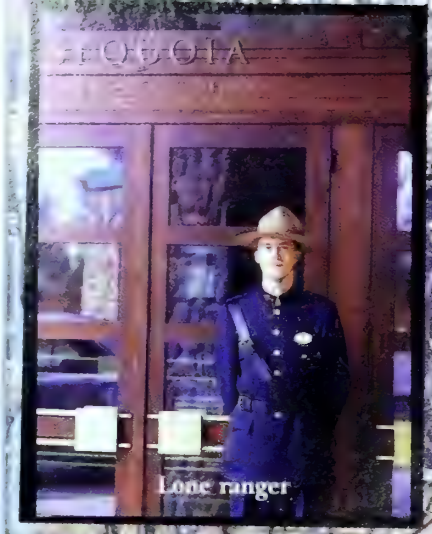
MICKEY AND HIS ARCHITECTS



Mickey Mouse floated into France not long ago and touched down, amid considerable fanfare, on a 5,000-acre sugar beet field twenty miles outside Paris. Coming along for the transatlantic ride was a quartet of American architects—plus one Gallic brother—who, depending on whom you ask, rose or sank to the occasion with 4,683 theme hotel rooms and fourteen theme restaurants. "An American-theme theme park? Quelle horreur!" cried the French intelligentsia, dismissing Euro Disney as an oxymoron. On the other hand: "Quelle joie!" cried my four-year-old French friend, Laetitia, whom I took along one sunny Saturday morning for a little perspective.

By Charles Gandee Photographs by Scott Frances


Antoine Predock
Frank Gehry
Antoine Grumbach
Robert A. M. Stern
Michael Graves



Lone ranger



Hello, Frank Lloyd Wright



The stone and timber lobby



Deer lamp, patchwork quilt

Antoine Grumbach may be French, but he has lived and worked in the U.S., where he picked up, among other things, an interest in Frank Lloyd Wright's work. Grumbach may have also picked up an interest in *Twin Peaks* while in the States, particularly in the Great Northern Hotel, but that's only speculation. In any case, the Wright-possible-Lynch interest shows in Grumbach's stone and timber Sequoia Lodge, a sort of mountain cabin—with 1,011 rooms—plunked down, in that signature Disney it's-a-small-world-after-all style, between Robert Stern's homage to Newport and Michael Graves's homage to New York. Mission-style furniture and the lobby's larger-than-life stone fireplace amplify the Northwest theme, which is assisted by the employees' costumes—park ranger, logger for the boys, Heidi—yes, Heidi—for the girls.



The Cheyenne lobby

One-stop stylistic shopping specialist **Robert A. M. Stern** is a Disney veteran, and it shows. The New York architect's 1,000-room Hotel Cheyenne, for example, takes us on a sentimental journey back to the Hollywood back lot of *Gunsmoke*. (The one sad change is that Miss Kitty and Matt are replaced by a "cast" of bright-eyed girls and boys all decked out in cowboy drag shouting "Howdy!" with inexplicable gusto.) But Stern, trading in his cowboy hat for a yachting cap, moves from Dodge City, Kansas—around the Disney bend—to Newport, Rhode Island, and his 1,098-room clapboard extravaganza. The Newport Bay Club beckons us on yet another sentimental journey back to the time when men wore white flannel and women sipped cranberry juice on the veranda.



The Newport lobby

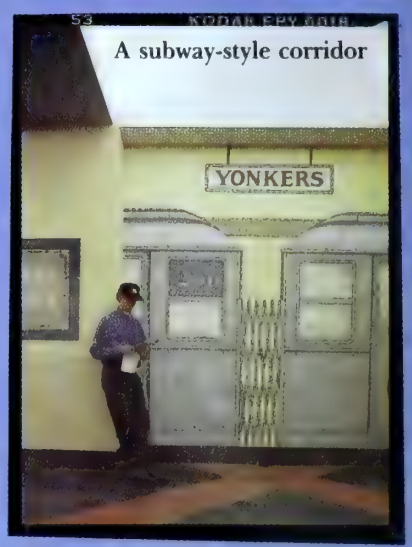


Big Apple bed





Another take on Manhattan



A subway-style corridor

New Yorkers may balk, but Princeton architect **Michael Graves**'s 574-room Hotel New York and Coliseum Convention Center pays tribute—winsome tribute—to the Manhattan skyline. The mass of the massive building is broken down into towerlike segments, which are articulated by changes in color and roof caps. Inside, it's Gotham redux, with one restaurant modeled after a diner and another modeled after the Rainbow Room, with architectural salutes to the Yankees as well as to the Mets, with as many variations on the Big Apple motif as one theme hotel can reasonably be expected to hold. There's even a corridor done up in trompe l'oeil to look like a New York subway station—sans graffiti, of course. Mickey Mouse and Michael Graves don't like graffiti.





The drive-in

The cactus

The pueblo

The "bordello"

The volcano

Although there are those who say that **Antoine Predock**'s Hotel Santa Fe looks alarmingly like socialist housing in Antwerp, the every-year-a-bit-more-mystical Albuquerque architect says that his 1,000-room hostelry was modeled after an archetypal New Mexican pueblo. But who knew archetypal New Mexican pueblos featured such surreal elements as smoldering volcanoes, scarlet red "bordellos," concrete lookout towers that look like coiled snakes, UFOs nestled among the trees, trios of rusted cars half-buried in sand-filled courtyards, larger-than-life cactuses housed in big glass boxes, water-falling-from-the-sky waterfalls, and drive-in movie screens featuring Clint Eastwood in freeze-frame? Predock knew.








Piazza Gehry




Frank at his peak

Although the six restaurants and seven shops in **Frank Gehry**'s Festival Disney complex are open during the day, it's only after dark that Euro Disney's entertainment center comes to life. But it's not because nightfall is when they crank up the volume at Hurricane's disco, swing open the doors of Billy Bob's Country Western Saloon, and strike up the band at Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. It's because nightfall is when the miles of light-studded wires connecting the forest of shimmering pylons marching through Festival Disney go on in a blaze to create a luminous roof over the quirky streetscape below, a sort of L.A.-style arcade of buildings shaped here like a fish, there like a cone. About those stainless-steel pylons: they're quilted. Gehry says they're quilted because catering trucks are quilted. The French say they're quilted because Chanel handbags are quilted. Chacun à son goût.



"I am going to make everything around me beautiful. That will be my life."

—ELSIE DE WOLFE

Elsie de Wolfe, photographed in World War I by Baron Adolphe de Meyer

Taking a Cue

London decorator Nina Campbell tells how her own rooms reflect the style Elsie de Wolfe created for herself

ALL DECORATORS TODAY ARE PART of a great big family tree, and the head of the family is Elsie de Wolfe—at least for those of us who are desperate about comfort. That's really the point of my book on Elsie. Mirroring, chintzes, color—Elsie was the Mother of Invention.

When I began as a decorator, trailing behind John Fowler of Colefax & Fowler, I knew little about Elsie. But today, when I look at slides of my work from the late 1960s, I see that I was using mirrored screens in an Elsie way without knowing it.

In the early 1980s, after I read Jane Smith's biography of Elsie, I was asked to talk in the Victoria and Albert's series on women in design. I went off to Los Angeles, where the people at the Elsie de Wolfe Foundation were immensely helpful, and to New York, where I spoke to Mark Hampton and Mario Buatta. It's then that I started to recognize Elsie's enormous influence, not only in America but also in Britain and in France, where she found the true love of her life, Villa Trianon.

It was Elsie who brought light and air into a world of heavy draperies and three curtains where one would have done. Who, she asked, would want to put their lingerie at the window—all those festooned blinds that look like knickers?

Elsie's principles—suitability, simplicity, and proportion—are still the best guide. I feel passionate about suitability. Nothing looks worse than flashiness in the country; in the city, though, a bit of pizzazz may be the thing to make a statement.

Elsie bequeathed us trompe l'oeil and animal prints and stripes, that wonderfully handy vehicle for introducing color into a room. When a client says, "I don't like stripes," I think, "What on earth am I going to do?" There must be a stripe in nearly every room I've ever done.

There was something very practical about Elsie. She thought, for example, that dining rooms were a waste of space. She once suggested keeping two half-moon tables in the entry hall and putting them together to make a dining table. Like Elsie, I like to double up, though I would not go so far as Elsie's bathroom salon!

She was right, too, about slipcovers: "By the use of two sets of covers, one's room may always be clean and inviting, and their color will give glory to the darkest day." I am seriously thinking about making lighter covers for the tartan chairs in my library.

I like, on the whole, richer colors than Elsie. She said, "Beige. Just my color!" on seeing the Parthenon, while I can't bear mushroom. But there's quite a lot of color lurking about in her rooms.

Her major achievement was her own self-invention—from an actress who could not act to a pioneer in decoration to a social powerhouse. She was rather a prima donna, and I'm not really into decorators as prima donnas. But however much she dictated, she did respect her clients. It would not take a lot to bring her rooms up to date and just move in. ▲

from Elsie



"I care deeply about making clients feel at home in their own environment."

NINA CAMPBELL

Nina Campbell in her drawing room. Details see Resources.



"No one chair should be too isolated. Some bashful person who doesn't talk well anyway is sure to take the most remote chair and make herself miserable."

—ELSIE DE WOLFE



The dining room at the de Wolfe-Marbury house on Irving Place in New York c. 1910



If the room is large enough I always try to make two seating areas. It's hard to get people to move into the second spot, but one must prepare the way for them."

—Nina Campbell



For the walls and curtains of her drawing room, Campbell used linen damask: "It has everything I like—reasonable price, great style, a young feeling." Except for the green velvet on the armchair available from André Bon, and Clarence House damask cushions, nearly all the fabrics are of her design and are available at Osborne & Little.

The music pavilion at Villa Trianon, a charming example of th
use of treillage that de Wolfe pioneered at New York's Colony

"We breakfast on the stone terrace, with boughs of trees and clouds for our roof, and as we look out . . . we are far happier than anyone deserves to be."

—ELSIE DE WOLFE



The Villa Trianon sunroom, an American idea de Wolfe transplanted to Versailles.



...e vines frame nymphs
...satyrs on a Campbell
...n print, inspired by
... Petersburg's Maryinsky
...ter, while the stars
...sborne & Little's Merlin
... the night sky above
...pbell's conservatory/
...g room. China and
... from Nina Campbell,
... London. Undercloth
... Sanderson & Sons.

"The conservatory doubles as the dining room. It's a room perched among the leaves like a tree house—not revolutionary, as Elsie's Trianon sun porch was, but a pretty place to eat." —NINA CAMPBELL

"At first people objected to my bringing chintz into their houses because they had an idea it was poor and mean. . . I feel that it is infinitely better to use good chintzes than inferior silks and damasks." —ELSIE DE WOLFE



"It's not so much that there's been too much chintz but that there's been too much chintz in the wrong places. The aim should be suitability—to the surroundings, the furniture, and the people who live there." —NINA CAMPBELL



In Campbell's bedroom her Fou Sin cotton—"It's not a chintz," she says—blooms against Sackville Stripe wallpaper. Deep custom fringe finishes off the "rather grand" treatment she devised for the unusually tall windows. The floral pattern, striped paper, and fawn print fabric on the sofa pillows reflect her kinship with de Wolfe.



Modern Archaeology

The spirit of Pompeii finds a warm welcome in a Palm Beach villa. By Glenn Albin

Photographs by Langdon Clay Produced by Carolyn Sollis



At night the central courtyard is flooded, lending an air of drama and romance to a contemporary evocation of an ancient Roman country house. *Opposite:* In the loggia a group of the slipcovered Mantis chairs used throughout the house stand near a massive plank door with custom-forged hardware of naval bronze. Details see Resources.





BACK IN THE 1890s, as the publication now known as the "Shiny Sheet" began to document the elaborate goings-on of Palm Beach society, South Florida pioneers were also posing in less chic circumstances: waist-deep in a subtropical jungle, surrounded by armies of men with machetes they had hired to tame the shoreline. By 1986 a two-acre parcel near the Bath and Tennis Club was one of the few spots on the ocean in Palm Beach that was still a dense thicket of sea grapes and scrubby oaks.

It was the wildness that captivated a prominent northeastern industrialist and his wife, who were accustomed to the civility of green lawns in Philadelphia and a seaside garden in Maine. "I thought I was in Tahiti," the husband recalls. Now the lush vegetation shelters a winter retreat as serene as a monastery; only an occasional jet is heard over the surf.

Like the ancient Roman villas it resembles, the house has no grand façade. It reveals itself as you pass through a wooden gate into a loggia that borders a courtyard paved with coquina, a soft white limestone that contains shells and bits of coral. Here a small fountain spills, Moorish style, into a channel leading to a shallow pool. At night the pool is flooded to the edge of the loggia, and in the candlelight, reflections of the columns shimmer in the dark water. The house floats, as if in a dream.

This Mediterranean vernacular began with the husband, who made a sketch that he handed over to Great Falls, Virginia, designer Betsy McCue Train. "I had a book on Pompeii," he says, "and I thought, 'Aha, I want to go in that direction.' Betsy's task was to refine it to make sure no one would walk in and say, 'Oh, you went to Pompeii last year.' " Working with the client and with architects at Jack Train Associates in Chicago and landscape architects at Morgan Wheelock in Boston, Betsy Train created a design that is full of histori-

In the living room, *above,* a 4th-century mosaic from Asia Minor is installed over the banquette near a Javanese halberd. Wide cotton stripe from Brunschwig & Fils. Suede shag carpet from Jack Lenor Larsen. A built-in stone chaise, *opposite below,* with pillows in fabrics from Anya Larkin and Grey Watkins, defines the corridor that runs from the living room past the dining room, *opposite above right,* to the study. Dining room lights from Flos. *Opposite above left:* View through the main courtyard to the sea.





The house is full of historical references, but it is not a reproduction







The stepped wall by the lap pool, *left*, creates the illusion that the jungle is invading. *Right:* In the bedroom, painted and gilded curtains hang on loops of cording from Brunschwig & Fils. The ceiling and border patterns were designed by Betsy Train, as was the chaise, upholstered in a Manuel Canovas fabric. An antique Japanese bronze stands in the niche. Steel bed from Niermann Weeks.

cal references but is not a reproduction of any single model.

The family's living quarters and the two guest houses—all linked by a red tile roof and heavy wooden gates—open onto the courtyard. The idea, says the owner, was to create a perfect symmetry in the placement of the pool, the colonnade, and the three pavilions and then to undercut it. The entry is off center. Corner columns are thicker. Coquina balls sit unexpectedly in a corner of the courtyard, as if rolled in through the gate by a giant's hand.

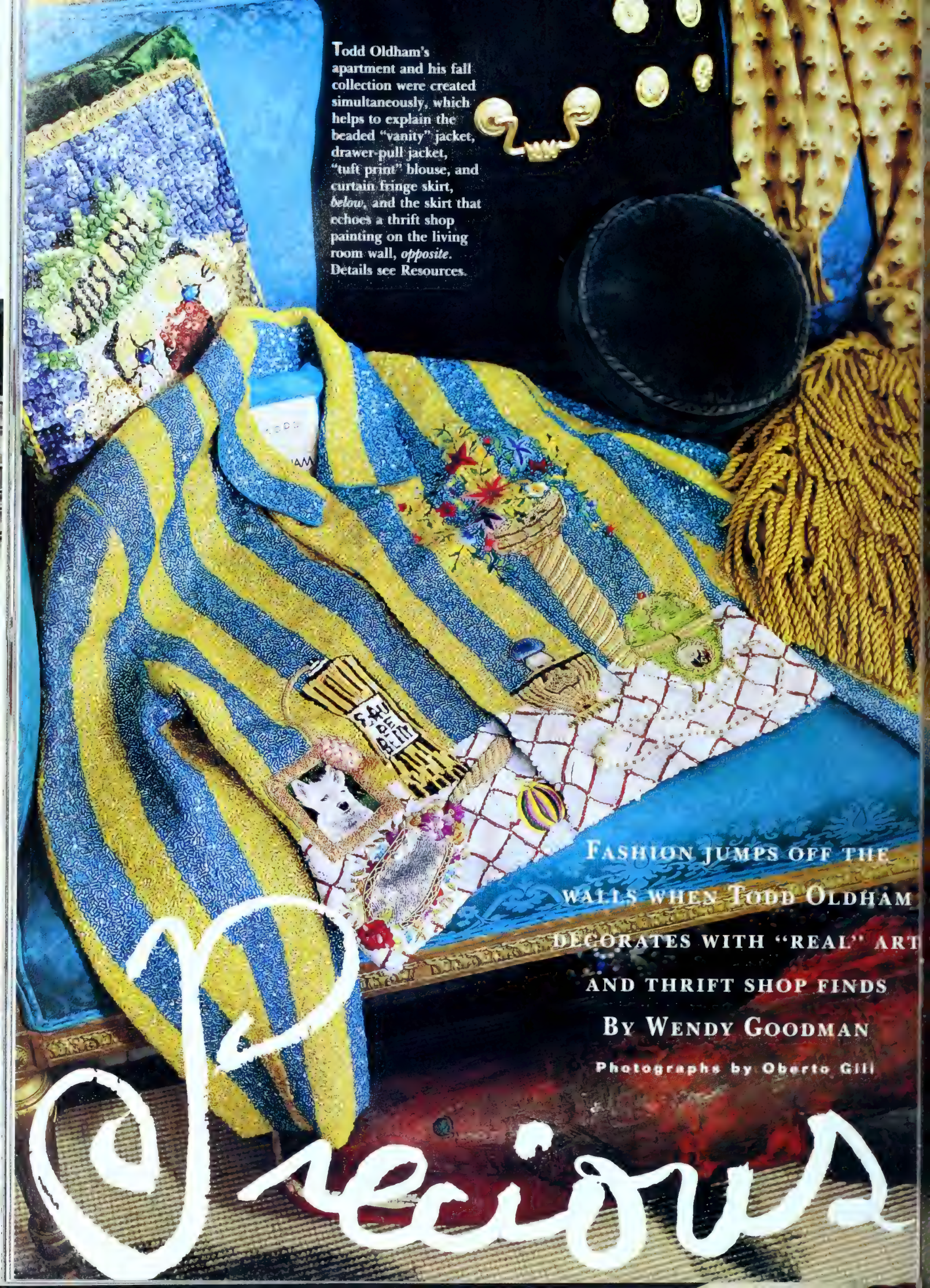
The two-foot-thick exterior walls, recessed windows, and floors of tile and Mexican shell stone keep the interiors cool. Except for a few chilly days in winter, the doors are left open so the breeze can flow through the house, bringing with it the sound of the ocean and rustling palms.

The decoration is restrained: straight lines, natural materials, primarily neutral colors, and simple repeated forms. The rooms are spacious and white, an ideal setting for the couple's wide-ranging collection of exotic objects and antiquities. It is as if the owner's coal-mining interests have inspired a passion for excavated archaeological treasures. Set into the wall in the living room is a fourth-century mosaic of a hare, a hound, and a goose which was found in Asia Minor. A twelfth-century Javanese halberd hangs beside it. Elsewhere are antique Indonesian spearheads, an oversize Etruscan vessel, chocosticks from the islands off Panama, bronze bowls from India, and vessels from Japan.

From the living room a passageway leads past the dining room to the master study and bedroom. Lengths of cotton painted in violet and deep peach and washed in gold hang against the walls from bronze hooks forged, like the door hardware, by Philadelphia's Samuel Yellin Metalworkers Co. The ceiling has been painted with geometric patterns in peach, violet, red, teal, and dark brown, then sanded and glazed. The medieval flavor of this sanctuary was inspired by the late Gothic writing table that serves as the husband's desk. The same polychrome border and painted curtains continue in the master bedroom where a wall of windows looks out to the garden and to the ocean beyond.

Outside, although it has been raining, the garden path is dry beneath the natural canopy. The owner leads a mini expedition past giant cabbage palms that echo the colonnade and a century-old banyan tree spread wide and dangling a hundred vines. The land's fecundity has triumphed. "What we ended up doing," he says, "was rearranging the jungle to allow for views of the blue skies." ♠





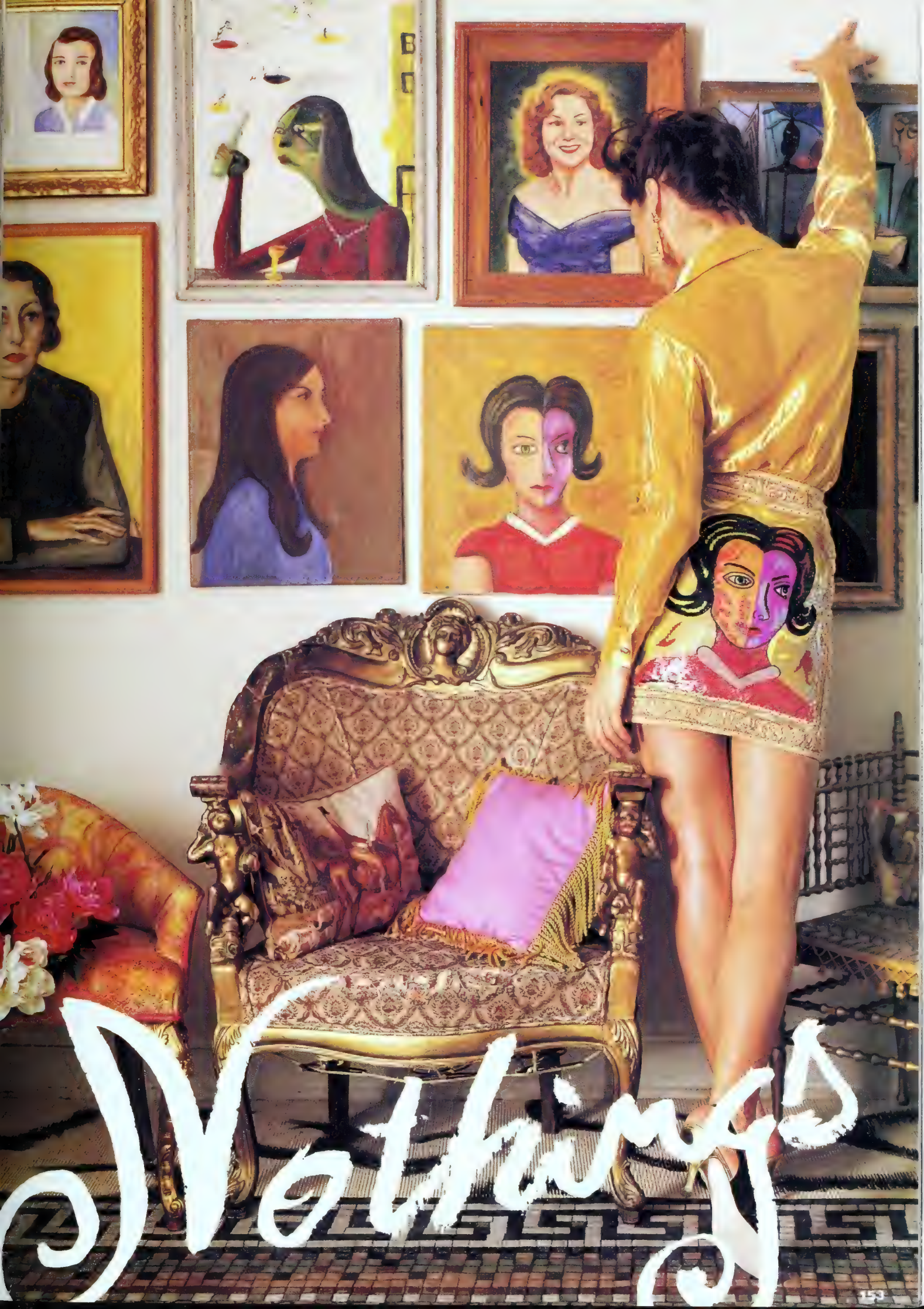
Todd Oldham's apartment and his fall collection were created simultaneously, which helps to explain the beaded "vanity" jacket, drawer-pull jacket, "tuft print" blouse, and curtain fringe skirt, *below*, and the skirt that echoes a thrift shop painting on the living room wall, *opposite*. Details see Resources.

Genius

Fashion jumps off the walls when Todd Oldham decorates with "real" art and thrift shop finds

By Wendy Goodman

Photographs by Oberto Gili


Nathans





"WE BLEND THE REAL AND THE PRECIOUS — WHICH IS USUALLY WHAT WE CALL JUNK"

Todd and his partner, Tony Longoria, with their terriers, Betty and Mike, *left,* have set up a "portrait gallery" of thrift store treasures and yard sale finds in their living room, *above.* Betty and Mike, in a Betsey Johnson turtleneck, pose on a Lamontage rug, flanked by antique sofas. *Right:* A canvas by Ellen Berkenblit is the backdrop for an assemblage of flea market birds, small paintings by Todd's assistant Angel Dormer, and volcanic glass "jewels."



"*Flip Lady* is a real prize. It's beyond outstanding." Seventh Avenue hero Todd Oldham is so enthusiastic about the anonymous thrift store portrait on his living room wall that he paired it with the *Mona Lisa*—Leonardo on the front of a beaded skirt, Master of the Flip Lady on the back.

Todd and his partner, Tony Longoria, were furnishing their apartment while he was preparing his new fall collection, so perhaps it's not surprising that the bedroom mirror and leopard print chaise, transmuted into a sequined gown and a slinky beaded leopard sheath, joined *Flip Lady* on the runway. Todd even named the collection Interiors. "I was thinking about the house," he says, "and the elements just fell into place. I work unconsciously; it just comes out of the hand." Thus the drawer-pull buttons on the pocket of a wool crepe jacket, the Fire the Decorator suit, and the Upholstery



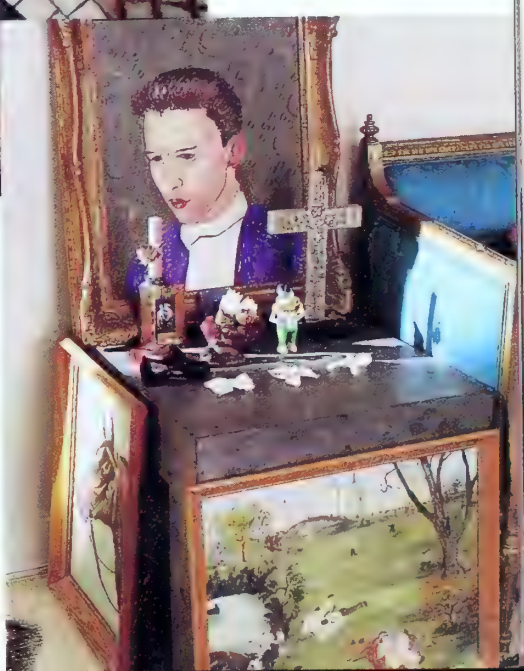












Oils by Ellen Berkenblit surround a Totem lamp by Godley-Schwan in the dining area, *opposite*, where "dream pets" perch on assorted stools. Todd and Tony paint on the sisal carpet when the spirit—and the soil—moves them. *Above:* Silk peonies on a rejuvenated chair. *Clockwise from top left:* Lyndon and Lady Bird Johnson plates, jeweled fruit in a papier-mâché bowl, and a light-bulb vase on a patchwork. Beaded gown and the chaise that inspired it; shoes by Manolo Blahnik. Todd, by Dan Rizzie. Photographs by Diane Arbus, at left, and Leon Borensztein above a twig table.



A-Tack dress. "Basically," says Todd cheerfully, "I operate with a thirteen-year-old boy's psyche."

In fact, he wasn't all that much older when he launched his first design business, making imaginative buttons with his brother, Brad. His entire employment history at the time consisted of one brief stint at a Ralph Lauren boutique in Dallas—"I wasn't the Ralph Lauren image"—and another at a Pizza Hut in Denver where he was robbed at gunpoint and locked in a freezer.

When Todd and Tony moved from Dallas four years ago to establish Todd's business in New York, they went from a two-story house to a two-room apartment. "We left behind a huge Day of the Dead collection," says Tony, "and of course we had fear of furniture, like everybody else moving—you know, 'Oh my God, I can't have anything I can't put in a backpack.' " Since then Todd's line of flamboyant blouses and his designer clothes for Kashiyama have made him a Pied Piper to clients he describes as "free-thinking women who are comfortable in their own skin," among them Susan Sarandon and Queen Latifah. On the home front, he and Tony have settled into a new apartment with their amalgamation of pictures, objects, and furniture—a blend, they say, of "the real and the precious—which is usually what we call junk."

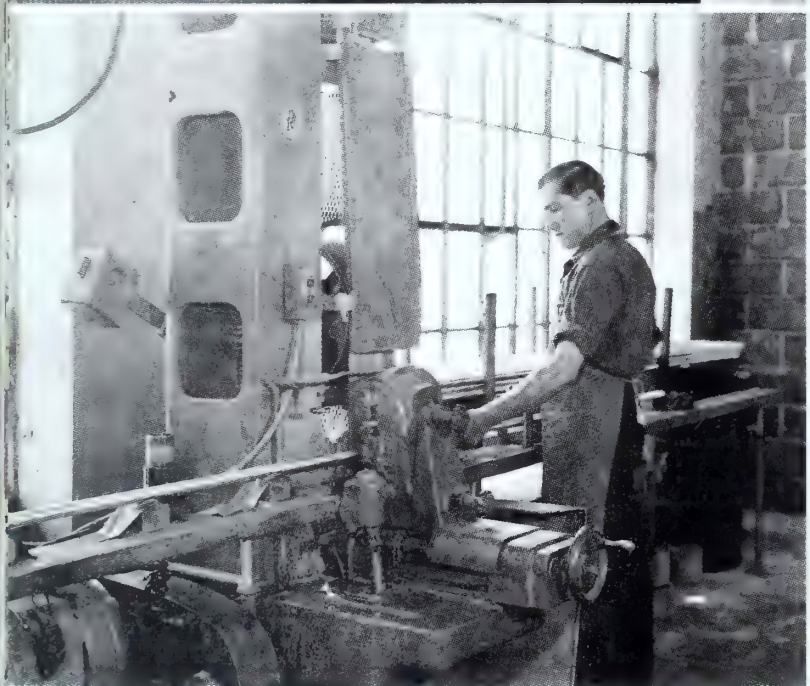
The "real" is represented primarily by an intriguing group of paintings by New York artist Ellen Berkenblit and a collection of photographs by the likes of Diane Arbus, Leon Borensztein, Cindy Sherman, Eadweard Muybridge, and Lee Friedlander, as well as the two silk damask *(Continued on page 178)*

In the bedroom, *left,* the television cabinet is covered with a unique mosaic made from paint-by-numbers pictures, and the floor with a custom-made carpet. Three unusual tramp art towers stand on the painted table. *Opposite:* Liz Renay's self-portrait gets Very Important Painting treatment. Behind the model, who is wearing a beaded poinsettia skirt and silk organza blouse, are photographs by Diane Arbus, at top, and Bill Dane.





Production photos of McArthur furniture, c. 1940





A side chair, right, by Warren McArthur c. 1935, in the Paine Gardan Center, Long Island City, New York

Photo: David Seidner

An Unsung Hero of the Machine Age



Warren McArthur shed new light on the design potential of tubular metal

By Martin Filler

Produced by Charles Gandee

As the twentieth century draws to a close, we are still rediscovering some of the most interesting figures in its design history. To read the standard survey books on American industrial design of the thirties is to believe that nothing worth remembering was done by anyone other than Norman Bel Geddes, Donald Deskey, Henry Dreyfuss, Raymond Loewy, and Walter Dorwin Teague. But to that short roster of giants must be added the name of another major innovator who somehow fell into undeserved obscurity and only lately has begun to emerge in his rightful place: Warren McArthur, maker of some of the most inventive furniture of early modernism.

For the past several years, a small but discerning group of collectors and dealers have been raising McArthur's distinctive tubular-aluminum furniture—most of it designed in the midst of the Great Depression—into something of a cult. Leaders of this resurgent interest have been the New York dealers Nicholas and Shaunna Brown, who have a large selection of McArthur pieces in their private gallery. The late Robert Mapplethorpe, the controversial photographer also known for his confident and trendsetting taste in the decorative arts, owned a rare McArthur coffee table that was auctioned at Christie's in New York, after his death in 1989, and fetched over six times its top presale estimate. Robert Miller, who represents the Mapplethorpe estate, furnished his gallery with a large collection of McArthur's streamlined pieces, some of which were purchased from Stuart Parr, another private dealer. Emily Fisher Landau, an art collector and benefactor of the Fisher Landau Center in Long Island City, outfitted that private museum exclusively with some 160 works by McArthur. And if you had taken your eyes off Susan Sarandon and Geena Davis in *Thelma and Louise*, you might have noticed a McArthur chair in the background.



Warren McArthur in the late 1920s



Armchair with irregular we



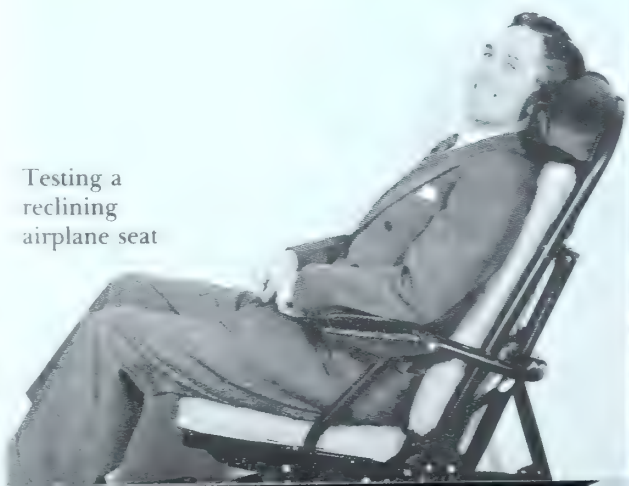
Café table



Hotel interior, c. 1935



Anodized-aluminum color samples

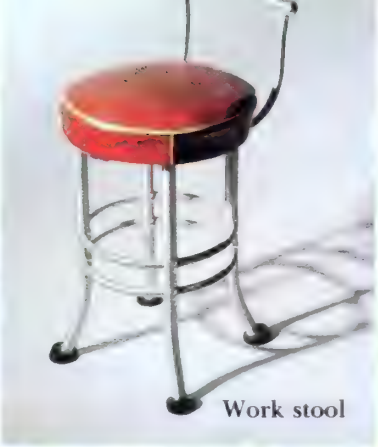


Testing a reclining airplane seat





Two-tier console table



Work stool



Mrs. Warren McArthur with nephew Kenneth Crouse, 1938



Coat hanger

Advertisement, 1945



"THE FAMOUS McARTHUR SEATS" YOU READ ABOUT WERE DESIGNED AND BUILT BY WARREN McARTHUR, NOT ONLY FOR GENERAL MacARTHUR ..THEY WERE "MUST" EQUIPMENT IN MOST ALL COMBAT AND TRANSPORT PLANES USED IN THE WAR

WARREN McARTHUR CORPORATION
ONE PARK AVENUE NEW YORK CITY
• TRANSPORTATION SEATING •



Upholstered armchair



Hat rack

Center table





room,
na Biltmore
1948

Side chair with black rings





Lounge chair and table

Folding chair





and finial on sofa



What made McArthur's approach so thoroughly his own was its emphatic Americanness at a time when many of his peers both in the United States and Europe were seeking the universality of the international style. The tubular-steel furniture devised by the architects Marcel Breuer, Le Corbusier and Charlotte Perriand, Ludwig Mies van der Rohe, and Mart Stam in Europe during the late twenties aimed for the continuity of line epitomized by the nineteenth-century bentwood designs of the Vienna-based Michael Thonet, generally considered the first truly modern furniture manufacturer. The seamless unity of leg, arm, seat, and back that he pioneered became the obsession of his many followers.

Contrary to that idea, Warren McArthur did not try to blur the transitions from one structural element to another but instead emphasized and celebrated how his pieces were put together. Interchangeability of standardized parts was paramount: one component might be used as the leg of a chair, the arm of a sofa, the base of a table. He employed a patented system in which anodized-aluminum tubes (with skeletal metal reinforcing rods) connected to each other at an angle. The joints between those components were defined by anodized-aluminum rings (occasionally in bright colors or black), and terminations were set off by screw-on finial caps. This stress on assembly—the knock-down pieces could be taken apart for transport—gives a McArthur design the modular adaptability that was a hallmark of rationalized modernism.

Yet such pragmatic considerations rarely make for a revival as lively as that which McArthur has been having. His urbane designs embody the evanescent glamour of the mid thirties, that brief, magical moment between the art deco of the late twenties and the stripped classicism of the late thirties. McArthur's chaises longues, console tables, and tête-à-têtes seem destined for a Ginger Rogers/Fred Astaire movie, sophisticated appointments in glittering penthouses where cocktails are served in the midnight moonlight.



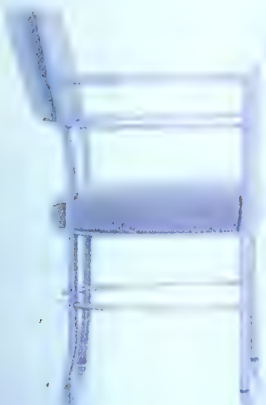
HIS URBANE DESIGNS EMBODY THE EVANESCENT GLAMOUR OF THE THIRTIES

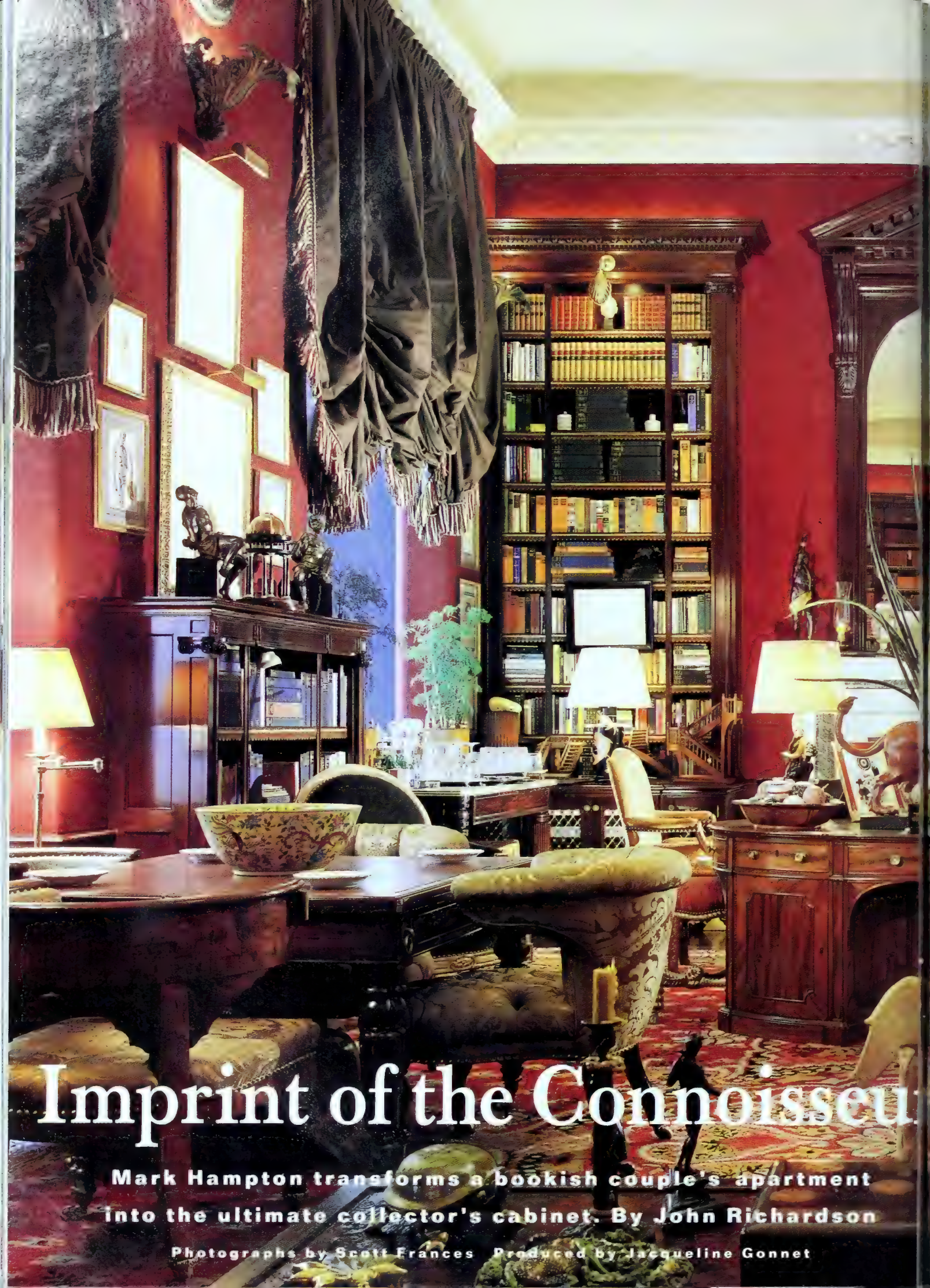
Warren McArthur was an American original whose improbable life story reads like the scenario for a Preston Sturges picaresque comedy. He was born in Chicago in 1885, and when he was seven his family moved into one of the earliest houses by Frank Lloyd Wright, for whom his brother Albert later worked. After graduating with a degree in mechanical engineering from Cornell in 1908, Warren invented a short-globed lantern that was popular with farmers. In 1914 he moved to Phoenix, where he and his two brothers became hugely influential. Warren founded the city's first radio station, developed the Wonderbus—an early camper which Sinclair Lewis toured in while writing one of his novels—and participated in his family's biggest venture, the construction of the Arizona Biltmore Hotel, which launched him on the most memorable segment of his life.



The McArthur family had always taken advantage of new inventions and patents; in the late twenties they approached Frank Lloyd Wright for the rights to the "concrete

(Continued on page 183)





Imprint of the Connoisseu

Mark Hampton transforms a bookish couple's apartment into the ultimate collector's cabinet. By John Richardson

Photographs by Scott Frances Produced by Jacqueline Gonnet



At the center of the living room cum library, an 18th-century carved lion leaps across a George III writing table. The Regency library table at left is surrounded by William IV armchairs in Brunschwig damask. Damasklike wool on the walls, from Cowtan & Tout, sets off monumental cabinetwork as well as clusters of smaller objects. Details see Resources.



AN EMBARRASSment of riches was the problem Mark Hampton had to face when he embarked on this apartment. Far from having to search for suitable contents, he had to find ways of housing a plethora of collections—drawings, bronzes, porcelain, antique furniture, objets d'art, and books, books, books—that his client and friend, a connoisseur who prefers to remain anonymous, had assembled. Formerly a major collector of contemporary painting—Rothko, Stella, Johns, Rauschenberg, and the like—the client had switched his interest to drawing, the decorative arts, and twentieth-century American literature. Above all, the latter. In the course of putting together a library of women authors for his wife, he became an obsessive bibliophile. And so the heart of the new apartment is a lofty library that includes, besides first editions, an accumulation of mostly unpublished letters, manuscripts, journals, even screenplays.

Rooms full of rich possessions too often smack of an expensive shop. That is not at all the case here. True, this collector is a scion of pre-*Titanic* plutocracy, but that is seldom a guarantee of discriminating taste. Atavism can play a role in decoration, however. It certainly accounts for the success with which the owners, aided and abetted by their decorator, have conjured up an ambiance of Henry Jamesian decorum and discreet sumptuousness.

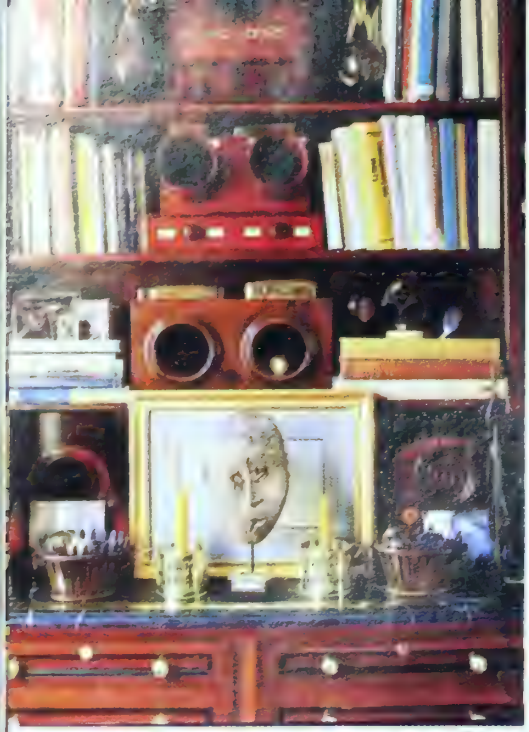
This apartment is the exception to the New York rule that tall buildings have low ceilings. The height of the library, which doubles as the living room, was a surprise even to the new owners. It was only when they started to gut the place and rip out the previous occupant's pitch pine paneling that the ceiling was found to have been drastically lowered. Bookcases now soar to fourteen feet, and there are still four more feet to the ceiling. Dramatic, if a touch impractical. Guests who ask to look at things on the top shelves are not popular: the host has to fetch a housepainter's ladder. Fortunately, the lower shelves offer all manner of treats. Sets of books and manuscripts by Larry McMurtry, handsomely bound or boxed, are interspersed with antique bronzes. Delicate ivory figures shelter in the safe shadow of the books, while swarms of ivory crustaceans, eerily articulated as only the Japanese know how, turn mahogany tabletops into rock pools.

And the drawings: alongside one

Nudes drawn by Egon Schiele hang behind a torchère and ivory-laden table in the library/living room, *above.* Velvet upholstery—Scalamandré on the fauteuil and Clarence House on the sofa—reflects the hues of bindings. The ledge holds a bronze head of Buddha beneath a Delacroix drawing. In the hall an Egyptian revival console table stands below Hockney's *L'Arbois de Ste. Maxime. Opposite above:* Ivory-tipped Empire armchairs in Yves Gonnet velvet flank a signed Jacob tabouret in the apartment's second, more intimate, library. *Opposite below:* A Michael Andrews portrait, above the mantelpiece, dourly surveys a William IV dining table, Regency chairs, and a George II console table.



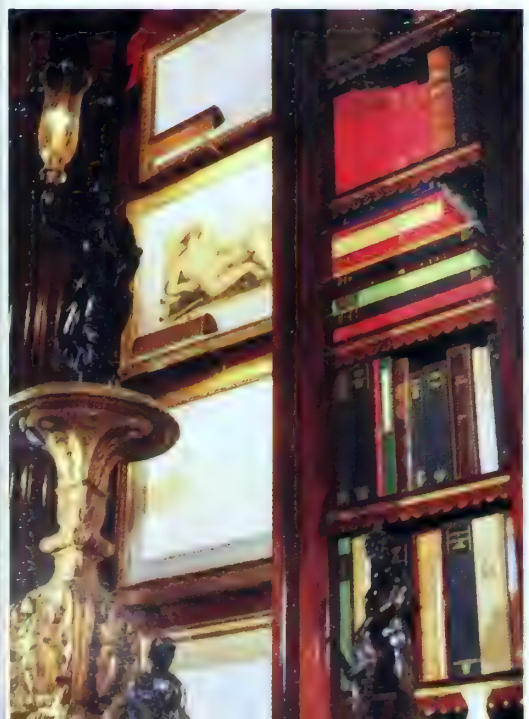














of the vast doorways, recumbent nudes by Matisse, Henry Moore, Balthus, and Maillol are hung one above the other as if to illustrate a point in one of Kenneth Clark's lectures. Down the side of a corresponding doorway is a more erotic group by Egon Schiele. Another of the collector's enthusiasms is twentieth-century English art, including a tough little early Lucian Freud in the library and a major Hockney painting outside in the hall. Such disparate schools and periods would not commingle so happily were it not for the connoisseur's unifying eye. The wine-colored damasklike wool on the walls is a great help, insofar as it homogenizes and enhances whatever is set against it. Throughout the apartment, materials have been chosen with utmost discernment by the wife, whom Hampton credits with "an infallible flair for the right stuff."

The dining room, no less handsome than the library/living room next door, is more conventional in scale and decoration. As one might expect, the magnificent pair of oversize eagle- and dolphin-supported side tables and the fine eighteenth-century Chinese mirror paintings turn out to be inherited. Not, however, the handsome brooding portrait over the fireplace, a work by one of England's best contemporary artists, Michael Andrews. Old-master drawings vie with the boldly colored and patterned walls for our attention. Al-

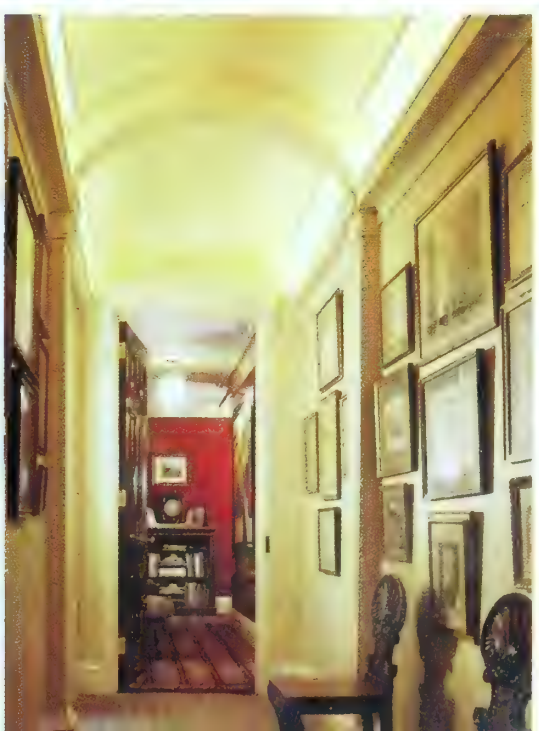
A collector's anthology comprises, *clockwise from top left,* Regency ballot boxes with an African mask; drawings by Nadelman, Klimt, Tchelitchev, and Lachaise behind a French miniature temple, c. 1840; Staffordshire figures above the tub; Rudolph Grobmann's portrait of Matisse and Larry Rivers's *Two Figures;* a 17th-century bronze after Giambologna, at lower right, and drawings by Matisse, Henry Moore, Balthus, and Maillol; a Lucian Freud portrait and Roman antiquities. *Opposite above:* In the husband's bathroom, Hampton scaled a Tressard stripe to a patterned Stark carpet. *Opposite below, from left:* A Japanese ivory menagerie under the gaze of an African cat mask; an ivory tempietto; architectural drawings and Regency hall chairs.

Bronzes, porcelains, and objets d'art shelter in the shadow of books and manuscripts, while swarms of ivory crustaceans turn tabletops into rock pools









though some of the drawings are overwhelmed, I like the contrast. I also like the way parchment-colored curtains are looped back to frame a thriving fig tree. For all its panache, this room is seldom used. Who can blame the owners for preferring to dine informally amid the splendors of the library and watch dusk turn Central Park from green to sepia?

Believe it or not, there is a second library, a smaller room conceived for evenings en famille. Like the dining room, however, it is often spurned for the infinitely addictive library number one. Too bad: library number two has everything to recommend it. Thin ebonized columns (shades of Emilio Terry's library for the British embassy in Paris) impose order on a space that combines formal French furniture with eclectic arrays of objects. I usually do not covet Staffordshire figures, but this room holds some wonderfully quirky examples by Obadiah Sherratt, and their folksy charm and humor counterbalance the lethal chic of ornaments in the Egyptian taste.

Down a corridor lined with eighteenth-century architectural drawings lurks the host's favorite hideaway: a room that could also be termed a library if its overt function were not that of a bathroom/dressing room. One's first impression is of a sizable study, arched, pilastered, and paneled in the manner of the Regency architect Sir John Soane. Suddenly one realizes that, besides a desk, sofa, and chandelier, besides busts, whatnots, and innumerable ballot boxes, this room includes a tub encased in mahogany. The neoclassical armchair behind a Gothic screen turns out to be an antique w.c. By most people's standards, the wife's spacious *(Continued on page 182)*



Within reach of bookshelves, a Victorian chaise longue in the master bedroom is covered in the same Clarence House linen print used for the walls, curtains, and bed reflected in the Regency mirror. Hampton grouped drawings by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Francesco Raffaelli, and others alongside a Charles X mantel garniture. Larry Rivers's *Parts of the Body* hangs above a c. 1840 ebonized cabinet.

Mark Hampton and his clients have conju



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BLANKET EFFECT
Nineteenth-century tastes favored floor-to-ceiling pictures, as in this 1824 London gallery scene by W. F. Witherington. Details see Resources.

Great ideas



THE FRAME IS ALL
Decorator Chip Speaks treats a trio of gilt frames as art, which he hangs from ribbons.

The art of **hanging pictures** was once dictated by convention—but no longer. Today **creative options** abound, from **massing collections** on ledges to letting **lone frames** stand on their own. HG spotlights a range of display **solutions,** all of which point to the fact that the **primary rule** is personal taste. **By Alexandra de Rochefort**



LAYERED LOOK At home, art dealer Robert Miller and his wife, Betsy, mass a group of photos, drawings, and prints on ledges and even along the floor.

great ideas



CONTENT IN A CONTEXT Designer Vicente Wolf arranged architectural engravings in two columns for a client.



ART ALL OVER Everything from bookrests and easels to ordinary picture hooks are used for displaying prints in French decorator Thierry Despont's atelier-style New York apartment.



LINEAR APPROACH A brass rail at eye level unites portraits of differing sizes at Kingston Lacy, a British National Trust house.



GRID WORK A checkerboard of family snapshots in 1960s frames patterns a corridor in the Miami Beach apartment of legendary architect Morris Lapidus.



DOORS AS FRAMES
Curtained cabinet doors faced with wire grilles frame French engravings hung from bows in collector Lillian Williams's New York apartment.



SURPRISING PLACEMENT
Vintage engravings lean against a wall on either side of a bureau topped with a contemporary painting in designer Craig Logan Jackson's apartment.



BREAKING A PATTERN
In front of novelist Jay McInerney's desk, architect Alison Spear hung portraits of literati in simple frames arranged asymmetrically.

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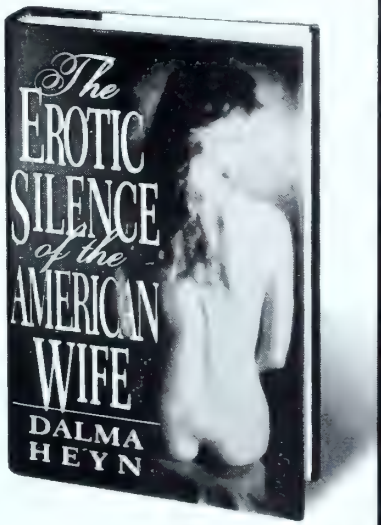
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— GLORIA STEINEM,
AUTHOR OF
REVOLUTION FROM WITHIN

Turtle Bay Books

Valentino's London

(Continued from page 112) out the house, rooms that are far from big feature outsize furniture, another Valentino trademark: "I love big furniture in a small room. It has impact." In his narrow bedroom an English four-poster nearly extends from wall to wall and from floor to ceiling. The conservatory, which doubles as the breakfast room, is given over to a table that accommodates eight and an array of Chinese blue and white porcelain—all gathered under a blue and white gingham canopy. Even the half landing on the stairs boasts a great inlaid marble table almost hidden by a dripping tub of fuchsias. Not surprisingly, Valentino notes that, concerning plants, he "adores unusual varieties and bold compositions." He points to a rose tree, four feet high and almost as wide, that buries a table in the drawing room. "Robert Day does my flowers," he says. "He has guts."

Valentino's London house is where he goes to relax and indulge his passion for movies and biographies. There isn't an office or workroom, but there are three spare bedrooms. "In Rome I never have time to shop or go to the theater," he says. "London is the place I can do these things." But even in this private hideaway Valentino never forgets his mandate as a designer—a fact revealed when he explains, "I don't use strange colors or uneasy shapes because I want women to look and feel beautiful when they sit in my rooms. I make that possible here." ▲

Precious Nothings

(Continued from page 158) covered sofas Tony and Todd found "waiting" for them at a neighborhood antiques shop. But it is what Tony dubs "precious nothings" that dominate the mix. One off-white chair with brown legs was so ugly that when they got it home Todd immediately brought out the fabric dyes and gold spray paint. Another had been abandoned on the sidewalk by the owners of a junk shop, "but we thought it looked charming just the way it was," recalls Tony. The "precious" chairs are neatly arranged in the living room "portrait gallery"—a "wall o' women" and a "wall o' men," in Tony's words, covered with found paintings, mostly from flea markets and garage sales. "Most of them cost one or two dollars," says Todd.

Then there's the sisal carpet in the living room—a memorial, in a sense, to the white carpet they installed in their first New York apartment. According to Todd, "it lasted forty-five minutes," thanks to Betty and Mike, their terriers. So the sisal has become a canvas. They began by daubing in oversize leopard spots with black house paint and india ink. "When it gets more soiled or more worn, we'll use color," adds Todd. "Eventually we may cover the whole thing. When you think about it, Mike's our decorator!"

In the bedroom a glowing-orange bedspread they bought from a shopkeeper on Lower Broadway—"One hundred percent satin," he assured them—keeps company with a striped rug pieced together at Montauk Carpet. "Most places had those scary suburban-house colors, like mauve, beige, and brown," Todd says. "We wanted primary colors." A unique mosaic covers the custom television console. "We had so many paint-by-numbers pictures with colors we liked but imagery we didn't appreciate that we just had them cut up and used like tiles," he explains. The Liz Renay self-portrait above the bed was a birthday gift to him from Tony, who says Renay's "claim to fame was that she was a gangster's moll. She said she had the cover of *Esquire*, she was arrested, and she had a one-woman art show, all at practically the same time."

Putting all this together, says Todd, is not so much decorating as an idiosyncratic style of curating: "I have such a strong understanding of luxury and a strong understanding of junk and the way they can be combined. It's not a reference point that is immediately accessible to a lot of people." But then he has been playing by his own rules since he was a teenager skipping school—and those rules work for him, as both his clothes and his apartment make clear. "Because what I do is so personal," he says, "it's easy. It's joyful." ▲

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Resources

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Page 12 Picture hanging, by decorator Frédéric [illegible] 1640

ART

Page 50 Pequi chair, $4,000, oiticica canoe-shaped throne chair, $4,000, oiticica hourglass pedestal, $2,000, oiticica-topped table with tambor ocado base, $3,000, at Industria, 775 Washington St., New York, NY 10014, (212) 366-1114 by appt. Arte Sana, Rue Alagoinhas 301, Rio Vermelho, Salvador CEP 40 000 Bahia, Brazil; (71) 235-0567, fax (71) 248-7681

FOOD

Pages 62, 64, 66 For fresh natural pork: Niman-Schell Ranch, Box 369, Bolinas, CA 94924, (415) 552-0181. For *The Humane Consumer and Producers Guide: Buying and Producing Farm Animal Products for a Humane Sustainable Agriculture* (listing 95 hog raisers in 26 states), order from International Alliance for Sustainable Agriculture, 1701 University Ave. S.E., Minneapolis, MN 55414; (612) 331-1099, $13 (incl. shipping). **62, 64** Nobel bone china plate, by Rorstrand, for stores (914) 628-1616. **64** Yves Halard flatware, $35 pce, at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC

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WORKROOM

Pages 78, 80 Custom porcelain, to order from Manufacture Nationale de Sèvres, 4 place André Malraux, 75001 Paris, (1) 47-03-40-20, fax (1) 42-61-40-54; 4 Grand Rue, 92310 Sèvres, (1) 45-34-34-00, fax (1) 45-34-39-76, catalogue available

GARDENING

Pages 82, 84 Landscape design, by Deborah Nevins Assocs., 270 Lafayette St., New York, NY 10012, (212) 925-1125

DECORATION

Page 88 La Portugaise chintz, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, for showrooms (212) 838-7878. Willow Boughs wallpaper, to the trade at Sanderson, for showrooms (212) 319-7220

DESIGN

Page 92 1947 Side stainless steel/foam chair, 1932 Camel stainless steel/ash adjustable table, 1951 Boomerang stained plywood chair with elastic straps, 1942 Cantilever laminated wood/foam chair, all by Richard J. Neutra, to the trade at ICF, for showrooms (800) 237-1624, in NY (800) 237-1625. Leather on Cantilever chair, to the trade at Unika Vaev, for showrooms (800) 237-1624, in NY (800) 237-1625

STYLE

Page 94 Verdura pieces, to order at Verdura, NYC (212) 758-6588 by appt.

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Pages 101–04 Rico Espinet's sculpture, from Rico Espinet, Brooklyn (718) 965-3933. **99** Custom copper tubing floor lamp with enamel shade, to order from Espinet (see above). **101** Custom spun aluminum/copper/iron floor lamp, custom Mixmaster blown glass/iron table lamp, to order from Espinet (see above). **102** Custom Conga copper/rubber/iron floor lamp with linen shade, to order from Espinet (see above). **104** Custom copper/brass/iron bedside lamp, to order from Espinet (see above). Custom one-of-a-kind lamp, to order from Harry Anderson, Philadelphia (215) 548-8074

VALENTINO'S LONDON

Pages 106–13 Decoration, by Tom Parr of Colefax & Fowler, 39 Brook St., London W1Y 2JE; (71) 493-2231. Flowers, by Robert Day Flowers, London (71) 824-8655. **106–07** Shantung Quadrille silk on armchairs and wall, to the trade at Le Manach, Paris (1) 47-42-52-94. Strapwork wool damask on foreground chair, to the trade to special order from Clarence House, for showrooms (212) 752-2890. Leopard silk/linen/cotton velvet on stools, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, for showrooms (212) 838-7878. **107, 108** Garden design, by Miranda Morley and Jane Nicholas, London (71) 730-8042, (81) 874-9444. **108** Carsten Check cotton on ceiling and chairs, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above). **110–11** Metropolitan Museum of Art Limoges dinner plates, $175 ea, for stores (212) 570-3726. **112** Brass lamps, by Valentino Più, bed linens, by Valentino Linge de Maison, from Valentino, for stores (Europe only) Rome (1) 396-67391. French Tiger wool carpet, to the trade at Stark Carpet, for showrooms (212) 752-9000

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Pages 124–29 Design, by Victoria Hagan Interiors, 22 East 72 St., New York, NY 10021; (212) 472-1290. **124–25** Horn footstool, similar at Karen Warshaw, NYC (212) 439-7870. Karl linen on large sofa, to the trade at Stroheim & Romann, for showrooms (718) 706-7000. Montfort Stripe cotton on armchair, to the trade at Schumacher, for information (800) 523-1200. Antique kilim, similar at the Rug Loft, NYC (212) 879-2663. Tiger Eyes sisal, to the trade at Patterson, Flynn & Martin, for showrooms (212) 688-7700. Italian giltwood urn lamp, similar to the trade at John Rosselli International, NYC (212) 772-2137. **126** Iron bench #1, $575, from Claiborne, NYC (212) 475-3072. **127** Chandelier, similar at Betty Jane Bart Antiques, NYC (212) 410-2702. Tiger Eyes sisal (see above). Armillary sphere reproduction lamp, similar to the trade at John Rosselli (see above). **128** Iron beds, similar at Hobnail Antiques, Pawling (914) 855-1623. Custom cotton bedspreads, to order at Schweitzer Linens, NYC (212) 799-9629. **129** Les Vendanges cotton on love seat, to the trade at Clarence House, for showrooms (212) 752-2890. Ophelia linen for curtains, to the trade at Nancy Koltes Fine Linens and Textiles, for showrooms (212) 995-9050

MICKEY AND HIS ARCHITECTS

Pages 130–35 Antoine Grumbach Architecte, 7 rue de Monceau, 75008 Paris; (1) 43-59-11-88. Robert A. M. Stern Architects, 211 West 61 St., New York, NY 10023; (212) 246-1980. Michael Graves Architect, 341 Nassau St., Princeton, NJ 08540; (609) 924-6409. Antoine Predock Architect, 300 12th St. N.W., Albuquerque, NM 87102, (505) 843-7390; 1136 Abbot Kinney, Venice, CA 90291, (310) 392-5906

TAKING A CUE FROM ELSIE

Pages 139–45 Decoration and shop: Nina Campbell, 9 Walton St., London SW3 2JD; (71) 225-1011. **139** Campbell Tartan wool on chair, by Nina Campbell, to the trade at Osborne & Little, for showrooms (203) 359-1500. Couture sequined silk crepe dress, by Susan McCone, to order at Jonal, NYC (212) 879-9200. **140–41** Durrington Damask linen/cotton/nylon print for walls and curtains, Sackville Stripe cotton for undercurtains and poles, Voronstov modacrylic/linen/cotton/nylon print on sofa, Marienbad Stripe cotton on pillows, Georgia Weave modacrylic/cotton/nylon print on chair at left, all by Nina Campbell, to the trade at Osborne & Little (see above). Antinea Velvet mohair/cotton (shown with needlepoint bands) on chair, to the trade at André Bon, for showrooms (212) 355-4012. Caravaggio cotton damask on two front sofa pillows, to the trade at Clarence House, for showrooms (212) 752-2890. Napoleon Trois cotton print on chair pillow, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, for showrooms (212) 838-7878. Fleury cotton on rear chair, to the trade at Bergamo Fabrics, for showrooms (718) 392-5000. Handmade needlepoint carpet, similar from Olivia Wells, London (71) 584-8911. 19th-century French gilt tole sconces, similar at Guinevere Antiques, London (71) 736-2917. Custom mouse-eared chair pillow, custom lampshades, black folding tables, at Nina Campbell (see above). **143** Marinsky cotton on chairs and screen, by Nina Campbell, Merlin cotton for tablecloth, from the Elysium Collection, to the trade at Osborne & Little (see above). Table accessories, at Nina Campbell (see above). Tiger Stripe cotton for undercloth, to the trade at Sanderson, for showrooms (212) 319-7220. **144–45** Fou Sin cotton, Rumanian rug, custom lampshades, custom cross-stitch pillow on near chair, at Nina Campbell (see above). Sackville Stripe wallpaper, Bagatelle Spot chintz for sofa pillows, Durrington Damask linen/cotton/nylon print on back pillows, Hertford Scroll cotton for valances, all by Nina Campbell, to the trade at Osborne & Little (see above)

MODERN ARCHAEOLOGY

Pages 146–51 Design, by Betsy McCue Train, 344 Club View Dr., Great Falls, VA 22066; (703) 759-1595. Architecture, by Jack Train Assocs., Architects, with Betsy McCue Train as project designer, 111 West Washington St., Chicago, IL 60602; (312) 332-0363. Landscape architecture, by Morgan Wheelock, 334 Bolyston St., Boston, MA 02116; (617) 536-9600. **147** Charley metal-frame chairs with removable covers, by Montis, to the trade to order from Axiom Designs, for showrooms (212) 219-2212. Custom hand-forged hardware on doors, similar to order from Samuel Yellin Metalworkers Co., Philadelphia (215) 472-3122. Tables, similar at Joshua Baer & Co., Santa Fe (505) 988-8944. **148** Capri Canvas Stripe water-repellent cotton on banquette and chaise, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, for showrooms (212) 838-7878. Prancer suede shag carpet, to the trade to special order at Jack Lenor Larsen, for showrooms (212) 674-3993. Indian Paintbrush silk on banquette pillows, to the trade at Jack Lenor Larsen (see above). Taccia lamp with adjustable glass bowl to left of banquette, by Castiglioni for Flos, for dealers (516) 549-2745. Italian bronze table with Egyptian porphyry top, c. 1805, at window, similar at Juan Portela Antiques, NYC (212) 650-0085. Sheer for curtains, to the trade at Lee Jofa, for showrooms (201) 438-8444. **149** Aurora hanging lights, from Flos (see above). Chaplin metal-frame chairs with removable covers, by Montis, to the trade to order from Axiom Designs (see above). Awning canvas stripe for Chaplin chair covers, to the trade at Gretchen Bellinger, for showrooms (518) 235-2828. Hand-painted cotton on three chaise pillows, similar to the trade to special order at Anya Larkin, for showrooms (212) 532-3263. Montague cotton stripe on front chaise pillow, to the trade at Grey Watkins, for showrooms (212) 371-2333. 17th-century French stool, similar at L'Antiquaire & the Connoisseur, NYC (212) 517-9176. Natural spotted calfskin on stool, to the trade at Contemporary Hides, for showrooms (619) 272-2025. **150–51** Custom hand-painted and gilded cotton for curtains, similar to order from Elliott Levine, NYC (212) 541-9389 by appt. Traviata large cable (comes with tape) for cording, Traviata Marabout fringe on paisley pillows, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above). Custom hand-forged fabric hangers, to order from Samuel Yellin (see above). Soliman rayon/cotton ottoman on chaise, to the trade at Manuel Canovas, for showrooms (212) 752-9588. Steel bed (#0285), to the trade at Niermann Weeks, for showrooms Niermann Weeks, Box 6671, Annapolis, MD 21401, $25 catalogue available

PRECIOUS NOTHINGS

Page 152 Todd Oldham Vanity beaded jacket, at Macy's, NYC; Martha International, NYC; Fred Hayman Beverly Hills, Beverly Hills. Todd Oldham Drawer-Pull wool crepe jacket, Tuft Print silk blouse, Curtain Fringe skirt, at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC (skirt to order); Macy's, NYC; Fred Hayman

Beverly Hills, Beverly Hills; Neiman Marcus, Beverly Hills, Dallas; Stanley Korshak, Dallas, Nan Duskin, Philadelphia **153** Todd Oldham Old Masters/New Mistress beaded skirt, Screen Door silk/metal blouse, at Bloomingdale's, NYC; Macy's, NYC; Martha International, NYC; Fred Hayman Beverly Hills, Beverly Hills; Stanley Korshak, Dallas, Macy's West, San Francisco **155** Mosaic Palermo Lamontage carpet, to the trade at Saxony Carpet, Schumacher; Stark Carpet; the Rug Source in Denver, Denver; Emmet Perry & Co., Houston; Galleria Carpets & Rugs, Washington, D.C.; retail at ABC Carpet & Home, NYC; Village Carpets, Chicago, Minnetka. Louis XIV–style love seats, similar at Main Koch Antiques, NYC (212) 243-8625 **156** Totem aluminum floor lamp, by Godley-Schwan, for stores (718) 383-2323 Grass lamp, by Robert Lewis, to order at Modern Age, NYC (212) 674-5603. **157** Light bulb bud vase from Togo, $10, at Craft Caravan, NYC (212) 431-6669 Todd Oldham beaded leopard-print gown, at Henri Bendel (to order); Bergdorf Goodman, NYC (to order), Macy's, NYC; Neiman Marcus, Beverly Hills, Dallas Leopard-print chaise, similar at Depression Modern, NYC (212) 982-5699. Black crepe slingbacks, by Manolo Blahnik, at Neiman Marcus, Beverly Hills, Dallas. Twig table, by Sura Kayla, to order at Sura Kayla SoHo, NYC (212) 941-8757 **159** Custom carpet, to order at Montauk Carpet, NYC (212) 691-2400. Todd Oldham Poinsettia beaded skirt, silk organza blouse, at Henri Bendel (skirt to order); Macy's, NYC (skirt to order); Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC (skirt to order); Lilly Dodson, Dallas, Fred Segal Melrose, Los Angeles

AN UNSUNG HERO OF THE MACHINE AGE
Pages 160–65 Selected Warren McArthur furniture, from Nicholas and Shaunna Brown, NYC (212) 941-4753 by appt

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Pages 166–73 Decoration, by Mark Hampton, 654 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10021, (212) 753-4110, fax (212) 758-2079. Architecture, by Oscar Shamamian of Ferguson Murray & Shamamian, Architects, 270 Lafayette St., Suite 300, New York, NY 10012; (212) 941-8088 Cabinetwork, by Gregory Gurfein, Long Island City (718) 729-7734 Decorative painting, by Pat Cutaneo, Bernardsville (908) 953-9003. **166–67** Raphael Damask silk on William IV chairs, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, for showrooms (212) 838-7878 Weald wool on walls, Langdon House Stripe silk on fauteuil back, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout, for showrooms (212) 753-4488. Wool Suede wool/nylon for balloon shades, to the trade at Decorators Walk, for showrooms (516) 249-3100. Custom cotton bullion fringe (#FB999) on shades, to the trade to order at Scalamandré (212) 980-3888. Leather bookcase edging, by Robert Falotico Studios, NYC (212) 369-1217. **168** 19th-century torchère, similar at Christopher Hodsoll, London (71) 730-3370. Custom-embossed Rainbow Velvet cotton on fauteuil, custom cotton cord on tape (#C83T), custom Jo-Anne cotton bullion fringe (#FB9999) and custom Fleurival cotton rosette with tassel (#T2838A) all on sofa, to the trade to order at Scalamandré (see above). Velours Gascogne cotton/linen on sofa, to the trade at Clarence House, for showrooms (212) 752-2890. **169** Renaissance Velvet cotton on chairs, to the trade at Yves Gonnet, for showrooms (212) 758-8220. Veronica Gimp viscose/polyester/cotton gimp on chairs, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above). Peking silk velvet on tabouret, to the trade at Jack Lenor Larsen, for showrooms (212) 674-3993. Diana Taffeta silk for curtains (without painted design), to the trade at Henry Calvin, for showrooms (415) 565-1981 Scroll Bouquet cotton on dining room walls, to the trade at Clarence House (see above). Chatillon Cut Velvet cotton/bemberg on chairs, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above). Limoges Taffeta silk for curtain, to the trade at Scalamandré (see above). Napoleon III chandelier, similar at Marvin Alexander, NYC (212) 838-2320. **171** Custom-color Omni cotton stripe for walls and curtains, to the trade at Tressard, for showrooms (201) 365-2001. Buxton wool carpet, to the trade at Stark Carpet, for showrooms (212) 752-9000. Pulborough chintz on sofa, to the trade at Clarence House (see above) Custom-color Special Wreath Lattice carpet in hallway and Empire Caisson carpet in red room, to the trade at Stark (see above) **172–73** Arts and Crafts linen print, to the trade at Clarence House (see above) Custom cotton bullion fringe (#FB9999) on chaise, custom Mistral blocked cut silk fringe (#FC249) on curtains, to the trade to order at Scalamandre (see above) French armchair, c. 1870, similar at Bardith, NYC (212) 737-3775. Victorian ebonized cabinet with brass studs, similar at Mallett at Bourdon House, London (71) 499-7411

GREAT IDEAS
Page 176 Vicente Wolf Assocs., NYC (212) 465-0590 Elisa club chair (#H9115), by Vicente Wolf for Henredon, for dealers (919) 885-9141 Sisal carpet (#WO-42) in bedroom by Wolf, to the trade at Stark Carpet, for showrooms (212) 752-9000 Architectural engravings in bedroom by Wolf, from the John Richard Collection, for dealers (601) 453-5809 Decoration, by Thierry W. Despont, NYC (212) 334-9444 Framing of Despont pictures, by A-Z Art Framing, NYC (212) 226-3641 Craig Logan Jackson Interiors, NYC (212) 929-0164 Alison Spear, AIA, NYC (212) 254-2406
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Connoisseur

(Continued from page 172) drawing-lined bathroom is on the sybaritic side, but by comparison with the husband's beguiling sanctum it seems austere.

Hampton's claim that he never enjoyed a job as much as this one is borne out by the album of photographs and drawings in which he has chronicled every phase of the project. Of course, the decorator is an old friend of the owners and has worked for them before, but that does not always preclude friction. "Smoothest ride I ever had," the husband fervently agrees, "and so wonderfully quick: nine months from start—demolition down to the concrete—to finish." An amazing feat, given the complexity of the work: above all, the intricate craftsmanship involved, the library cabinetwork, for instance, all of which was executed by the master furniture maker Gregory Gurfein. What is more, no shortcuts were considered. Mahogany is mahogany; marble, marble. There are none of the usual attempts to fool one's eye.

An amazing feat, too, in view of the scale of the main room. Since the building's elevators and doorways were not wide enough to accommodate the huge sofas the space demanded, the upholsterers had to set up shop in the apartment, as did the carpenters. There were also seemingly endless structural and engineering problems. "All credit for coming up with solutions is due to Oscar Shamamian, our architect," says Hampton.

The inspiration for the library cum living room was not so much Carlos de Beistegui's theatrical bibliothèque at Groussay as the stolid classicism of Sir Charles Barry, an architect one associates with London clubs and the noble houses in Trollope's novels. "My dream was always to do a great library," Hampton explains, "but one that was a place to read in as well as look at." He has triumphantly succeeded. May all Hampton's other dreams come true: the grand manner evidently becomes him. ♠

Master Gardener

(Continued from page 119) apparent in the range of effects he achieves with a limited palette of relatively ordinary plants, such as white honesty, *Astrantia major*, and *Thalictrum aquilegifolium*. His respect for the site is also apparent here: on the shady moist north-facing side of Domein Botermelk's secret garden he has used ferns, Solomon's seal, hostas, and rodgersias.

The plantsman's focus on every leaf and flower can cause myopia in a designer, but Wirtz does not hesitate to step back for a broader view. At Meer in northern Belgium, he cleared part of the dense woodland that hemmed in a handsome turn-of-the-century brick farmhouse to make open lawns—some six acres in all—outside the front and back façades. Near the house he laid out gardens whose relaxed formality gracefully mediates between architecture and the surrounding landscape, sketching in a delicate geometry.

French windows overlook the main outside sitting area—a serene paved terrace softened at the edges by topiary and low hedges of box, a loggia festooned with Virginia creeper, and a pair of curvaceous mixed borders framing distant scenery. The open spaces of lawn on the other side of the house are made less dauntingly expansive by adroit visual linkages: a pair of white stone busts eye each other across the grass; a gap between yew hedges aligns with a distant Lutyens bench silhouetted against a solid yew wall. These formal devices are embowered all around in the forest, the solid frame for Wirtz's composition.

At another private garden, surrounding a farmhouse near Bellem, Wirtz's design incorporates a highly decorative seventeenth-century dovecote with crow-stepped gables. The outskirts of the estate are intensely rural—cattle and sheep graze in meadows beside willow-fringed canals—and Wirtz has been careful to use the natural vocabulary of the region. Following local tradition, he enclosed the garden in hedges of hornbeam and hawthorn, and parallel to these rustic boundaries he planted a breathtaking alley of limes with a turf walk that culminates in a bench backed by clipped yew. The cross axis is a brick path (this is very much brick country) flanked by tall cones of yew and precisely aligned with the dovecote. Tucked away to one side of the house, a series of box-edged beds planted with fruit trees, herbs, and vegetables is another of Wirtz's homages to the neat country gardens of Flanders. In the background the clucking of chickens gives the true farmyard note.

All this may seem a world away from the challenges of redesigning the Jardin du Carrousel in Paris, Wirtz's portion of the landscape assigned to him, Benech, and Cribier. Yet there too, at one of the most historic urban sites in Europe, Wirtz's overriding principle has remained the same—to honor the spirit of the place. Horticulturally, this is almost a sacred site, for it adjoins the Jardin des Tuileries, designed in the seventeenth century by the great André Le Nôtre, whose father had been a head gardener there.

Working closely with I. M. Pei, architect of the glass and steel pyramid in the Louvre courtyard at the eastern terminus of the park's long axis, Wirtz has evolved a classical design that pays tribute to Le Nôtre with walks and open-air rooms of clipped lime and yew. The scheme also makes a focal point of the banal Arc du Carrousel by deploying a fan of radiating low yew hedges and paths as a bold counter-rhythm along the ground plane. This green oasis of calm provides a haven from the roar of traffic. Construction and planting are well under way and will be completed next year. As in the past, Wirtz's quietly amicable dealings with his client have led to another assignment: at the personal request of President Mitterrand, he has been asked to restore the private gardens at the Elysée Palace. For a Belgian to receive this prestigious commission in Paris is, from the French point of view, an accolade of the highest distinction.

Jacques Wirtz shows no sign of retiring or of flagging creative energy, and there is a steady flow of remarkable projects from the office where his two sons, Martin and Peter, work with him. The Wirtz style, a modern way of gardening that draws inventively on the past and on the particular magic of each site, continues to yield some of the finest landscapes of our time. ♠

Country Romance

(Continued from page 128) I wanted to restore some of that feeling." The mirrors she chose have a murky patina to the glass. A stone cherub's head hung on the side of the living room fireplace has been left with dried moss.

The edge of the mantelpiece is exactly *not* where the couple expected the head to end up. They've made a game of trying to guess where Hagan will put things. They're usually wrong—and always pleased. The biggest battle was over the floors. They were 3,000 square feet of a somber gray the wife had once spent a week painting herself. Hagan wanted to strip them to their natural color. The wife gave in, her husband didn't. Until he saw them.

Like everything else, the floors contribute to the feeling of calm and quiet and back-to-simplicity the couple value in the house. "It's my hideaway," says the wife. "Part of me would like to just live on a farm and raise chickens and cows." Her husband, a successful businessman, goes riding for hours at a stretch, or they garden together from six in the morning until late afternoon. They are no longer, she says, "in awe of dirt." They socialize with their children, who are still a little peeved that there's no swimming pool. They contemplate their acres from their porch. Hagan has achieved for them, she says, a "this-is-my-house feeling." My New England farmhouse. ♠

Unsung Hero

(Continued from page 164) textile block" construction system for use in building their hotel. Wright, then at the nadir of his career, seized the opportunity to act as consultant to his former draftsman Albert Chase McArthur, architect of record for the Arizona Biltmore. In typically Wrightian fashion, the master attempted to take over as much as possible, and today some people consider the sprawling resort complex to be Wright's work.

The need for chairs and tables that could be used both indoors and outdoors at the Biltmore led Warren McArthur to his most characteristic contribution to twentieth-century design: anodized-aluminum furniture. He soon came to favor that material above all others. It possessed a more subtle sheen than the chrome-plated tubular-steel pieces flooding the sluggish Depression market. And because McArthur was a born innovator, few of his chairs, tables, or ingenious frames for large upholstered seating look anything like those produced by either his predecessors or his contemporaries.

Lightweight, durable (the pieces came with a lifetime guarantee), and intrinsically up to date, the designs of the New York–based Warren McArthur Corp. were particularly popular for trains, ships, and airplanes, which often were outfitted with the dashing pieces that captured the modernist machine aesthetic to perfection. Indeed, during World War II, when the McArthur plant shifted its production solely to the war effort, only minor modifications were needed to adapt techniques for the defense industry. Eventually, the McArthur Corp. supplied eighty percent of all the seating on military aircraft for the duration.

But in that easy transition also lay the origins of McArthur's unwarranted slide toward oblivion. Because aluminum was needed for strategic purposes, many of his thirties pieces were melted down to recycle that essential material, accounting in part for the rarity of his work today. Always more of an inventor than a businessman, he had gone bankrupt more than once. McArthur found the move back to peacetime production especially hard. He closed his factory in 1948, at a time when metal furniture was less fashionable than the natural materials of postwar biomorphic design or the new synthetics that were just being introduced. He then started another enterprise, Mayfair Industries, but the aluminum furniture it made showed little design distinction and was used primarily for institutional purposes. When McArthur died in New York in 1961 at age seventy-six, he still merited a brief, respectful obituary in *The New York Times*, but it gave no idea of his brilliantly varied achievements as an entrepreneur of mass-produced modernism.

Because McArthur was neither a writer nor a teacher, like most of his better-known contemporaries, and because his surviving works are so scarce, he was for the most part overlooked during the revival of art deco and moderne design in the late sixties and early seventies. But now the freshness of conception and boldness of execution Warren McArthur brought to even the most mundane objects—such as his sculptural hat racks, graceful coat hangers, and totemic pedestal ash receivers—again makes his designs among the most sought-after prizes for aficionados with an eye for not only the unusual but also the outstanding. ♠

Credits for An Unsung Hero of the Machine Age
Page 160—Collection Nicholas and Shaunna Brown, New York (3). Page 161—David Seidner. Page 162—*Left row, top to bottom:* Collection Wellington S. Tichenor, New York (2); collection Nicholas and Shaunna Brown. *Right row, top to bottom:* Collection Nicholas and Shaunna Brown/photo David Frazier (4). Page 163—*Left row, top to bottom:* Collection Nicholas and Shaunna Brown/photo David Frazier (3); courtesy Arizona Biltmore Resort, Phoenix; from *House & Garden* (May 1931). *Center row, top to bottom:* Collection Nicholas and Shaunna Brown/photo David Frazier; from *Aviation* (November 1945); collection Nicholas and Shaunna Brown/photo David Frazier (2). *Right row, top to bottom:* Collection Wellington S. Tichenor; collection Nicholas and Shaunna Brown/photo David Frazier (3). Page 164—From *The Architectural Forum* (May 1933) (3). Page 165—David Seidner

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Gandee

Robert Metzger, no frills but a whole lotta pizzazz

"A good sofa costs $1,000 a foot—plus fabric," said decorator Robert Metzger, who happened to be sitting in just such a sofa in his midtown Manhattan office when he imparted his decidedly pricey rule of thumb. "Guido DeAngelis made this one for me," he added, conspicuously admiring the work of the well-known New York upholsterer. Metzger then beckoned me to join him by patting one of the deep-green velvet cushions on the gently scalloped three-seater edged with salmon and lime cording. "Sit in it," he said, and then he invoked that inexplicably-popular-among-decorators-everywhere expression of hyperbolic praise: "It's to die."

Although I opted to stay put in my armchair, I had to admit Metzger did indeed look comfortable nestled in all that down—legs crossed, one low-vamp loafer gently swaying—snuggled up with his little dog, a Cavalier King Charles spaniel that he sometimes calls Chester, sometimes calls Snoop, who was nibbling at the occasional bit of tuna on white (no crust) that Metzger would use when the yapping became intrusive. "Chester, paleeese. Daddy is being interviewed."



As Metzger chatted, and Metzger loves to chat, a flash of gold caught my eye. "Nice pinkie ring," I said. "Oh, my ring," said an obviously-delighted-that-I'd-noticed Metzger. "I adore this ring. It's new. Mimi Herrera, who is a client, has a six-sided ring and I always admired it." Metzger slipped the ring off so I could admire it, then proceeded to praise its qualities, which segued into praise for his decorating. In other words, pinkie ring as metaphor. "I like strong things. I don't like frills. I like quality. I like guts. I am not afraid of color and I am not afraid of drama and I am not afraid to make a statement." I asked what that statement might be. "It's like when I walk into a room," said Metzger. "I want people to know I'm there. I'm no wallflower. I like pizzazz."

"Mrs. America isn't ironing sheets"

How did Metzger, the son of a Manhattan wholesale meat and poultry man, end up with such an unabashed flair for pizzazz, not to mention the staff of seventeen currently at work on twenty-five projects? "I was supposed to go into the family business," he recalled, eyes wide. "Can you imagine?" Neither could Metzger. So he enrolled at NYU, majored in business, then hit Wall Street because he thought Wall Street was "glamorous." Three years later he hopped a Yugoslavian freighter—destination Genoa. But Metzger jumped ship in Tangier: "I saw land and I was off." For five months he toured Europe. "It was the most expanding experience of my life," notes Metzger, who returned home and enrolled in the New York School of Interior Design.

An eight-year-long postgraduate stint at a 57th Street shop, Past and Present, followed, which taught Metzger the tricks of the antiques trade as well as the carriage trade. "We had Doris Duke, we had the duchess of Windsor, we had Mrs. Mellon." They also had William E. Buckley, who, taking note of a Metzger window display, hired the young decorator to do up his bedroom. "I still work for him," said Metzger, lending credence to his claim that a "decorator-client relationship is like marriage." That being the case, I asked Metzger his criteria for walking down the aisle. "There has to be magic," he said. And who conjures it? According to Metzger's client roster, Robert and Blaine Trump, Reinaldo and Carolina Herrera, Tatum O'Neal and John McEnroe.

Ironically, now that he's a famous decorator, Metzger is returning to his beginnings by opening an antiques shop this month adjacent to his office. "It's going to be wonderful," he promised. "I love to shop." Metzger's Central Park West apartment attests to the passion. Not surprisingly, he is entertaining the idea of moving from the barely navigable four rooms that he shared with his mother until she died when he was twenty-six. Perhaps to hasten his move—"I've got my eye on Fifth Avenue"—Metzger has embarked on an ambitious series of licensing agreements for everything from furniture and fabrics to china and sheets. "Why are fashion people designing sheets, I'm not designing dresses," he huffed. "It's to annoy me." The mention of sheets reminded Metzger that he now has a line out—"available at Bloomingdale's." Actually, it's Metzger's second line. He introduced a few patterns some time ago, but they didn't sell because they were all cotton. "Mrs. America isn't ironing sheets," explained Metzger, who is reintroducing Carrie's Bough, a pattern named after his mother, in a blend. I asked if the typical Metzger client didn't tend more along the lines of Pratesi linens. "You're not in the real world," said Metzger. "The real world is blend. Wake up and smell the coffee." **Charles Gandee**

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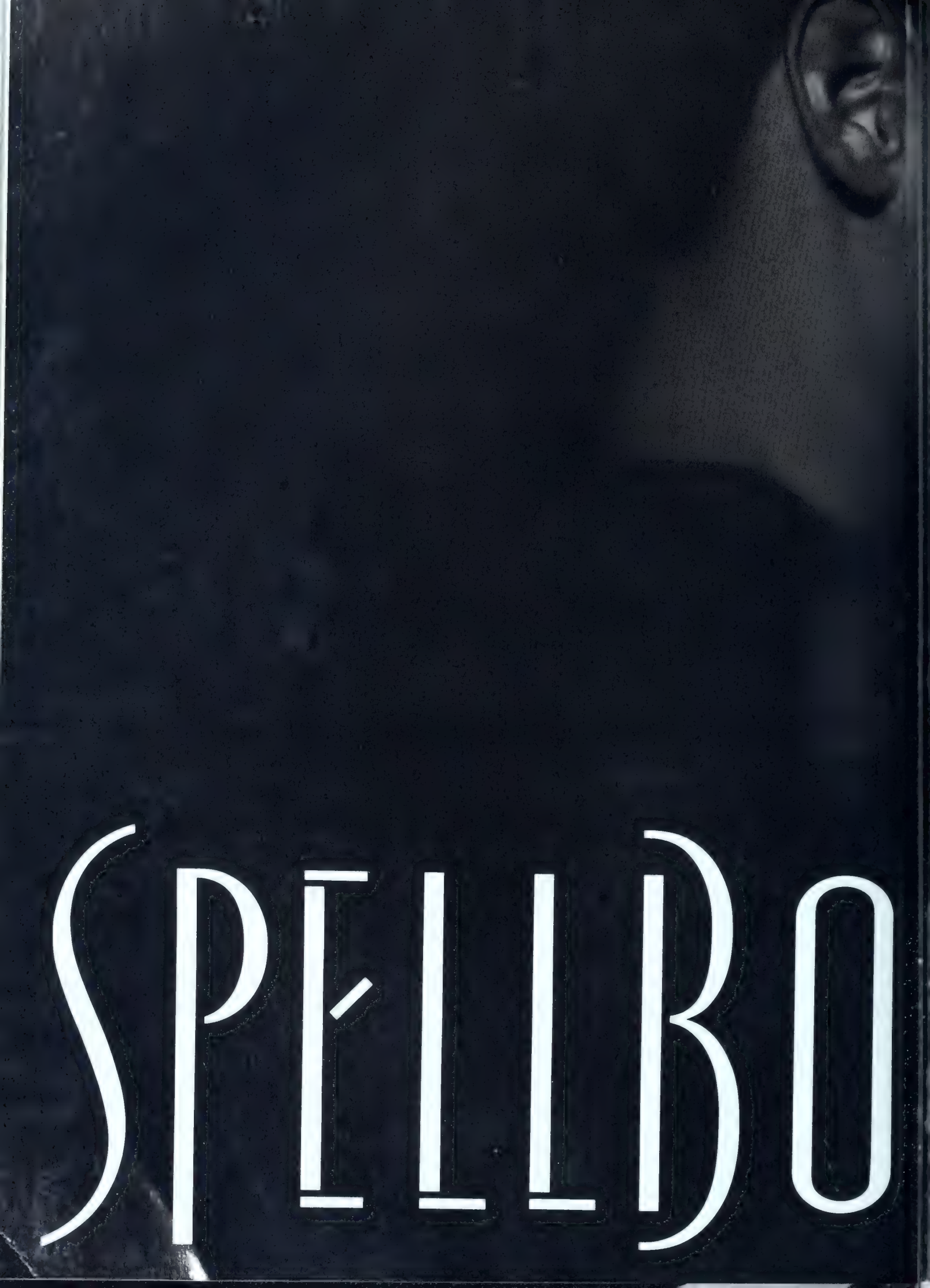
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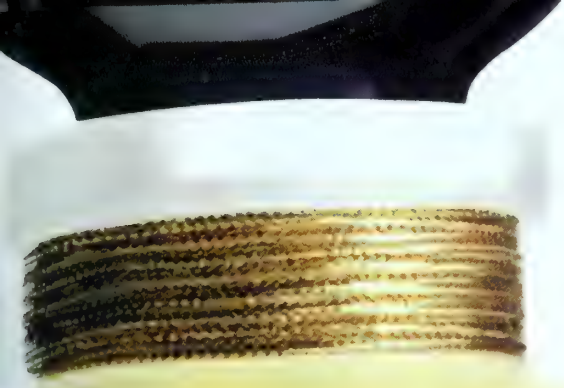
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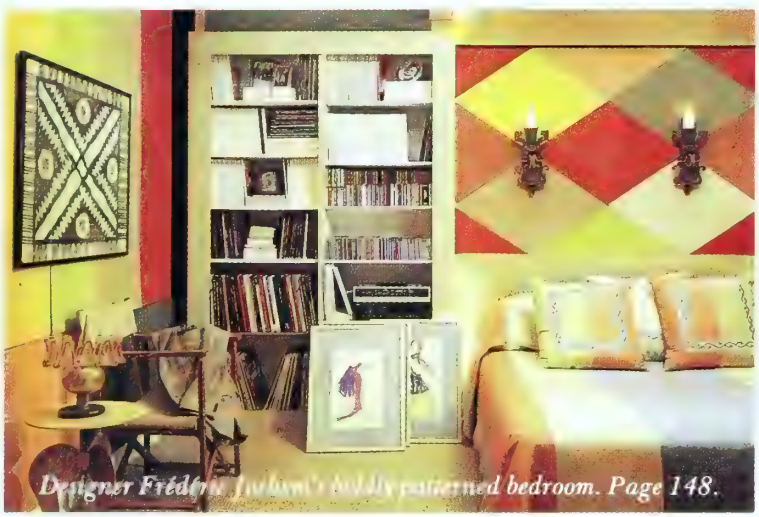
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COVER

Spacious dining area of the Whittles' kitchen designed by Peter Marino. Photograph by Oberto Gili. Page 104.

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Designer Frédéric Taubman's boldly patterned bedroom. Page 148.



Dramatic planting [illegible] Wave Hill. Page [illegible].

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Two characters in search of enough closet space and bookshelves set the scene for a drawing room comedy



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OCTOBER



Farm & Garden Nursery in Tribeca, above. Page 46. Left: A surreal miniature painting by Fanny Brennan. Page 100.

Les Célébrités chef Christian Delouvrier, right. Page 66. Below: Danish 1950s pottery at Latham-Kearns. Page 40.



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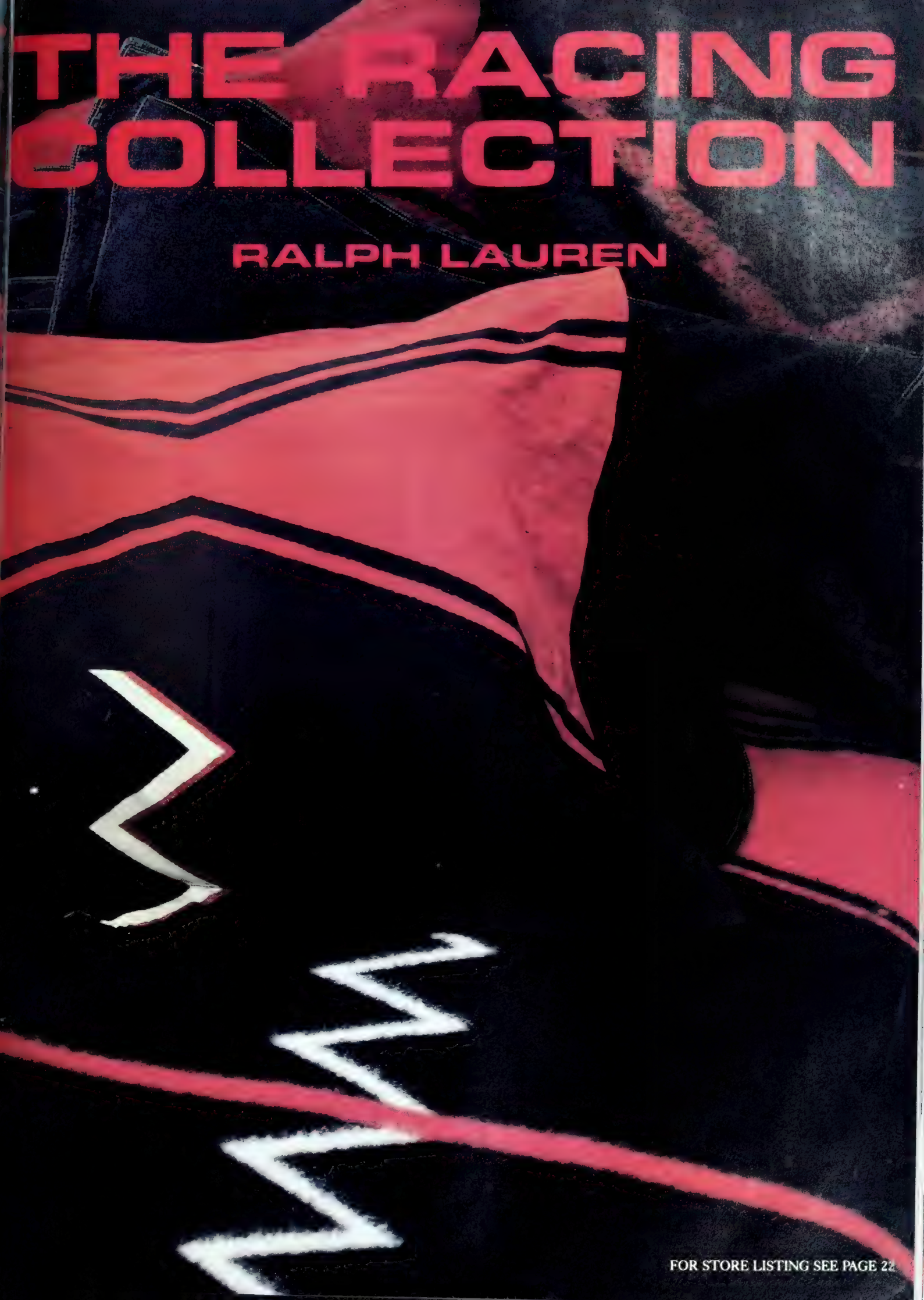


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QUINTANA ROO DUNNE

Joan Didion and **John Gregory Dunne** returned to New York after twenty-four years in L.A. and settled with their thousands of books in an East Side apartment which they write about in this issue. Didion's latest collection of essays is *After Henry* and Dunne's is *Crooning*, both published by Simon & Schuster.

Michelle Green, a senior writer at *People*, has reported on everything from "news, crime, and normal citizens to the travails of England's royals," one of her current beats. For HG, Green visits ABC radio host Deborah Norville in her East Side duplex, where she broadcasts her nightly interview show while her husband, Karl Wellner, gives their baby his bath. *The Dream at the End of the World*, published in July by Harper Collins, is Green's account of Paul Bowles and the 1940s literary scene in Tangiers.


FRAZER MOORE


STUART CHERNOFF

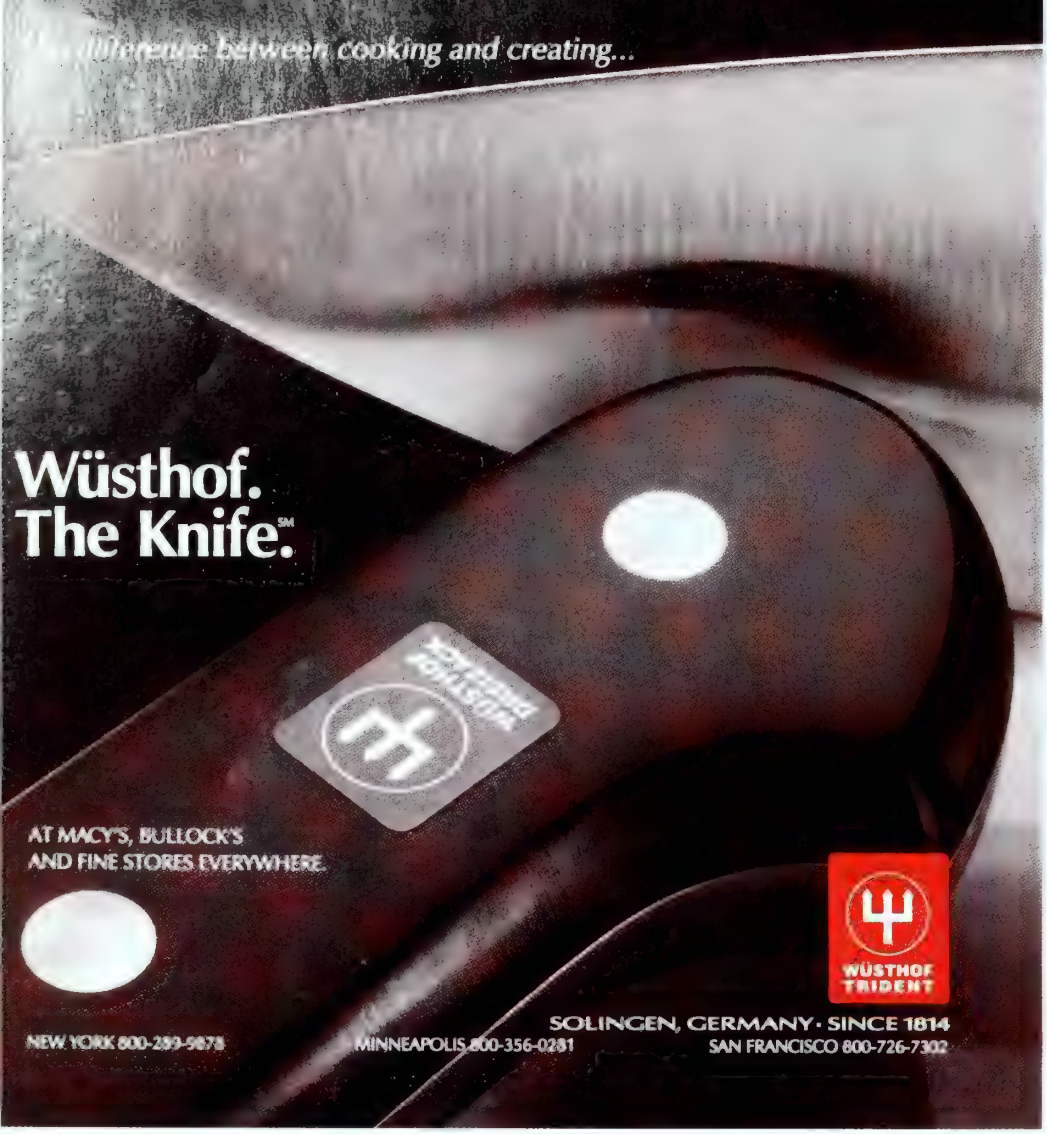
Zoë Lund is an actress and the author of several screenplays, including *Bad Lieutenant*, a movie she also appeared in, which was shown this year at Cannes. It was at a Cannes screening party that Lund was introduced to artist Julian Schnabel, whose "aristocratically dilapidated" quarters she describes in this issue. Lund lives on New York's Lower East Side and has just finished writing a novel.

William Norwich explores the "hip-hop madcap" apartment of rap music impresario Monica Lynch. A columnist of the *New York Post* and an editor at large of *Vogue*, Norwich says that he and Lynch first met on adjoining Stairmasters at the Pumping Iron Gym: "We share the same trainer. We even like the same music." Norwich grew up in Connecticut, where, he claims, he kept a brown paper bag "packed and ready under the bed in the event of an emergency move to New York City."


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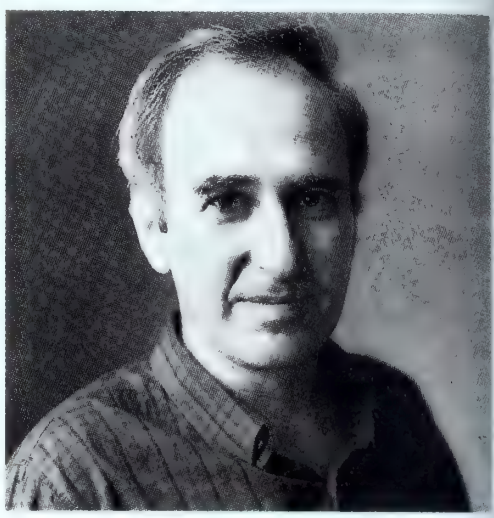


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Contributors Notes



SALLY GALL

Phillip Lopate, a New Yorker who "grew up spending every Saturday at the Brooklyn Museum," explores some of the lesser-known but notable museums, gardens, and historic houses outside Manhattan. Lopate is the author of two novels and three collections of essays, including *Bachelorhood* and *Against Joie de Vivre*. He is at work on a book about walking in New York City. "Cities are good for people," he says. "My writing defends the urban perspective."



JOSEF ASTOR

Tama Janowitz is the author of four novels, including *The Male Cross-Dresser Support Group*, published last month by Crown. As this issue's writer in residence, she muses on the secret lives of inanimate objects, observing that "keeping a curio cabinet is like having your own natural history museum." Janowitz adapted her second book, *Slaves of New York*, for the screen. She lives on the Upper West Side with her husband, Tim Hunt, and dog, Beep-beep.

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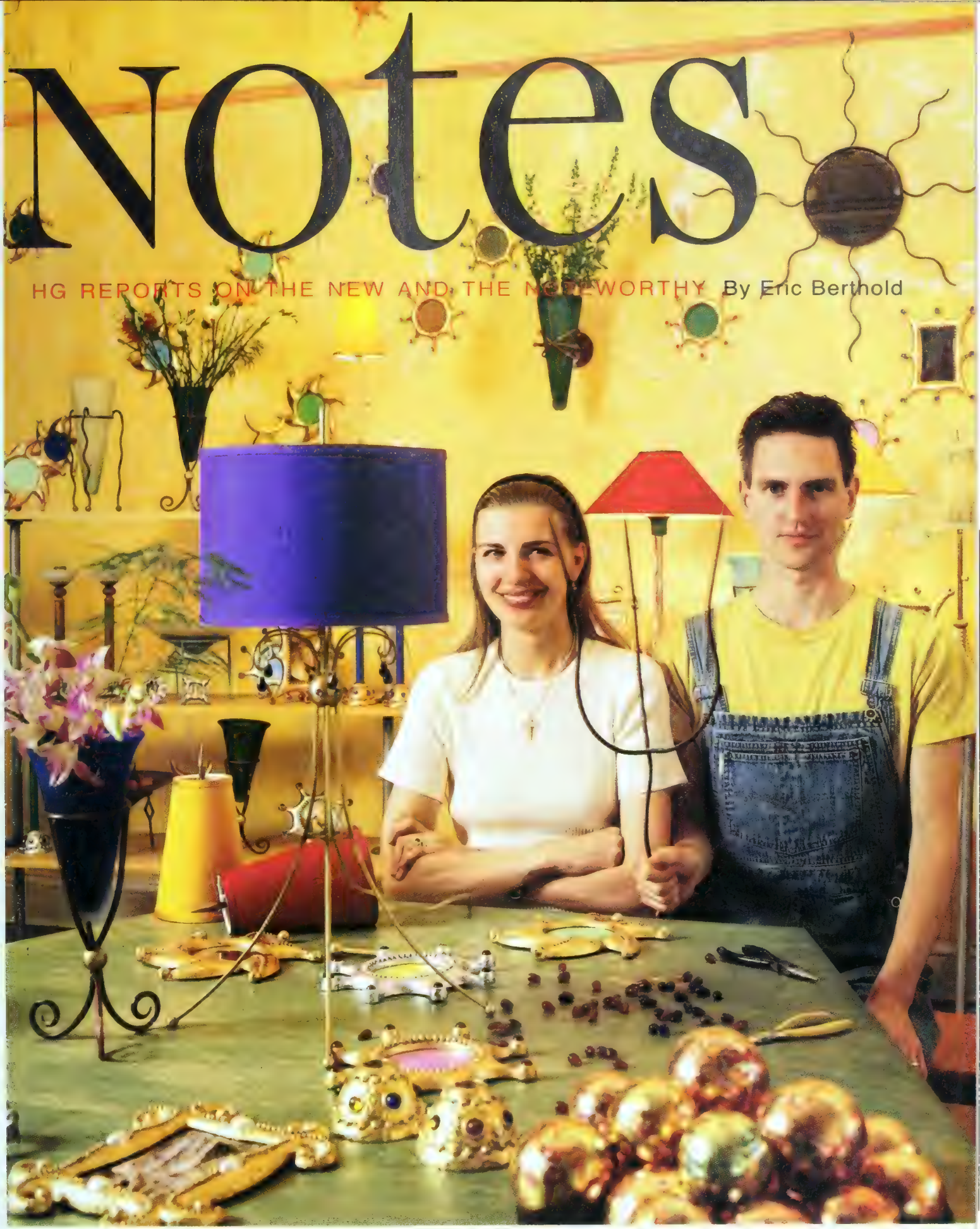
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notes

HG REPORTS ON THE NEW AND THE NOTEWORTHY By Eric Berthold



"Fusing space age, earthly, and aquatic themes" is what she likes best, says New York artist Monica Missio (*above*) with Richard Cleves, her husband and business partner in CX Design. After years of collecting quirky pieces of 1950s and '60s glass and ceramics, Missio found their odd shapes and brilliant colors turning up in her paintings. Now she's taking things a step further, translating her painted images into three-dimensional objects. Among them: the bejeweled Sata-Lite table lamp with its sapphire Indian raw silk shade, the cobalt Neptune urn, the large distressed brass Apollo wall mirror, and an array of smaller resin frames in gold, silver, or copper leaf. (For stores call 212-431-4242)

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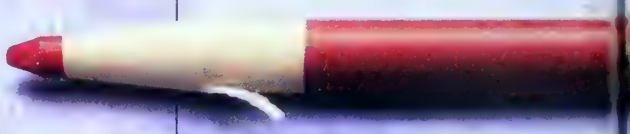
And while there's no guarantee that your Mercedes will last this long, at least two diesels that we know of, that were well-maintained and repaired over the years, have logged more than a million miles.

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You can't build high performance sedans that also lead the way in safety technology.

High performance cars generally don't provide the safety features



more conservatively-designed cars. But Mercedes couples performance *and* safety engineering.

According to Automobile Magazine:[3] "The 500E's handling characteristics are 'best in the world,'" its safety features are among the most advanced.

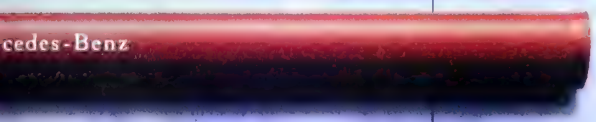
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[1] *Based on registration data for years 1977-1991.* [2] *The Complete Car Cost Guide. IntelliChoice, Inc., San Jose, CA. 190E 2.3 rated best in the under $40,000 luxury class. 300D 2.5 rated best in the over $40 continuous production, 1980-1989. Airbags are supplemental restraints. Please always wear your seat*

en a car company the word "can't"?

help to channel impact energy from the passenger cabin. The t crumple zone deforms. The er steering column collapses. The bag is deployed (in the case of tain frontal impacts) to cushion



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class (this model not available in California). [3]Automobile Magazine, April 1992. [4]Autoweek, April 1992. [5]Urban Science Applications, Inc., 1992. Based on analysis of resale data for cars in
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notes



Urban Setting New York is one of six cities depicted on porcelain (*right*) for the Metropole series by Bernardaud. For stores (212) 737-7775.



Tray Magnifique Hand-painted faux bois tole table (*above*) from Jonal, 25 East 73rd St., NYC (212) 879-9200.

Xtra! Xtra! Faux bamboo folding chair (*right*) from Slatkin & Co., 131 East 70th St., NYC (212) 794-1661.



Tea Leaves Teapots sheathed in bay leaves or pussy willows (*below*) are available by special order from Castle & Pierpont, 1441 York Ave., NYC (212) 570-128





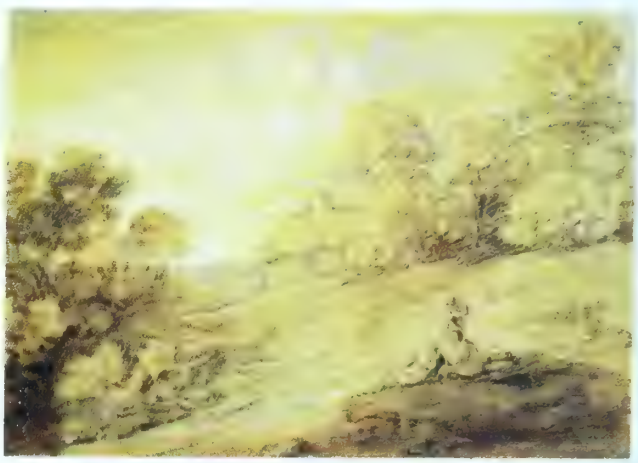
Posted Ribbons hold notes to screen (*above*) by New York's Charlotte Moss for Century Furniture. For dealers (800) 852-5552.



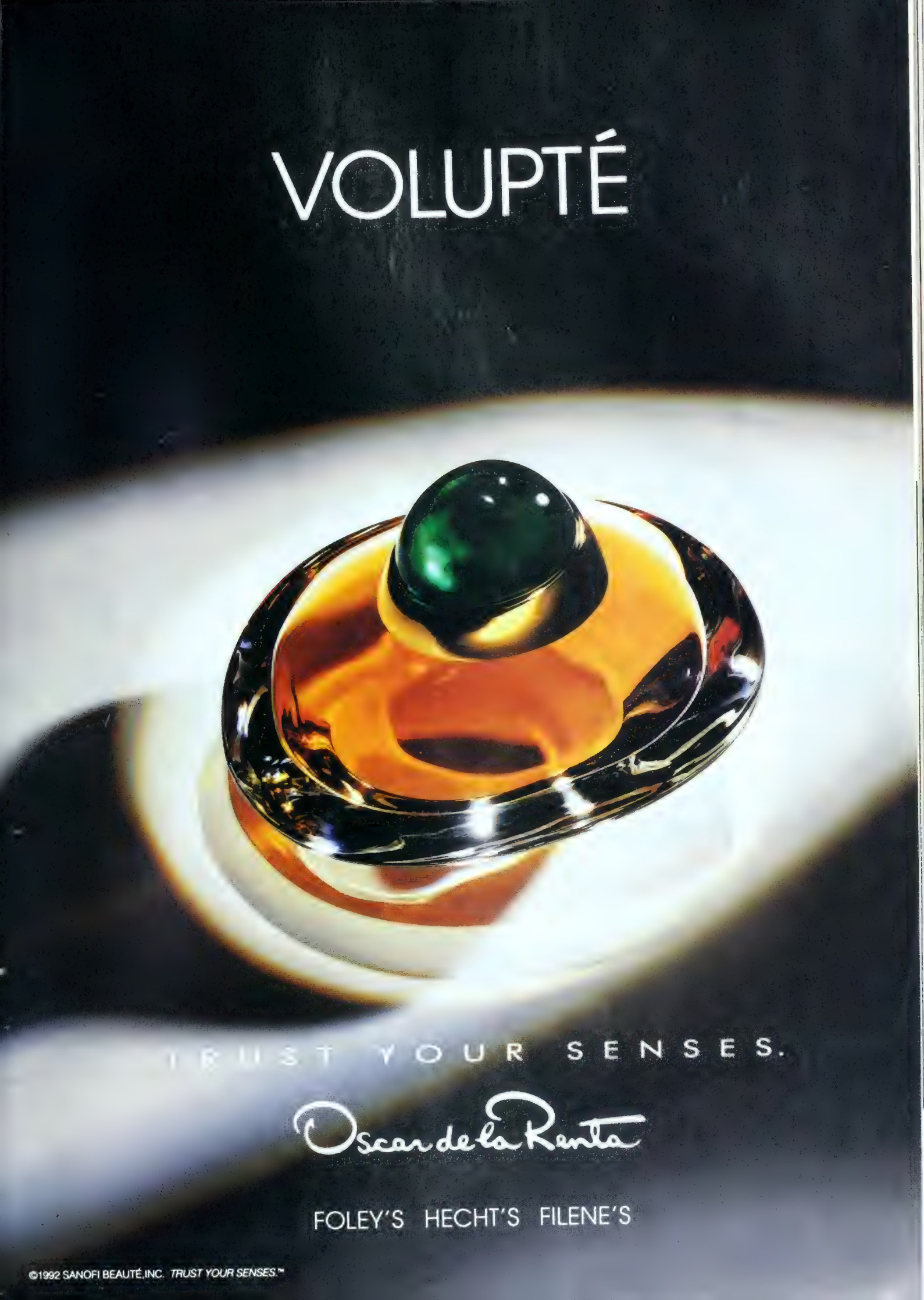
OPEN HOUSE • Royal Oa Showhouse, Oct. 15–Nov. (212) 966-6565. • IDCNY' Designer's Saturday, to the public, Oct. 15–17, (718) 9 7474. • New York Botanic Garden's Festival and Craf Fair, Oct. 17–18, (212) 220 8700. • Fifth Avenue Art Antiques Show, Oct. 23–29 (212) 249-4865. All NYC.

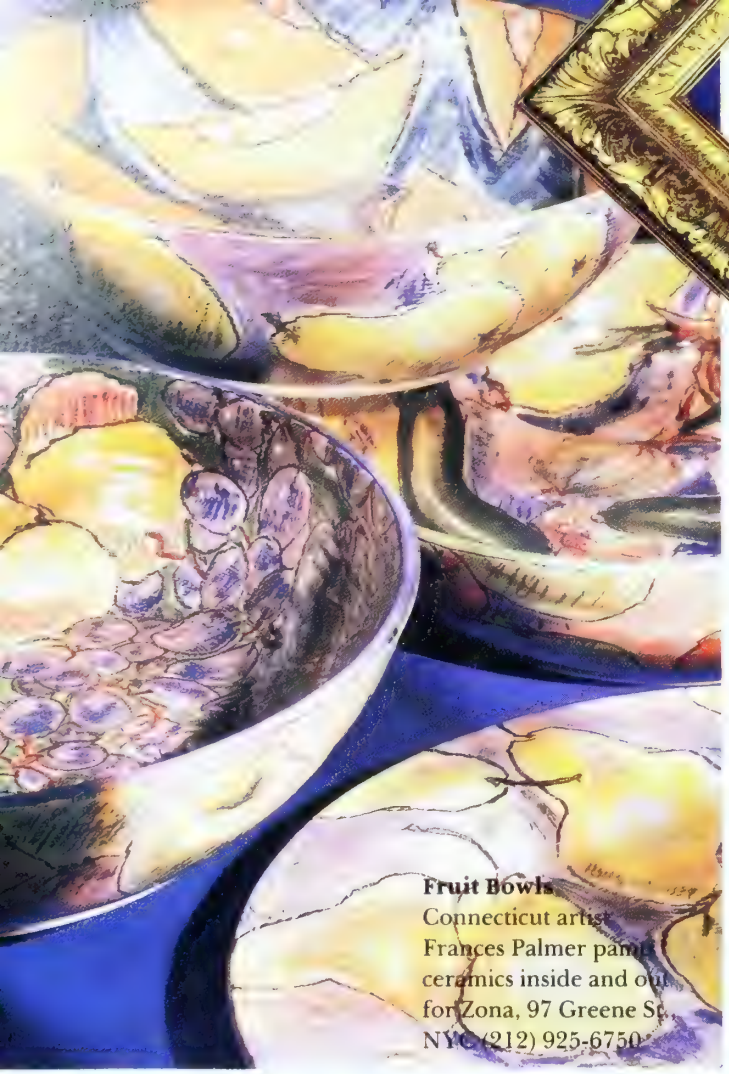


Potted Print In his Tea Time cotton, Patrick Frey (*above*) takes a whimsical approach to a favored vessel. To the trade at Fonthill; for showrooms (212) 755-6700.



World Views A Gainsborough (*above*) from Spink & Son, London, at the International Fine Art and Antique Dealers Show, Oct. 24–29, NYC (212) 382-0969.


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Fruit Bowls Connecticut artist Frances Palmer paints ceramics inside and out for Zona, 97 Greene St., NYC (212) 925-6750.



Gilt-Edged American and English frames (*above*) from c. 1850 to 1912 at Eli Wilner & Co 1525 York Ave., NYC (212) 744-652



Dognapper Rustic Chinese Chippendale dog bed (*right*) by Nancy McCabe for Treillage, 418 East 75th St., NYC (212) 535-2288.

notes



Nile Style Egyptian wall paintings of winemakers inspired one of many hand-painted tile designs (*above*) by Lynda Curtis, (212) 966-1720 by appt.



Well Trimmed Cypress Garden china and topiary salt and pepper (*below*) by Justin Terzi for Swid Powell. For stores (212) 753-0606.





Page Turners Venture into Gotham City with *The New York School: Photographs, 1936–1963* (Stewart, Tabori & Chang, $75); *Landmarks,* by Barbaralee Diamonstein (Abrams, $35); *New York Style,* by Suzanne Slesin, Stafford Cliff, and Daniel Rozensztroch, with photos by Gilles de Chabaneix (Clarkson Potter, $45); and *Legendary Decorators of the Twentieth Century,* by Mark Hampton (Doubleday, $35).



French Twist Manuel Canovas (*left*) shows off his new vivid toiles, including La Musardière, at top, and Mandarin. For showrooms (212) 752-9588.

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Harie Von Wijnberg



By Appointment Only

Calling ahead opens the door to some of the city's best decorative arts sources BY BOB FELNER



Kelter-Malcé

Even hardened shoppers cherish a few illusions. One is that a recession will help us attain the objects of our obsession at a discount. Another is that dealers who sell from their houses or other private spaces instead of maintaining shops will pass along their savings on commercial rents. Not so. Or not necessarily so.



That said, these by-appointment-only Manhattan dealers—many of whom live contentedly in the midst of their merchandise—offer would-be collectors the benefits of their own erudition and taste, as well as glimpses into a private world that is usually off-limits to auction goers and flea market pickers.

Nicholas Bailly A Frenchman who immigrated here in 1984, Bailly sells fine lithographs, prints, and posters from 1880 to the 1940s in a restored row house in central Harlem. His primary focus is on Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec, Pierre Bonnard, Édouard Vuillard, and the Villon brothers, along with posters by Cassandre and Colin and other wonderful advertising posters from the 1920s for food, wine, theater, and opera. (212-749-5049)

Von Wijnberg, top, favors not-quite-antiques, from a copy of a Cycladic head made for the museum shop at the Louvre and a cone-like sculpture by Ellen Driscoll, above left, to a maquette for a 1940s airport figure, above. At Kelter-Malcé, a pine hutch, c. 1850, far left, holds items ranging from a Clarice Cliff tea set to a folk art band, and a 19th-century American quilt, left, covers a Cottage Gothic bed.

Louis Vuitton

A Traveler's Story



LOUIS, GEORGES AND GASTON VUITTON

To appreciate the influence Louis Vuitton has had on modern travel, one must first travel back through time. With each passing decade, one thing becomes clear: the history of Louis Vuitton is virtually synonymous with the history of transportation. His originality, innovation and craftsmanship have accompanied the world's most cultivated travelers since 1854. And today his successors continue the tradition that keeps the House of Louis Vuitton at the heart of travel.



LOUIS VUITTON'S JOURNEY.
Anchay, in the heart of Jura, is the birthplace of Louis Vuitton and the village he left in 1835 at the age of 14. One year later, he arrived in Paris to discover a city where the economy and arts were flourishing. It was in 1854, in the era of imperial festivities that he founded the House of Louis Vuitton. Later, in 1867, when Napoleon III and the Empress Eugénie inaugurated the opening of the Paris Opera, Louis Vuitton luggage was garnering its first awards at the Universal Exhibition.



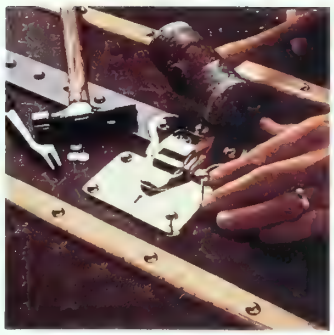
REVOLUTIONARY TRUNKS.
Convinced that traditional chests did not meet new travel demands, Louis Vuitton set a precedent: trunks that could be stacked in a luxury liner's hold or in a train's baggage compartment. Beyond practical innovation, he also added a rare elegance to the trunks by covering them in canvas.



Louis Vuitton, the First Master Craftsman of Luggage.

At the age of 14, Louis Vuitton decided to go to Paris. With no money to get there, he made the 400 kilometer journey to the capital on foot. Taking odd jobs along the way to pay for food and lodging, Louis, the son of a carpenter, perfected his own wood-working craft. He became an expert on the properties of various woods and was soon adept at using traditional tools like the gouge and the "colombe". It took Louis Vuitton a year to reach the capital. When he arrived, he found that Paris was the epitome of style and elegance. Sumptuous, elaborate wardrobes were the rage. This is where Louis learned to pack such finery. His skills were so impressive that he suddenly found himself in the service of the Empress Eugénie. He became her favorite packer. The idea of French Haute Couture was just emerging and the dressmakers responsible for this revolution were working around the Place de la Madeleine. It was in this quarter that Louis Vuitton established





THE TOOLS OF TRADITION.

His roots in the Jura and his years of master workmanship in Paris gave Louis Vuitton a deep understanding of woodworking. He never stopped perfecting his craft or sharing it with his successors. Thus, even today, in the Louis Vuitton workshops in Asnières, artisan luggage-makers use the same skills perfected so long ago.



THE EVOLUTION OF MODERN TRAVEL.

Louis Vuitton always understood how to keep up with and even anticipate new forms of travel, thus he could respond to the demands of the most sophisticated travelers.

his presence with his very first creations. Combining his woodworking expertise with his dress-packing experience, Louis Vuitton invented the first flat trunks. This effort established his reputation as a master craftsman of luggage. His stackable trunks, both solid and practical were covered in an elegant grey Trianon canvas. His level of fine detail, inventiveness and the obvious devotion to his work quickly assured Louis' success. The orders came rushing in. It is this same attention to detail, this same quest for luxury and durability that can still be found in the very latest Louis Vuitton creations.



A TRUE EXPERT IN LEATHER WORK.

Louis Vuitton recently launched the Epi leather line in six vibrant colors. Epi leather was inspired by a grain used by the House in the 1920s. The models in this line have a contemporary elegance but also represent all the attributes of traditional Louis Vuitton craftsmanship. This octogonal Beauty Case is an example.



EARLY LOCK AND CANVAS.

The five-tumbler lock (1890) and the Monogram canvas (1896) are Georges Vuitton's two primary inventions. With five bits of metal, cut and assembled to produce an infinite number of combinations, Georges created a theft-proof and personalized lock. Each client received his own personal combination, which secured all of his luggage. And to thwart counterfeiters, Georges created a new canvas design with intertwined LV initials, in memory of his father. This design became an immediate success and is still contemporary today.

Georges Vuitton Travel as an Artform.

The crowd was thick in New York's port in April of 1893. The Touraine, a General Transatlantic Company liner had just arrived. And on board were the finest inspirations in contemporary travel. Many voyagers had come to see the great Chicago Exhibition. Among them was Georges Vuitton, whose samples were considered to be unparalleled. Three years before, this heir of Louis Vuitton had created a special lock featuring five pick-proof tumblers. This exhibition was, for Georges, the culmination of his passion, which he reveals in his study of the evolution of travel, Le Voyage. Published in 1894, it earned Georges Vuitton the title of officer in the Académie

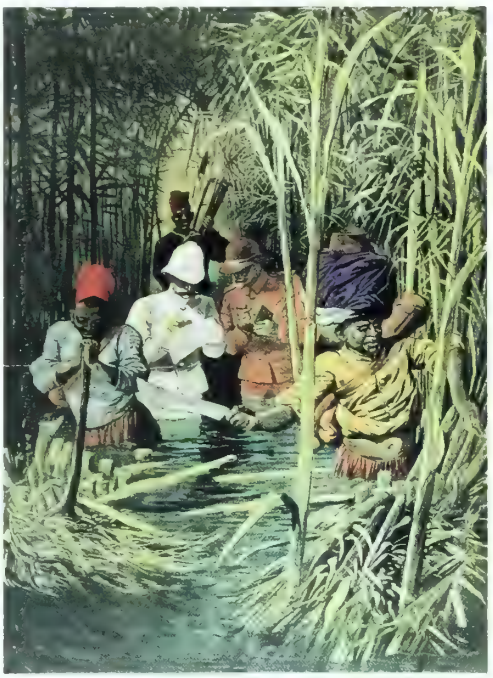


"LE VOYAGE" OF GEORGES VUITTON.

In August of 1892, Georges Vuitton began a study on the evolution of transportation and luggage. His investigation lead to an illustrated book, Le Voyage, which he published in 1894. And this book earned him the title of officer in the Académie on August 26, 1896.

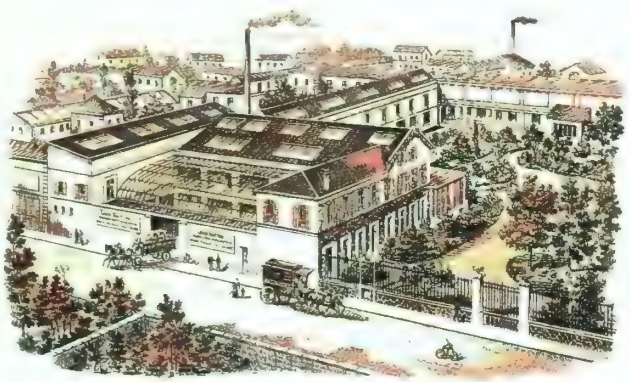


THE WARDROBE TRUNK,
available since 1875 as a genuine travel closet designed to store dresses, suits and accessories without wrinkling. In 1931, the Asnières workshops produced two wardrobes, one lined with red moroccan leather and the other with green.



THE EXPLORER SAVORGNAN DE BRAZZA,
before leaving on his search for the source of the Congo in 1876, ordered from Louis Vuitton what was to become the famous trunk bed.

in 1896. That same year, an overwhelming number of counterfeits inspired Georges to update the Louis Vuitton line. He designed a new pattern which became his trademark. Still the classic symbol of the House of Louis Vuitton, the Monogram canvas (as durable as it is famous) is decorated with the intertwined initials of Louis Vuitton. This pattern still reflects the heritage of craftsmanship established in the original Louis Vuitton workshops at Asnières in 1860. It was here that sixty craftsmen with unmatched skill, used router planes, awls, sanding planes, knives, saws and other tools to create luggage that would turn Louis Vuitton into a global sensation. Elegant and resistant, this luggage was ready to go anywhere. In 1898, Georges Vuitton himself crossed the Algerian and Tunisian deserts on horseback specifically to test his new pieces.



ASNIERES, THE LIVING MEMORY OF LOUIS VUITTON.
In 1860, Louis decided to create a separate production site from his store. His choice was Asnières, near Paris, because of the transportation possibilities offered by both the Seine and the train from Saint-Lazare. Asnières, where his family lived until the 1970's, along with the Louis Vuitton Travel Museum is still considered the true center of the House. Artisan luggage craftsmen continue to fill prestigious custom orders in these workshops today.

Gaston L. Vuitton, Modernizing Tradition.

Immersed very early in the work of his father Georges, Gaston Vuitton traveled regularly to open the new shops established in New York, Biarritz, London and Nice. A regular on the great transatlantic liners and new trains like the Orient Express, the Gold Arrow and the Train Bleu, he was very sensitive to every technical and aesthetic innovations. Yet he was also quite passionate about antique traveling pieces. In fact, Gaston Vuitton assembled an extraordinary collection of antique chests which he displayed in Paris, London, Boston and New York in 1926. Among these rare pieces, one can admire a trunk originally belonging to Marie de Medici along with several eighteenth century chests. Even a Japanese trunk covered in sharkskin. As Vice President of the Salon of Decorative Arts, Gaston established close links with the artists of his time. He invited these artists to participate in his own creations when he was in need of more refined bottles and silver accessories. This blending of talent contributed to some of the most beautiful pieces of the House. And since every genius likes to try new disciplines, Gaston decided to create small pieces like dressing-table sets and manicure sets. These pieces, with their detailed wood, silver and mother-of-pearl



GASTON LOUIS VUITTON
was initiated into the craft of luggage-making at the age of fourteen. Passionately devoted to the evolution of travel, Gaston was also extremely creative.



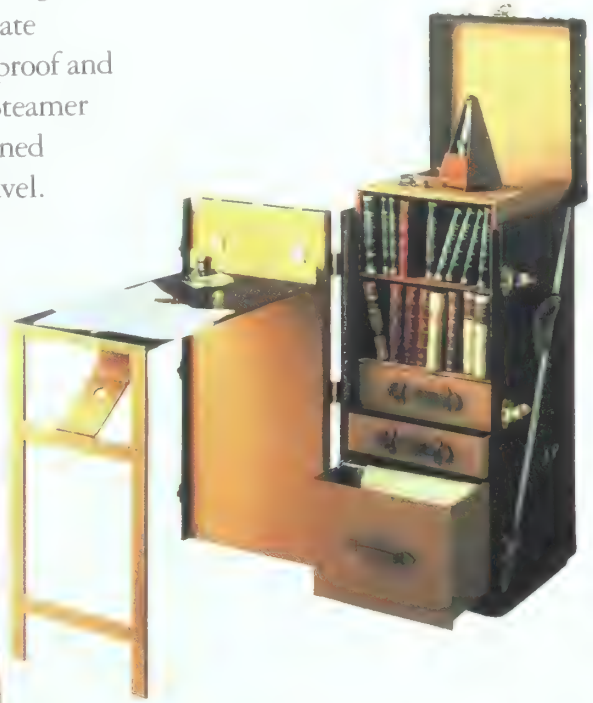
THROUGH HIS MANY TRAVELS
by land and sea, Gaston, who shared his father's passion for travel accessories, brought together a fabulous collection of antique and exotic trunks. These trunks, which continue to enrich the Louis Vuitton heritage, are now preserved at the Louis Vuitton Travel Museum in Asnières.



THE KEEPALL BAG WAS CREATED IN 1924 BY GASTON VUITTON.
Sensitive to the evolution of travel demands, he observed the new interest among his clients for soft compact bags that would be more suitable for short trips. It was the perfecting of the new resistant, waterproof canvas in 1959 which enabled him to develop the Monogram design in a more contemporary form. Soft and light, the remarkable container, the Keepall bag, could easily be folded to fit into small spaces and even packed into the bottom of a suitcase as an overnight bag

accents show the true artistry at hand in the Asnières workshops. His penchant for style and artistry also influenced the design and ingenious organization of the trunks, accoutrements and other luggage. The mixture of traditional and modern elements resulted in the invention of a new coating in 1959 that added a suppleness and durability to the Monogram canvas. Until then, it had been reserved for more formal and rigid luggage. But when used in the making of soft bags, it became an immediate success. Light, waterproof and solid, the soft bags, Steamer bag and Keepall defined a new standard of travel.







TRAVEL FURNITURE REMAINS ONE OF THE SPECIALTIES OF LOUIS VUITTON.

The House continues to collaborate with renowned [illegible] items, preserving the traditional high standards of quality and prestige. An example is this leather and sycamore travel furniture, signed by Christian Liaigre for Louis Vuitton in 1991. Created as a limited, numbered series, this stool and folding desk mimic, for writing enthusiasts, the original folding stools used by artists. Among the special orders produced by Gaston Vuitton, certain pieces are still regarded as true masterpieces. The writing desk trunk of the symphony conductor Leopold Stokowski is a model still available in the catalogue today. Presented at the Decorative Arts Show in 1925, the "Milano" is a display chest in red moroccan leather; cut crystal flacons with platinum stoppers, brushes and carved fittings boast the degree of refinement which accessories can achieve.



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Latham-Kearns The rectory of an old church near Stuyvesant Square is Sarah Kearns's home and gallery, the perfect place to view products of the aesthetic and arts and crafts movements. Metalwork, pottery, lamps, and silver crowd the tabletops and bureaus and the Gillows sideboard "in its original condition down to the fringe," says Kearns. A self-described "card-carrying preservationist" who teaches at the Fashion Institute of Technology, Kearns told me that the appealing glazes on Burmantoft pottery were hideously toxic to many of the workers at the now-defunct English company. She dispensed this information in a charmingly matter-of-fact way as the afternoon sunlight streamed through the leaded-glass windows. It felt like shopping in Bloomsbury. (212-505-9127)

James Hepner A cluttered Upper East Side apartment holds Hepner's inventory of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century European furniture, Biedermeier pieces, Russian lamps, bronzes, and many period frames and mirrors. After two years at Christie's East, Hepner went off to France to work at Drouot, Paris's largest auction house. It's there he discovered the key to success: ship to the United States market things like candlesticks, mirrors, and frames, which fetch low prices in France and high ones here. Happily for him and for clients like decorators Stephen Sills and Victoria Hagan, the modest size of his apartment forces him to go to Paris to restock every six to eight weeks. (212-734-9844)

Historical Design Collection Daniel Morris and Denis Gallion are best known for early twentieth century decorative arts—Vienna Secession glass, arts and crafts pottery, and the like—but their showroom in a storage facility on the East Side also houses furniture, paintings, and sculpture from the 1860s to the 1960s. They have especially fine examples of japonisme in silver, metalwork, and ceramics. Among my favorite objects: a heroic sculpture of David and Goliath by Franz Metzner and an astonishingly luminous piece of pottery by William De Morgan. (212-593-4528)

Kelter-Malcé Jolie Kelter and Michael Malcé have given up their shop and moved their extraordinary collection into an 1850 town house in Greenwich Village. New Yorkers of the truest, kindest, smartest, funniest breed, they have an encyclopedic knowledge of their specialties: American and western art, folk and tramp art, blankets and quilts, found objects of every description, and vintage Christmas ornaments. Their garden, full of garden sculpture and wrought-iron topiary forms, is the perfect place to talk about their pieces. Back inside, a climb to the top floor reveals an extraordinary bass fiddle with a clear glass front, which holds the late West Coast folk art dealer Larry Whitely's "pink stuff." The remarkable thing is how perfectly every object, from a fine Windsor chair to a malted-milk-shake glass from the 1930s, fits into the couple's aesthetic. (212-675-7380)





Grinding wheels and a painted trunk, above left, and a Philippine table, above right, are among the cultural artifacts collected by von Bennewitz, seated, and Robbins. Sarah Kearns, left, takes a preservationist's tack with her aesthetic movement hall chair, below left, and American and English arts and crafts pottery and fabrics, below.




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Works of art at Lubin's, above, from a 4th-century Syrian mosaic to a 17th-century Dutch infant Hercules. Below: Vienna Secession glass by Artur Berger, Josef Hoffmann, and Koloman Moser at Historical Design.

Edward R. Lubin "I start in the fourth century A.D. and die with Canova," says Lubin, whose gallery and apartment in a house off Fifth Avenue are filled with ivories, enamels, mosaics, bronzes, glass, goldsmith's work, and such. This is serious stuff, not the odd trinket: an ivory box, circa 1600, depicting Adam and Eve on one side and the Adoration on the other; an early thirteenth century north German bronze; the silver head of a bishop's staff, circa 1500. Lubin is a source for the Metropolitan Museum's department of medieval art and private clients like Ronald Lauder and maintains an enormous art library with auction catalogues back to 1850. This courtly and engaging man is great fun to talk to and learn from, but it is not wise to waste his time. (212-288-4145)

Stuart Parr Parr, on the other hand, seems to have plenty of time to chat. A fan of 1920s and 1930s design who once worked the phones at Drexel Burnham, one floor down from Michael Milken, he went into business in 1987 with $200. On day one he drove to Newark and returned empty-handed. On day two he drove to Philadelphia and found an ancient dry goods store with untouched linoleum from the 1930s in the basement and a mother lode of bicycles, chairs, toys, and advertising display items upstairs. Within a week he had a $3,500 stake. Today Parr's top-floor loft is full of tubular-aluminum furniture designed and manufactured by Warren McArthur for hotels, department stores, and offices in the 1930s. (212-431-0732)

Tucker Robbins & Bruno Aste von Bennewitz Eight years ago Robbins showed Albert Hadley, a family friend, some of the things he had brought back from Guatemala. Hadley's advice was succinct: "Go back and get more." Now Robbins and Chilean-born von Bennewitz have assembled in an apartment in the East Fifties a collection of seventeenth-, eighteenth-, and nineteenth-century furniture and objects from Latin America and Southeast Asia. Spanish colonial carvings, a painted cupboard from Bahia, Pre-columbian figures from Peru, baskets woven by mountain tribes in the northern Philippines—these pieces are not only beautiful but also spiritual, a combination of virtues that has attracted people like Bill Blass, Carolina Herrera, and Mario Buatta. (212-832-3092)

Harie Von Wijnberg From his apartment on lower Fifth Avenue, Von Wijnberg trades his finds with other dealers. "Most of what I have is not antique, but it's not junk either," he told me quite candidly. "They're mostly twentieth-century decorative pieces." A bronze of a windblown woman is a 1940s design for a figural group for LaGuardia Airport. One blond deco chair looks to a friend as if it came from a Queens Boulevard beauty parlor. "I sell so that I can buy more," says Von Wijnberg. "I like finding things, but I'm not too attached to anything. If I wanted to emulate any one dealer it would be Madame Castaing in Paris, although I'm not ready for a black pageboy wig yet!" (212-674-7365) ♠





Among the antiques that Hepner, top, has imported from Paris are an Empire clock and, above, a porcelain chocolate service, gilt frames, and a bronze doré candlestick.



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City Roots

Urban nurseries stock the necessities for Gotham's green thumb BY LINDA YANG

I seem to be the only one who notices that the jackhammers pulverizing the street are louder than the honeybees buzzing boxes of Jackson & Perkins roses. Or that the traffic fumes are more intense than the honeysuckle fragrance. It's just a normal day in a New York City nursery. And to New York browsers these are normal sounds and scents. It's not so easy growing flowers in a skyscraper's shadow or finding trees that thrive in a pot. Space is tight and every leaf is cherished. So city gardeners in city nurseries must concentrate on choosing city plants. Florists and supermarkets may have baskets of begonias and grape ivy to hang in a balcony's shade. And at Greenmarkets (farmers' city fairs) there are pots of rosemary and petunias. But the mainstay for the really serious tiller is the handful of specialized stores whose sole interest is making the urban scene green.

I am foraging on a triangular intersection three blocks below Canal Street and just west of Chinatown's unmarked boundary. This is Manhattan's oldest garden source. Fate's twists have turned this former gas station into the island's largest purveyor of horticultural wares. Here are scaled-down-to-city-size shovels, four-pound bags of cow manure, and the automatic watering systems that are de rigueur for rooftop gardeners with perennially dehydrated plants. Here too are the annuals, herbs, shrubs, trees, and houseplants for Park Avenue penthouses and Greenwich Village backyards. Surely truckers roaring past must wonder at the strangely bucolic view: huge tubs of flowering crab apples and Bradford pear trees, and tiered racks of ageratum and red-leaved basil.





Perennials surround Dagny Du Val, top left, on Plant Specialists' rooftop in Long Island City. Top right: Many of the tropicals in Du Val's greenhouse move outdoors in summer to terraces and yards. Right: Bob Berg surveys his fertile triangle at Farm & Garden in Tribeca. His parents founded the nursery, Manhattan's oldest, in 1939. Above: Stock ranges from herbs to shrubs and small trees scaled to tight urban plots.

"This is the best-smelling corner in town," says Bob Berg, Farm & Garden's owner. In 1939 his parents founded the nursery several subway stops south on land that is now the World Trade Center. "It looks like Dahlberg daisies and gerberas are more

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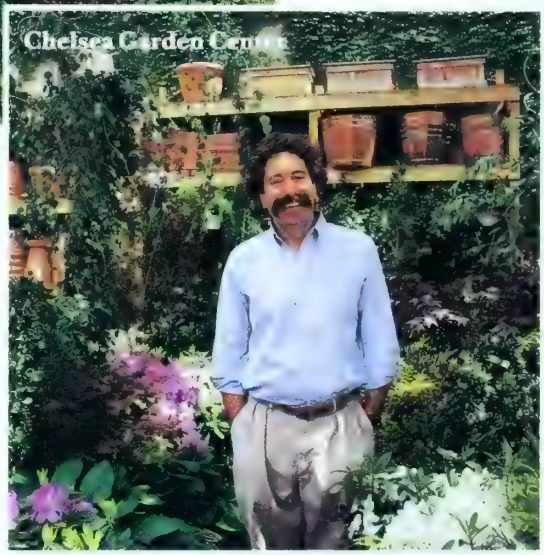
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popular than geraniums this year," he muses. "I wonder if people are tired of them, or they're no longer trendy. The past few years we've also sold praying mantis egg cases and ladybugs—$9.95 for a package of 1,500 bugs, although I don't know who counted them. You keep them in the fridge until you see aphids." The Big Apple may be an artificial environment, but his customers consider themselves "real gardeners" and they're concerned about the planet, he says. "They feel better using ladybugs than chemical sprays."

Continuing on about two miles uptown, I stop by **Chelsea Garden Center,** which colors a corner where Tenth Avenue and West 23rd Street cross. A London plane tree—huge by street-tree standards—casts its shade on the flats of snapdragons and horseradish that brighten the sidewalk all day. A decade or so ago David Protell and his wife, Ruth Lapin, started this nursery "literally under a beach umbrella" on a rubble-strewn lot. The avenue's din fades once I'm inside the chain-link security fence where there's peaceful strolling on narrow brick paths. "I designed these paths so no one gets muddy," David explains. Wild birds now choose his corner for their home. "You wouldn't believe how we've changed the ecology of this empty lot."

The neat rows of shrubs and trees include balled and burlapped cutleaf Japanese maples—"a fine texture for a small backyard"—and espaliered euonymus—"an instant live fence." Such espaliers also mean evergreen curtains for the city's roofless outdoor rooms. "People are drawn to spiral or pom-pom topiary junipers, too. They want good year-round form. I'm fascinated by weeping plants," he says, listing in quick succession his weeping white pines, blue Atlas cedars, mulberries, and cherries. "They have wonderful foliage, and that drooping outline softens the brick and concrete. Each plant's unique, so even a tiny balcony can have a focal point or architectural highlight." His customers also contend with city shade. "Annuals like impatiens lead in terms of volume," he says. "Where there's limited space and time for gardening, they give a full season of bloom. But shade-tolerant perennials—coralbells, astilbe, and bleeding hearts—are now really in vogue."





David Protell, above, laid brick paths leading to the specimen evergreens and weeping trees he sells in Chelsea, top. Below: Henry Keil, cofounder of the family's firm, sits with his clan at their nursery in Queens.

As my taxi jostles over the 59th Street Bridge to Long Island City, I spy the converted foundry that is now **Plant Specialists.** The driver gets lost even though we take the sharp right to the river suggested by Dagny Du Val. Since 1982, Dagny and Tim Du Val have housed their indoor-outdoor city landscaping service in this cluster of medieval-looking brick structures. There's room too for their loft apartment and tenants like the Tom Cat Bakery—wind shifts carry a yeasty aroma through the site. Plants are everywhere. But this is not your classic garden shop. The hardy shrubs and trees distributed helter-skelter in the sunny cloister sport tags identifying the gardens Tim has chosen them for. Visitors may place orders for specimens they like.

But browsers are welcome to any tropical plant they can tote, says Dagny as we tour in the humid filtered shade of her two greenhouses. Interior plantscaping, as she calls her specialty, has been her passion since the late 1960s. Her potted tropicals—for indoor winter rooms and outdoor summer terraces—seem the ultimate in movable landscape design. Shade-tolerant dracaenas and lady palms light up patios where sun is in short supply. Slender Ming aralias and bamboo palms serve as sentinels at doorways. And euphorbias and cactuses are living sculptures. Only one caution: the move from indoors to out requires acclimatizing—a few days shelter from sun and wind. "These plants have to be treated like redheads."

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Walking beneath Dagny's tropical trees is like taking a quick trip to Florida. Which, not coincidentally, is where she's just been. "I love picking plants for my clients," she says with a proud glance at an outlandish six-foot column of polypody ferns and a weepy *Ficus exotica* with bizarre aerial roots. "There's always some great unexpected find."

Plunging on, a half hour deeper into Queens, I arrive at **Keil Bros.,** where the mood is more like country. Here are a latticed outdoor sales area, cavernous indoor sheds, four greenhouses, and—most amazing of all—parking space for some four dozen cars. Since 1930, from this corner perch overlooking the Long Island Expressway, Keil Bros. has watched the city around it grow. The "Bros." then, Henry and Otto, are father and uncle, respectively, to the "Bros." now: Ronald, Richard, and (brother-in-law) Herbert Ahrens. "Our goal is to be a one-stop garden shop," says Richard. "Everything's here." He must know. He has worked in this store since he was ten years old. "In peak season we have between eighty and a hundred workers, but we never have enough room." Space notwithstanding, this is the city gardener's supermarket—and encompassing three quarters of a block, it may well be the largest such store in town. Neatly jammed shelves hold the paraphernalia needed for the generously proportioned city gardens in Queens: small Rototillers, lawn mowers, hedge trimmers, and Weedwackers. And, of course, a sampling of every plant any city gardener could hanker for.

Somehow I find it consoling that this lively jumble of tempting wares is apparently appreciated too by those with no interest in gardening. "A lot of joggers and walkers use the nursery as a destination," Richard says without a hint of disapproval. "It's a good marking point from Flushing or Douglaston. And on dreary days the greenhouse is certainly uplifting. We even have a water fountain." ▲

(For nursery addresses see Resources.)



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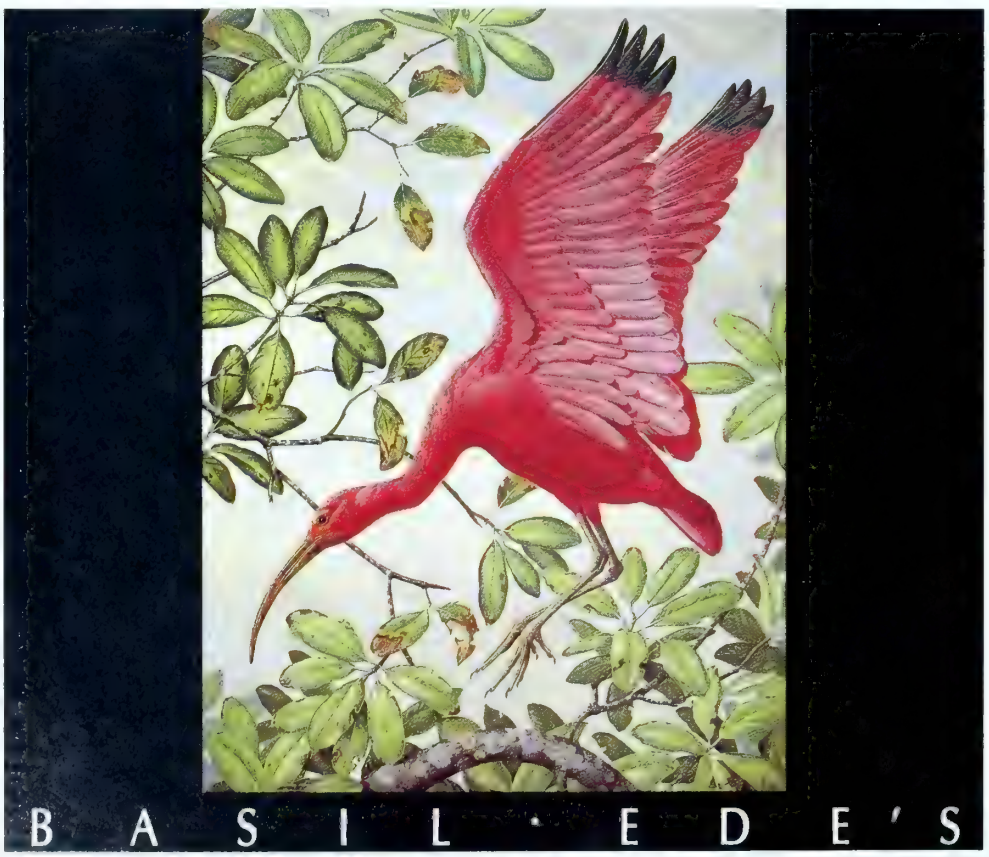
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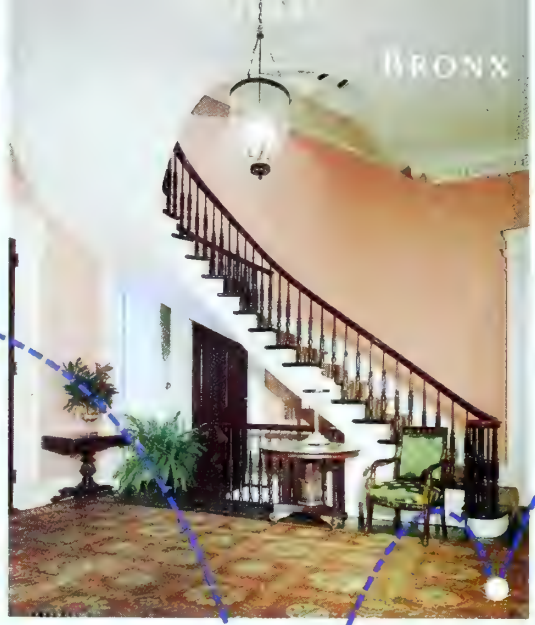
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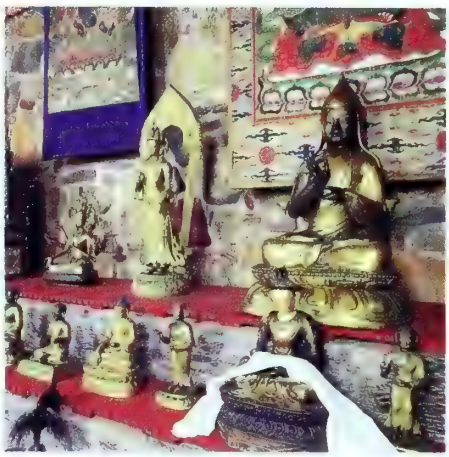


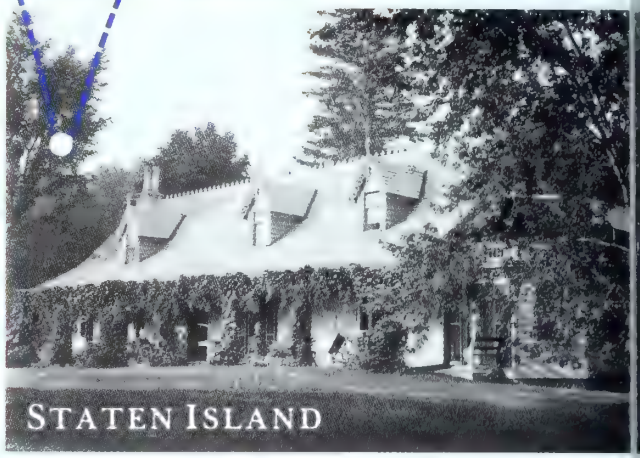
At the Brooklyn Botanic Garden, far left, hedges border beds of herbs. Left: A freestanding staircase winds through the Bartow-Pell Mansion.

Borough Hopping

The city beyond Manhattan offers lesser-known sights to see

BY PHILLIP LOPATE





If that gilded island Manhattan were ever swallowed by a tidal wave, we would quickly discover how richly endowed the four remaining boroughs are. For one thing, they hold more intact pieces of the distant past than Manhattan, where pressure to develop scarce real estate swept away most remnants of the seventeenth to early nineteenth centuries. For another, they have tucked away such magical pockets of serenity and natural beauty that you cannot help exclaiming: "Who would ever believe we are still in New York City!" To experience the charm of these oases you must cast aside both the sordid and grandiose stereotypes of Gotham and appreciate that the genius of New York remains its diversity, its capacity to surprise.

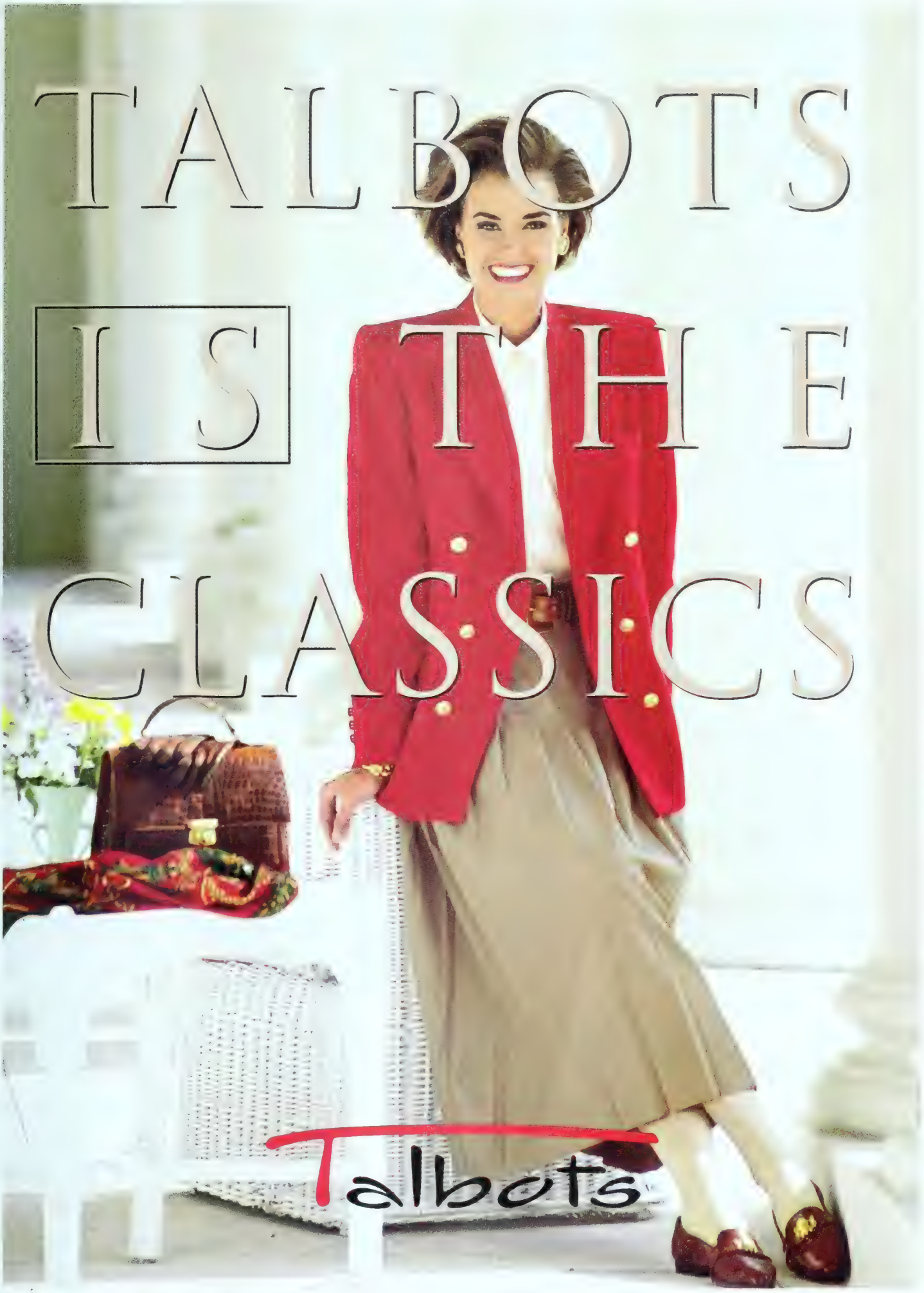
Brooklyn Botanic Garden (1000 Washington Ave., Brooklyn, NY 11225; 718-622-4433) Though it tends to be overshadowed touristically by the New York Botanical Garden in the Bronx, which has far more acreage and research facilities, the Brooklyn Botanic Garden need bow to no urban vista with respect to its green peaceful powers. Begun in 1910, it has amassed a fifty-two-acre suite of gardens, greenhouses, lily ponds, promenades, and cozy nooks that make it one of the prettiest, most restorative spots in all of New York.

If you enter through the Washington Avenue gates, you soon come across the curious Administration Building by McKim, Mead & White, a lighthearted (compared with the same architects' nearby Brooklyn Museum) rambling stucco structure like an Italian Renaissance garden casino. Farther along the path lie the greenhouses of the Steinhardt Conservatory: completed in 1988, they house various artificial environments, exhibits, and propagation facilities. The Botanic Garden is justly proud of its bonsai collection, to which it has devoted an entire greenhouse. There are also pavilions dedicated to desert, warm temperate, and tropical vegetation where you are led through a tightly controlled space, past a range of specimens, as in many zoo installations.

The most visually arresting place on the grounds is the famous Japanese Garden. You sit in a wooden Viewing Pavilion and look out at the lake and the red torii, watch plentiful turtles paddling in the water and egrets poaching above them, observe the green foliage cunningly trimmed to suggest an ever so slightly miniaturized but perfected landscape. Stone lanterns have been placed to collect the snow. And indeed, it does not matter if the weather is balmy, rainy, or wintry: the Japanese Garden invariably produces a sense of tranquillity. You cannot hope to be alone, of course; there are always lovers on the bridges, tourists snapping pictures from the Waiting House, sometimes rowdy schoolchildren. But one of the glories of the Botanic Garden is that it brings together such a polyglot social mix in so benevolent a setting.

In April and May, cherry blossom

Buddhist statues line the altar, above left, at the Jacques Marchais Center of Tibetan Art. Above: An Alice Austen photograph of her family house, c. 1880.



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In Socrates Sculpture Park, Mark di Suvero's *Rumi*, 1991, looms against the Manhattan skyline.

season draws thousands of devotees to the Cherry Esplanade. The opening of the Cranford Rose Garden in June is always spectacular; the roses come back in fall as well. The lavender-edged Herb Garden may be visited year-round. The Fragrance Garden has been designed with the disabled and vision-impaired in mind: there are plantings at wheelchair level and signs in braille.

On any given day wandering through the grounds you may come across the Systematic Collection—an arrangement of plants which reflects their family groupings and relationships to one another. It is the method of the Brooklyn Botanic Garden to teach visitors about the (endangered) varieties of the natural world and the need for conservation unobtrusively, almost subliminally. This pedagogic tact brings the lesson home all the more forcefully. You want this beauty to last.

Jacques Marchais Center of Tibetan Art (338 Lighthouse Ave., Staten Island, NY 10306; 718-987-3500) Staten Island's version of Shangri-la is nested in a hilly residential neighborhood of modern villas, including a long horizontal Frank Lloyd Wright prefab, overtopped by a venerable functioning lighthouse. You may catch an S74 bus at the ferry terminal, get off at Lighthouse Avenue, and start climbing the hill—a taste of the cleansing exertion demanded by Asian mountain temples. Or you may drive right up. In either case, the discreet doorway gives little hint of the garden lodged within like an esoteric teaching.

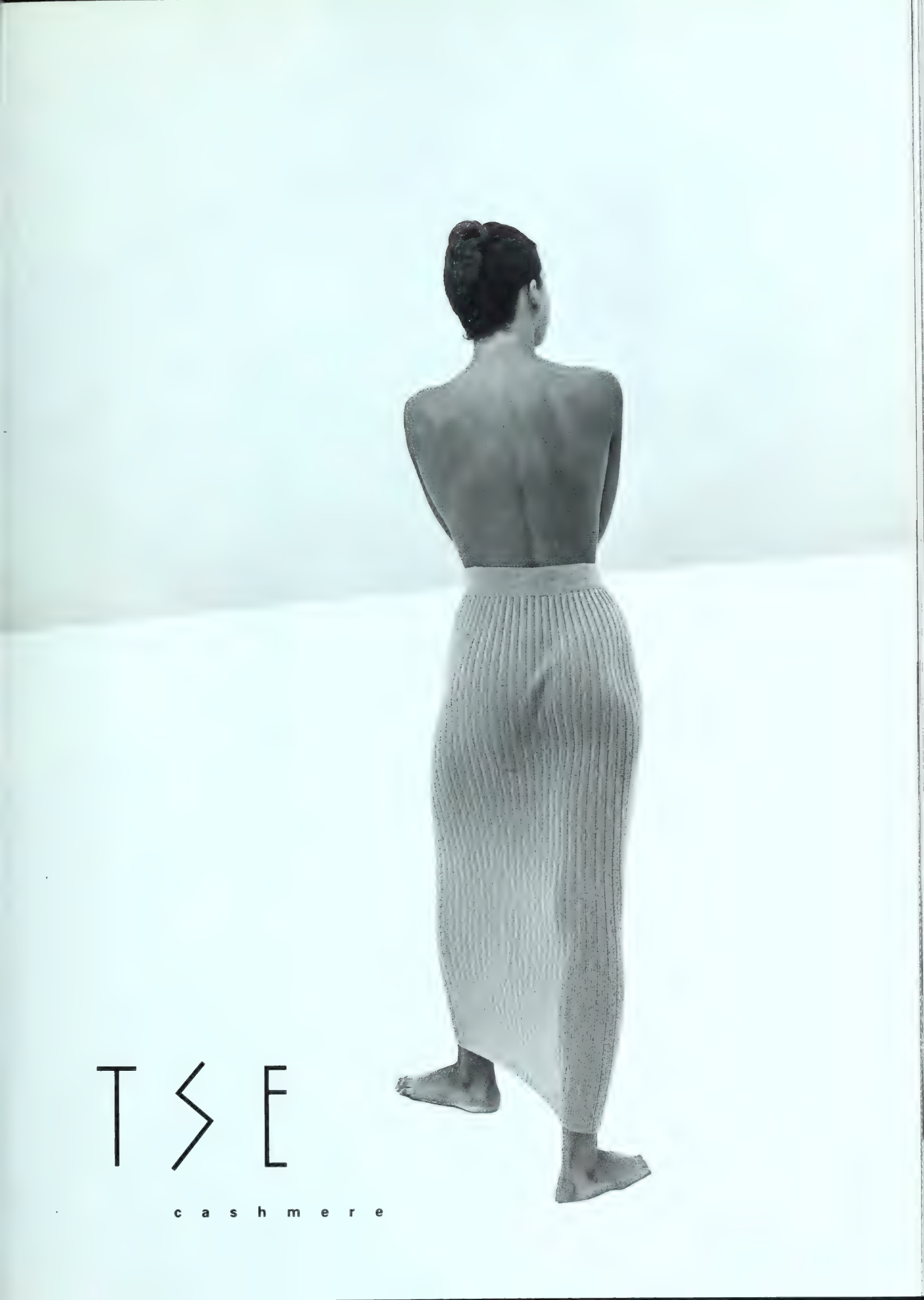
The Tibetan museum perches atop the hillside: one level below is a lily pond, beneath that is steep woods. The peaceful, lushly tolerant garden, with its Burmese Buddhas and clay baboons bobbing up amid flower beds, maples, and a Tibetan orange tree, invites meditation, though one is in no way compelled to react spiritually. It is simply a delightful spot.

The center's two fieldstone buildings were erected in the 1940s to house the permanent collections of its founder, Jacques Marchais. As with many small institutes that started with one person's dream, the Jacques Marchais Center has a rather dotty, obsessional air. "Jacques Marchais," it turns out, was the professional name of Jacqueline Norman Klauber, an ex-actress who acquired several husbands; the last, a chemical manufacturer named Harry Klauber, helped her realize her vision of creating a Tibetan art museum. Mrs. Klauber, or Jackie, as the present directors fondly call her, had never been to Tibet, but as a child she was given Tibetan figurines to play with as dolls and conceived a lifelong interest in that mystical culture. During the 1930s, when she ran an oriental art gallery on Madison Avenue, upheavals in China led to many Tibetan objects, ransacked from Buddhist temples, appearing on the market. The best she kept for herself.

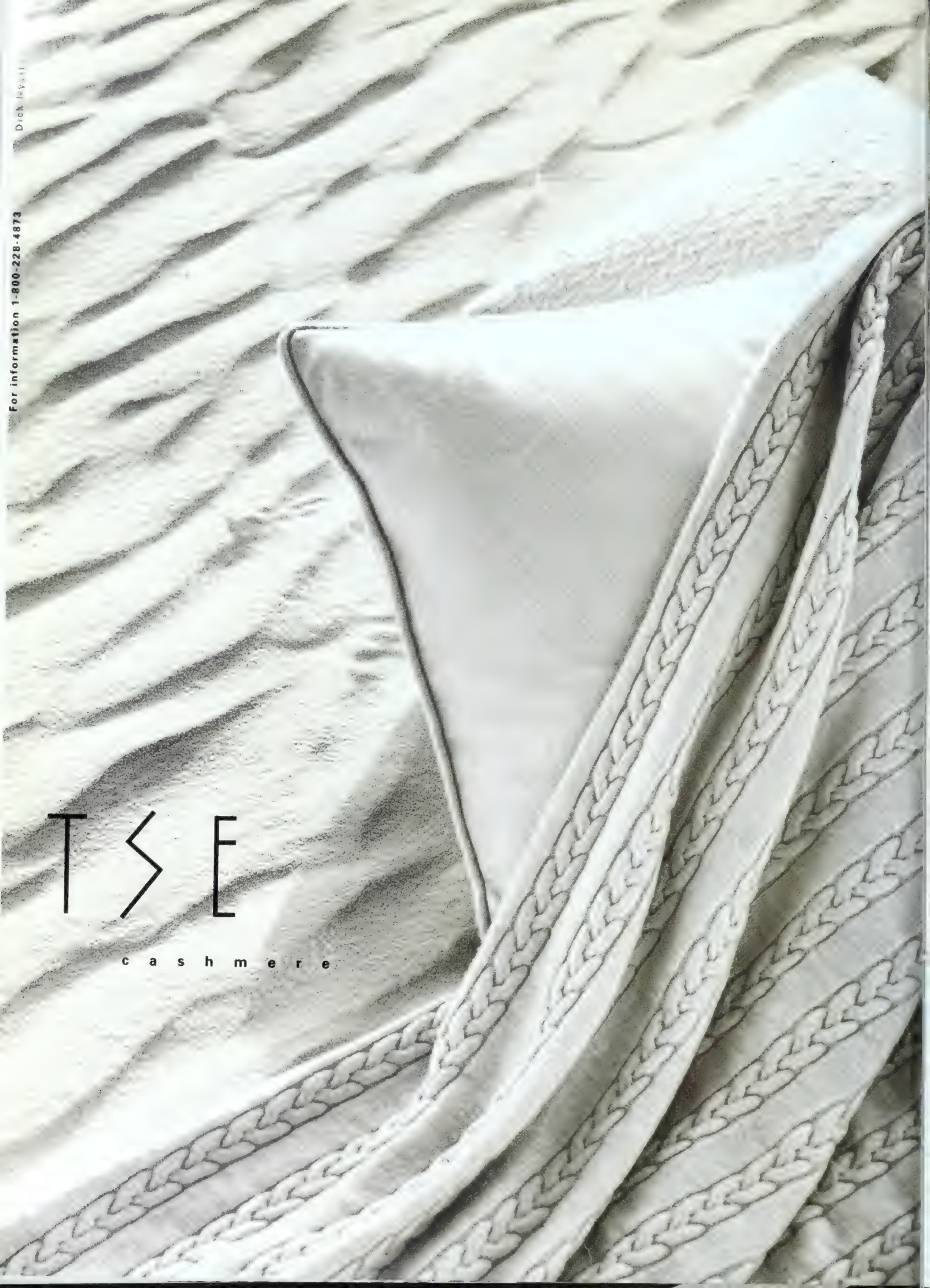
In the last years of her life, afflicted by serious illness, Jackie designed the center's buildings after photographs in books about Tibet. She must have done a good job: when the Dalai Lama came to bless the center in 1991, he remarked with pleased surprise how Tibetan the buildings looked. The larger of the two structures displays as much of the permanent collection as space will allow. With its ornately painted columns and skylight, it has been modeled on a traditional temple, which underscores a certain ambiguity: is the center an art museum or a religious shrine? The directors try to walk a middle path, fully aware that Tibetan art objects often have a religious function, as a meditational aid, along with an aesthetic one. In front is an altar crammed with statues of Buddha and Chinese cloisonné incense burners. Against the walls are thangka paintings and glass cases displaying ceremonial objects, statuary, and artifacts of Tibetan daily life. The collection is spotty, but there are some wonderful pieces, like the wrathful red-faced six-armed Mahakala, the Green Tara thangka, and a magnificently carved Nepalese home shrine.

Alice Austen House Museum and Garden (2 Hylan Blvd., Staten Island, NY 10305; 718-816-4506) Partly to protect his family from the insalubrious air of Manhattan, John Austen, a well-to-do textile auctioneer, remodeled a farmhouse into a vine-covered Victorian cottage on the northeastern shore of Staten Island. Called Clear Comfort, his dream house was so evocatively romantic that boat passengers would point it out, envying whoever might live there.

For Austen's granddaughter, Alice, the house she grew up in was a snug enchanted world, and she photographed every inch of it. A passionate camera hobbyist, she caught the life of the smart set of her day: lawn tennis, tea parties, costume antics, and what Thomas Mann called the "disorder and early sorrow" of family life. In her self-portraits one glimpses a wry young woman who, for all her active enjoyment of sport, seems always a bit detached. She never married, choosing to live instead with her companion, Gertrude Tate, a dance instructor. After the stock market crashed, Alice was forced to turn Clear Comfort into a tearoom, though she gave short service to the unmannerly riffraff who would never have


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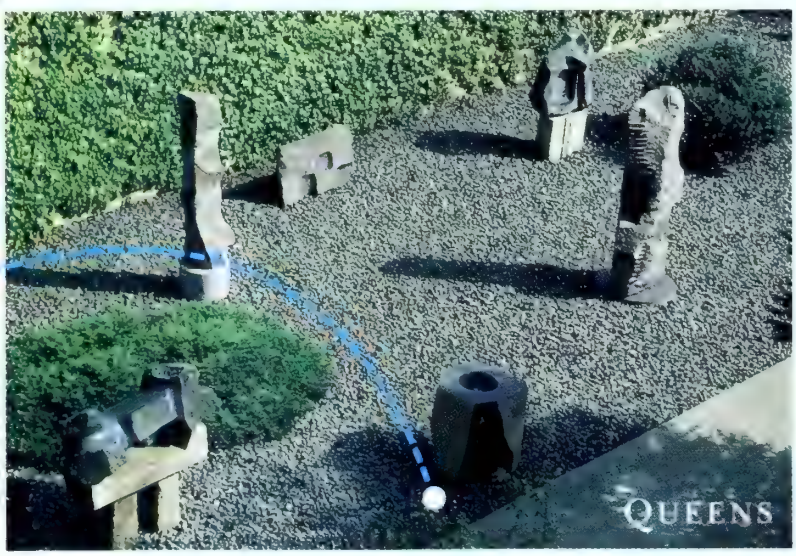
gained entrance in the old days. The waterfront property remained intact, thanks to Alice's feisty spirit: when surveyors came to mark out a city road that would have severed her lawn from the river's edge, she threw their marking flags into the water until they gave up.

Recently restored, the house looks a bit too spruced up; the removal of old vines for structural reasons may have cost it some patina. Inside, the parlor gives the strongest sense of what a charming cluttered nest the cottage must have been, filled with oriental gewgaws brought home by a seafaring uncle. Other rooms are used as galleries, which show exhibitions tied to the life of their heroine. There are also organized bicycle trips and walking tours of the neighborhood Alice Austen knew. The aim is to turn a house museum—with its tendency toward the static and musty—into an active community resource.

> You cannot help exclaiming, "Who would ever believe we are still in New York!"

Bartow-Pell Mansion Museum (Shore Rd., Pelham Bay Park, Bronx, NY 10464; 718-885-1461) Hidden in the woods of Pelham Bay Park is a gem of a nineteenth-century mansion, the only remaining example of a style of gracious country living that once flourished in this neck of the Bronx. A dozen estates dotted the shore of Long Island Sound; the owners could catch a boat and get to their Wall Street offices in an hour.

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Sculpture at the Isamu Noguchi Garden Museum was placed by the artist.

Thomas Pell, an English doctor, from the Siwanoy Indians in 1654, the site was taken over eventually by Robert Bartow, a publisher and descendant of Pell, who erected the present neoclassical house. The family sold it to New York City in 1888, when, like its neighbor mansions, it was pressed into institutional service. The others, however, perished through neglect or fire, whereas Bartow-Pell had the good fortune to be rescued by a group of volunteers calling themselves the International Garden Club; in 1914 they restored the house and have kept it in beautiful condition ever since.

The gray stone classical revival façade is somewhat austere; it speaks in dignified tones, it does not dazzle. But grandly proportioned interiors in every sense deserve the name "mansion." On the ground floor there is a majestic double parlor. The denticulated cornices and carved pediments (eagles and cherubs) display an attention to detail that makes every corner worth investigating. A free-standing staircase spirals to the second story where floor-to-ceiling windows overlook formal gardens, a perfect backdrop for Sunday concerts.

The house serves as a museum of the decorative arts. Pier tables with marble tops, massive carved sideboards, a sumptuous canopied bed, lyre-back chairs attributed to the workshop of Duncan Phyfe—all convey the taste and culture of the original owners. Most of the objects on exhibit have no specific Bartow connection. There is, however, an arrestingly lachrymose needlepoint by Susan Bartow, Robert's cousin, of a woman reclining on a tomb beside a weeping willow.

Socrates Sculpture Park (Broadway at Vernon Blvd., P.O. Box 6259, Long Island City, NY 11106; 718-956-1819) In 1980 sculptor Mark di Suvero had the brainstorm of taking an abandoned dump on the East River near his studio and transforming it into a sculpture park. Six years later, after epic bureaucratic struggles, clean-up, and landscaping, the park hosted its inaugural show. Socrates Park has been going strong ever since, with a series of revolving exhibitions.

Though thousands of flowers are planted each year, Socrates Park retains the pleasantly grungy soul of a once-empty lot. An obvious reason for leaving it relatively bare is that it must accommodate future sculptures of unknown sizes. Whether due to the lingering influence of di Suvero's aesthetic (heroic, massive, abstract) or the practical requirements of outdoor public sculpture, the artworks tend to be nonobjective, minimalist, and large-scaled and to employ industrial materials. They must be able to withstand vandalism, weathering, and a certain amount of touching, lounging, walking on, or wandering through.

The park is leased for a nominal sum from the city, which may someday let it go to high-rise development. All the more reason to visit this vulnerable little miracle of urban regeneration now.

Isamu Noguchi Garden Museum (32-37 Vernon Blvd., Long Island City, NY 11106; 718-721-1932) Noguchi was a protean genius: a consummate sculptor, landscape and set designer, furniture maker, shaper of gardens and environments. His Picasso-like fecundity (which at times bordered on glibness) invites a certain skepticism on the part of those who prefer their geniuses to specialize. Nevertheless, even those who think Noguchi's art is not for them are likely to find themselves converted by seeing it in this uncanny setting, for the garden museum he left us in Long Island City was one of his



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last and perhaps greatest works.

Noguchi had bought an abandoned photoengraving plant to use as a warehouse for his pieces. Then he conceived the idea of turning it into a permanent museum to house his work and added a wing and a walled garden. In converting the old plant, Noguchi and his architect-partner, Shoji Sadao, preserved as much of its industrial character as possible: exposed beams, brick walls, thirty-paned windows. The rusted metal ceiling in one room seems to comment on and balance the oxidized surfaces of the stone pieces. As befits a man who lived to eighty-four, Noguchi was fascinated by the processes of weathering.

The concrete-block façade of the new wing blends into the primarily industrial neighborhood like one more workshop. But inside, there are surprises: taking advantage of the triangle-shaped lot, the walls shoot off in oddly angled, secretive directions. High windows have been cut into the walls and left unglazed. When it snows, flakes collect on the gallery floor. This blending of indoor and outdoor is emphasized by the inevitability with which these galleries give out onto the garden.

It is in the garden sanctuary that Noguchi's passion for creating environments feels most concentrated. There is a purity of stone, wood, tree; the materials of man and nature meet with exquisite rectitude. The wooden benches seem like relatives of the ailanthus, birches, juniper, weeping cherry, Japanese black pine, katsura, magnolias, bamboo. Westerners are inclined to think of the garden as peculiarly Japanese, perhaps because the rocks are arranged with ritual-like exactness or because the whole possesses a timeless harmony. But Japanese visitors see it as representative of the best in occidental gardens.

This reconciling of cultures goes straight to the heart of Noguchi's yearning. Born half-Japanese, half-American, he grew up for the most part in the United States and recovered the Japanese side of his nature only through painstaking effort. Confessing to having felt an outsider in both cultures, he was compelled to live out this division, which is what makes his work so rich and tense underneath its apparent composure.

This is not a shrine to Noguchi: there are no private objects, newspaper clippings, or letters, and like many artists' collections of their own work, it has distinct autobiographical gaps. But there are tantalizing collages, and his set designs for Martha Graham, his dangling paper accordion lamp, and his furniture prototypes, like the biomorphic glass coffee table from 1944. And of course, the sculptures. *Endless Coupling* is the title of one cast-iron sculpture, and it typifies this artist's vision of bringing together wounded fragments to make a calmer whole. ♠

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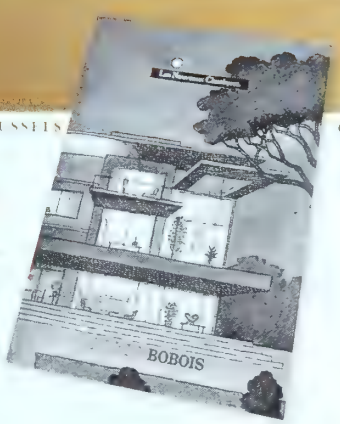
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Check-in Time



Some of Manhattan's hottest chefs have become permanent residents in hotel dining rooms



BY REGINA SCHRAMBLING

One of the ways I survived a trek through four states in four weeks last spring was by avoiding any restaurant attached to any hotel. Eating is the better part of travel, and I'd walk a mile to miss the usual $10 toast and steam-table eggs. Safely back home in Manhattan, though, I soon realized that the rule of the road no longer applies here. My first choice for a great meal after all those trips was actually in a hotel. So was my second.

In a revival of a trend that dates at least from the time of Auguste Escoffier's reign at the Savoy and at the Carlton in London, the last year has seen a new wave of taste in New York hotel kitchens. Some of the best food in the city is now accessible through the lobby, past the reception desk. And while it may be pricey, it's still cheaper than flying to France.

Les Célébrités (155 West 58th Street, 212-484-5113), a jewel box hidden away in the beautifully restored Essex House, is the epitome of a hotel restaurant that transcends its home. Chef Christian Delouvrier immediately won three stars from *The New York Times* with combinations like his "burger" of buttery foie gras sandwiched between tart apple slices with a cider sauce and frisée and his Japanese-inspired salad of crisply sautéed sweetbreads with asparagus and meaty morels.

Main courses are weighted toward game, as in quail wrapped in prosciutto and garnished with more foie gras, and desserts are beyond decadent, like candied orange peel on a chocolate crust with bitter chocolate ice cream. Les Célébrités offers two degustation menus at $82 and $65, but eating à la carte makes more sense because the food is so rich.

Just a few blocks away the equally refurbished St. Regis Hotel is drawing adventurous eaters to **Lespinasse** (2 East 55th Street, 212-339-6719), a staid room, all starched white linen and gold accents, with an outrageous menu. Chef Gray Kunz makes East and West meet in copious dishes like his timbale of warm oxtail salad, a mound of the rich meat set into a wreath of crunchy fen-

At Lespinasse in the St. Regis, Gray Kunz, top left, and, above left, his superbly simple chilled double tomato soup. At 44 in the Royalton, Geoffrey Zakarian, below, gives salmon new style with a cucumber, walnut, and date salad, bottom left.




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nel in a nicely acidic dressing. Crispy salmon with shrimp paste showcases two unique ingredients, charoli nuts and calamansi, yet Kunz can also take items as elemental as really ripe tomatoes and transform them into heady soup. (This dish, a triumph of ingredients over ingenuity, depends entirely on the ripeness of the tomatoes and the coldness of everything that touches them.) Desserts, though, seem more cerebral than satisfying. Entrées run from $22 to $29; four- and six-course degustations are relative bargains at $47 and $60.

Lespinasse takes its name from a Parisian woman known for her literary salons in the seventeenth century, while Les Célébrités refers to the likes of Phyllis Diller and Billy Dee Williams whose surprisingly credible paintings cover the walls. But in both rooms, the food's the thing.

At 44 (44 West 44th Street, 212-944-8844) in the Royalton off Times Square, style is more vital, which may be why it has survived the end of 1980s excess. A sleek publishing



Christian Delouvrier, left, of Les Célébrités in the Essex House and his foie gras burger, right.

A trend that dates back to Auguste Escoffier's reign at the Savoy and the Carlton is being revived

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crowd still fills the Starckly-designed room daily to perch on too-soft chairs around too-small tables and order name-brand water and creative food. With wine the tab for two people can easily hit $100.

As conceived by chef Geoffrey Zakarian, polenta here is rich and creamy, more a soup than a porridge, with wild mushrooms and fresh thyme to intensify the savory sensations. Sautéed skate is cooked to a crisp and laid over barely crunchy lentils with spinach, all peasant foods elevated to midtown chic. Even something as roadworthy as grilled salmon gets a lift from the addition of a cucumber-walnut salad accented with sweetly chewy dates.

Innovations in hotel food are going beyond lunch and dinner as more and more kitchens add Japanese breakfasts as an alternative to the usual bacon and eggs or stale continentals. Typical is the reverent rendition in the **Jockey Club** (112 Central Park South, 212-664-7700) at the Ritz-Carlton. Grilled Norwegian salmon is accompanied by a bed of dried seaweed; steamed Japanese sticky rice; pickled radishes and eggplant; miso soup; steamed snowpeas and carrots; and sencha tea, brewed from green leaves.

All of this relies on presentation and texture as much as flavor, in true Japanese tradition, and yet it's typical of a whole new approach. At its best, hotel food can take New Yorkers on the road without leaving town.

LES CÉLÉBRITÉS'S BURGER OF FOIE GRAS

- 4 small Granny Smith apples
- 4 teaspoons sugar
- 7–8 tablespoons unsalted butter or duck fat
- 4 fresh shitake or porcini mushrooms, stems trimmed and caps sliced
- 4 slices raw fresh foie gras, about 3 ounces each
- ½ cup plus 1 tablespoon apple cider vinegar
- ½ cup rich duck or chicken stock
- 2 tablespoons olive oil
- 2 teaspoons chopped fines herbes (parsley, chives, tarragon)
- 1 bunch frisée or chicory

Heat oven to 400 degrees. Peel, core, and halve the apples, then cut into slices no thicker than the foie gras. Reserve the trimmings. Sprinkle the slices with sugar and sauté in 3 tablespoons of the butter until glazed and tender but not soft. Set aside. Add the mushrooms to the pan, using a bit more butter if needed, and sauté until crisp. Arrange a layer of apple slices in a baking dish. Lay the foie gras slices on the apple slices and top with the mushrooms and then the remaining apple slices. Bake 3 minutes.

Add the apple trimmings to the sauté pan along with the remaining butter and cook until soft. Raise the heat; add ½ cup of the vinegar and boil until the liquid is reduced to a glaze. Whisk in the stock until emulsified, then strain.

To serve, blend the remaining vinegar with the olive oil and the herbs and toss with the frisée. Arrange a mound of frisée on each plate and place a burger alongside. Drizzle sauce over and around the burgers. Serves 4.

LESPINASSE'S CHILLED DOUBLE TOMATO SOUP

- 2 large, almost overripe beefsteak tomatoes
- 2 large, almost overripe yellow tomatoes



Salt
Freshly ground pepper
2 pinches sugar
Basil leaves, fennel sprigs, or chive stems

Everything that touches the tomatoes must be very cold. To start, chill a blender jar, two glass bowls, and four serving bowls until icy. Several hours before serving, place the red tomatoes in the blender and purée until smooth. Transfer to a fine sieve and strain into one of the glass bowls to remove the seeds. Repeat with the yellow tomatoes. Season each purée with salt and pepper to taste and a pinch of sugar. Chill separately until icy.

Just before serving, separately run each purée briefly through the blender again. Then pour the red and yellow purées simultaneously into the serving bowls so the colors remain distinct. Garnish with fresh herbs. Serves 4.

44'S SALMON LEAF ON CUCUMBER, WALNUT, AND DATE SALAD

1¾–2 pounds fresh salmon fillet
1 seedless cucumber, peeled
¼ cup walnut halves, coarsely chopped
½ cup Medjool dates, pitted and thinly sliced
⅓ cup chicken stock
¼ cup freshly squeezed lemon juice
⅓ cup extra-virgin olive oil, plus small amount for the grill
2 shallots, peeled and minced
1 tablespoon snipped chives
1 teaspoon chopped herbs, such as parsley, thyme, or rosemary
Salt
Freshly ground pepper

Have the salmon cut on a 45-degree angle into 4 thin slices, each with a thin strip of the skin still attached. Heat grill while making the salad. Cut the cucumber in half lengthwise and scrape out the center. Place the 2 halves in a kitchen towel and press down to bruise the flesh a bit, then cut into chunks. Place in a bowl with the walnuts and dates. Whisk together the chicken stock, lemon juice, oil, shallots, and herbs; season to taste with salt and pepper. Pour over the cucumber mixture to coat lightly and toss to blend; reserve the remainder to pass with the fish.

Lightly oil the hot grill. Season the salmon fillets with salt and pepper and lay on the grill. Cook 4–5 minutes, turning once. Divide the cucumber mixture among 4 serving plates and top each portion with a fillet. Serves 4. ♠



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One Man's Court





In his salon James Amster, second from left, entertains fellow decorators Marian Hall, Ruby Ross Wood, Billy Baldwin, William Pahlmann, Dorothy Draper, and Nancy McClelland, 1947. Left: The urn and mirrored arch in Amster Yard's walled garden. Below left: A Christmas card drawn for Amster by Hilary Knight in 1948.

A society decorator gathered a charmed circle around him at Amster Yard

In a city whose architectural landmarks tend to be giants puffed with self-importance, New York's Amster Yard is a gentle, even retiring, monument. For nearly fifty years this pocket-size collection of apartments, offices, and shops on East 49th Street has helped to preserve Manhattan's dwindling supply of intimate scale and calm civility. When Amster Yard was designated an official city landmark in 1966, some critics found its neo-federal façade less than distinguished. But as architect Philip Johnson, who championed the designation, has observed, "Architecture isn't the point; urbanism is."



A folly in the best sense, the Yard is the masterpiece of Manhattan society decorator James Amster, who died in 1986 at the age of seventy-seven. Tall and bumbling, he was, a former employee remembers, "a charming, lovable fellow" with the proverbial heart of gold. A combination of extravagant body language and sagging basset hound features gave the Massachusetts native a clownish demeanor that no amount of sartorial spit-and-polish could conceal. A ceaseless stream of chatter was his calling card, the half-hour monologue a specialty. "I talk too much," he confided to a reporter. "I get drunk with words, dear."

Though competitors regularly raided his shop filled with fanciful baroque furniture and many of his clients were celebrities of the first water (Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn, Corning Glass tycoon Arthur Houghton), few people took Amster seriously as an innovator. He set no great trends, unlike his mentor Elsie de Wolfe, and imposed no new styles of living, unlike his pal Billy Baldwin. Many Amster interiors now seem badly dated, but three projects transcend time: an overbaked surrealist showroom for the perfumer Prince Matchabelli (a pink and black confection cooked up with Cecil Beaton); the wacky baroque Terrace Club powder room for the 1939 New York World's Fair (complete with trompe l'oeil chairs); and a series of colorful Scandinavian-inspired

BY MITCHELL OWENS


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interiors for a Swedish-American cruise liner.

The real reasons for Amster's success were unflappable optimism and an extraordinary knack for making friends in high places, something he'd known how to do since an early stint in his own antiques department at Bergdorf Goodman. One of his chums was the grand duchess Marie of Russia, who also worked at Bergdorf's, as a milliner. "The world is full of all sorts of people," Amster liked to say, "and if you take advantage of your particular place in Macy's stocking department or at Bergdorf Goodman's cosmetics counter, let me tell you, you can meet everybody. And everybody can teach you everything."

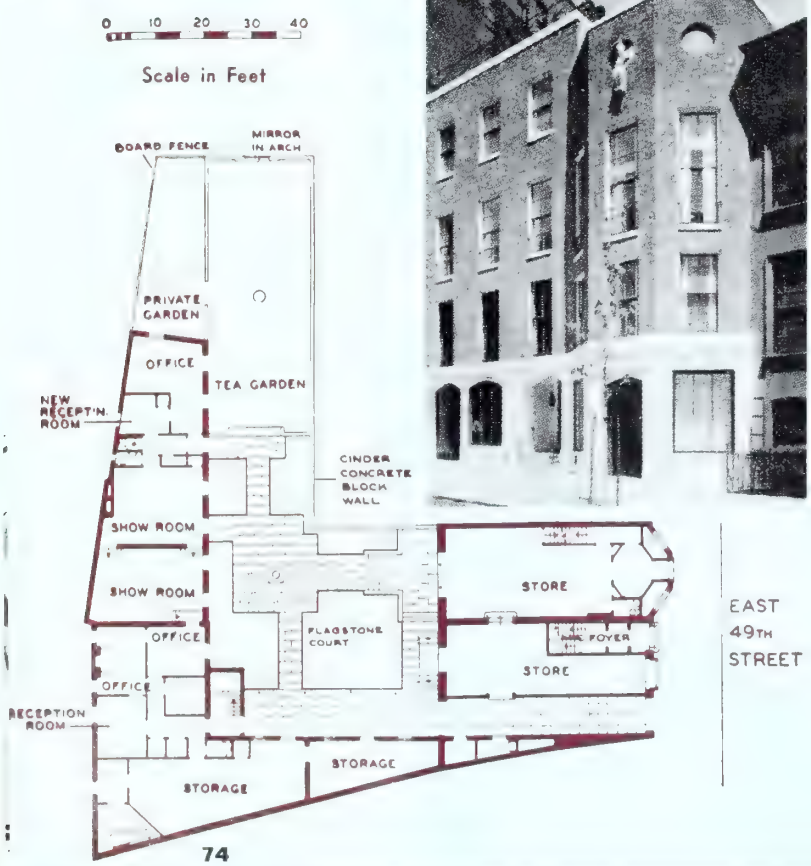
Amster had a genius for spotting talent—and potential tenants

Amster had a genius in another department, too: spotting youthful talent. A few years after he opened his decorating business in 1938, he put an unknown genteel artisan named Isabel O'Neil to work marbleizing tabletops. When his protégé grew restive churning out made-to-order ornaments, he cajoled her into opening a school for faux-finishing techniques. "There are people all over the United States who would love to have you tell them what to do and how they should do it," he said and briskly shoved her out the door. The Isabel O'Neil school in New York is still going strong.









In the late forties Hilary Knight, an aspiring illustrator, worked in Amster's office, too, turning his employer's rather pedestrian design schemes into enticing watercolor renderings. When Knight became a household name—thanks to his illustrations for Kay Thompson's perversely comic best-seller *Eloise*—Amster jumped for joy. His belief that good friends help one another was entirely genuine. In the conception of Amster Yard, it was also a sound creative philosophy.

In 1944 Amster acquired four ramshackle Victorian buildings in the Turtle Bay section of midtown Manhattan. Two of the buildings faced East 49th Street, the others were directly behind, reached via a narrow alleyway and a rubbish-strewn courtyard. One was a boarding house, another home to an elderly lady with thirty-five

Amster Yard, inside and out. Clockwise from top left: Amster's living room in summer slipcovers. The decorator-landlord. Elsie de Wolfe, third from left, holding court in his shop. Harold Sterner's crisp neo-federal brick façade, which replaced the worn brownstone fronts of two Victorian houses. The orderly plan imposed on a warren of rooms. Billy Baldwin's gardenia-leaf green living room in his Amster Yard apartment.

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cats, another a carpentry workshop. With memories of his elegant childhood home dancing in his head, Amster convinced two friends—art director Ted Sandler and architect-painter Harold Sterner—to help him transform this vermin-infested warren into a gracious experiment in communal living, with apartments, shops, offices, and showrooms. The entire renovation was so successful that national radio broadcast news of its grand opening.

Slicing off soot-stained brownstone and lugubrious Victorian details, Sterner (an alumnus of both McKim, Mead & White and Delano & Aldrich) rusticated the ground floor and refaced the remaining stories with red brick and white stone trim. Above an angled bay on the street front rose a classical parapet pierced with oculi and ornamented with a limestone urn. The filthy courtyard became a garden crisscrossed by flagstone walks. Built into the east wall of the garden was a pediment-crowned arch filled with a vast sheet of mirror, which reflected a Japanese iron urn standing at the center of a manicured lawn.

Cramped interiors were reconfigured so that each of the six apartments faced the garden, all but one with its own terrace. Canvassing his vast circle of friends for potential tenants with publicity value, Amster cannily promised to accommodate individual taste and requirements in the painstaking renovation. Billy Baldwin had a weakness for fine French furniture, so Amster installed Versailles parquet flooring in the largest apartment. Entranced, Baldwin moved in and stayed ten years. Midwestern patron of the arts and philanthropist Leonard Hanna, who claimed a family history of weak legs, moved in after Amster agreed to the installation of a private elevator. Harold Sterner and his wife, Broadway actress Paula Trueman, took the duplex apartment at the far end of the garden and Amster claimed the small apartment above his street-front shop. The succession of equally famous residents who signed leases over the years included fashion designer Norman Norell and sculptor Isamu Noguchi.

Today Amster Yard is still a desirable address. Swid Powell, the tabletop-design firm, has offices in Billy Baldwin's old lair. Downstairs is the Glen Gery Corp.'s Brickwork Design Center. Amster's former shop is now an investment counselor's office, but the genial spirit of the house-proud decorator continues to preside over the enclave that bears his name. Outside its walls his civic-minded generosity left a lasting mark on the preservationist Turtle Bay Association, on nearby Peter Detmold Park, and on Prescott Neighborhood House, a public welfare project for needy children. It is Amster Yard, however, that remains his most personal gift to the city. ▲













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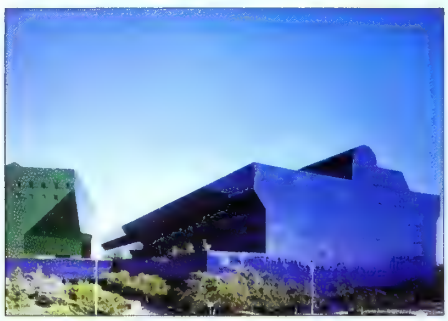
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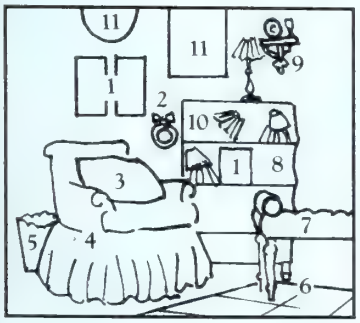


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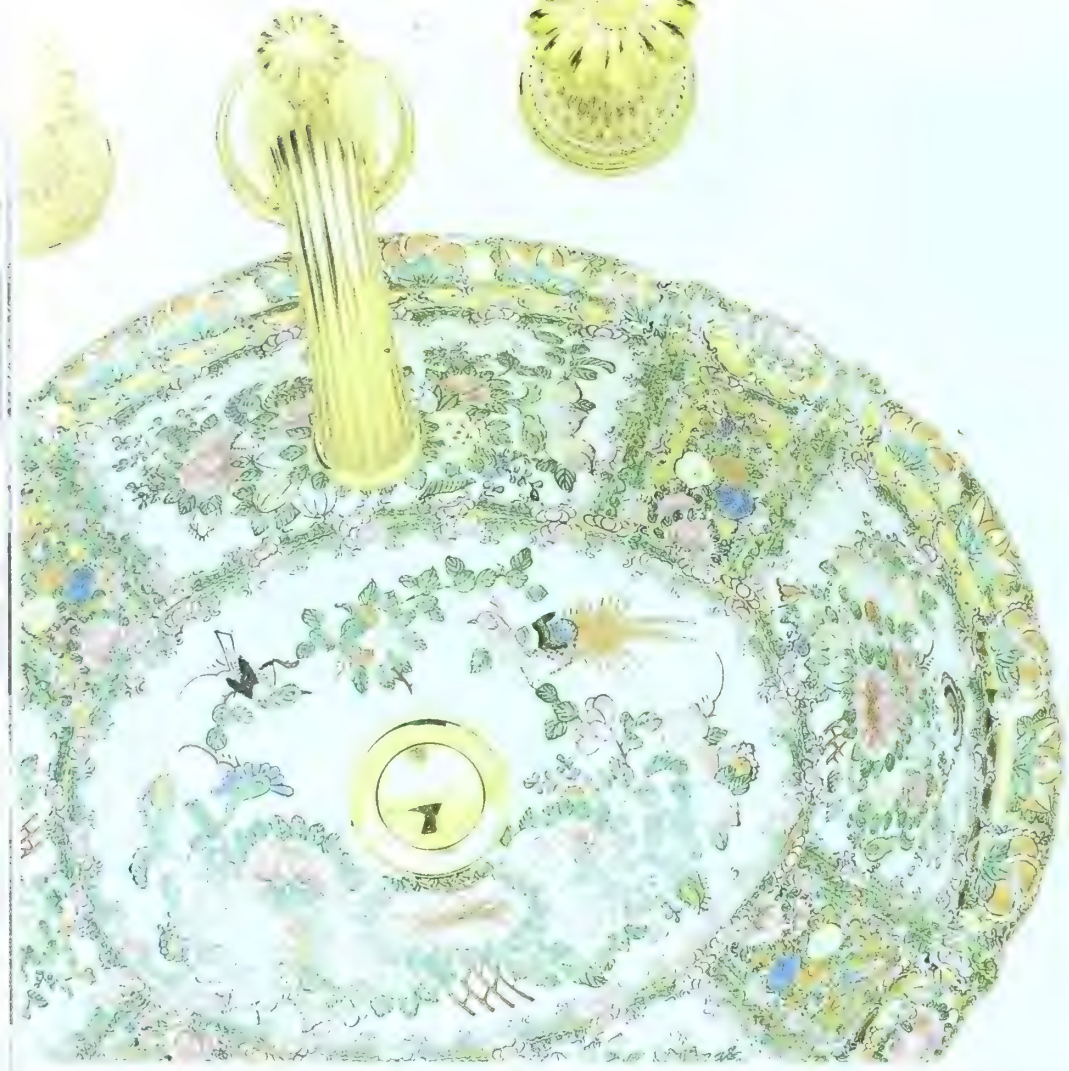
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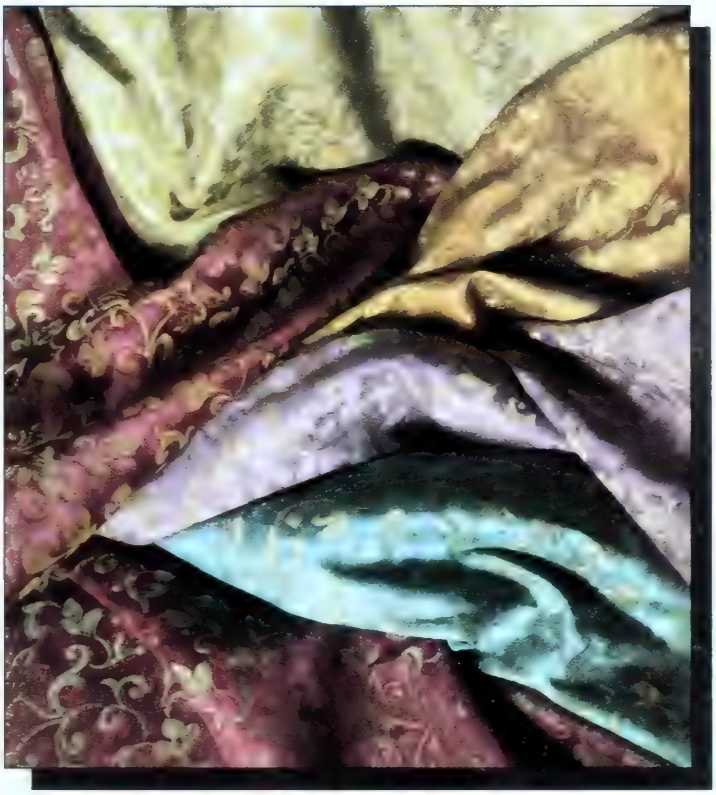
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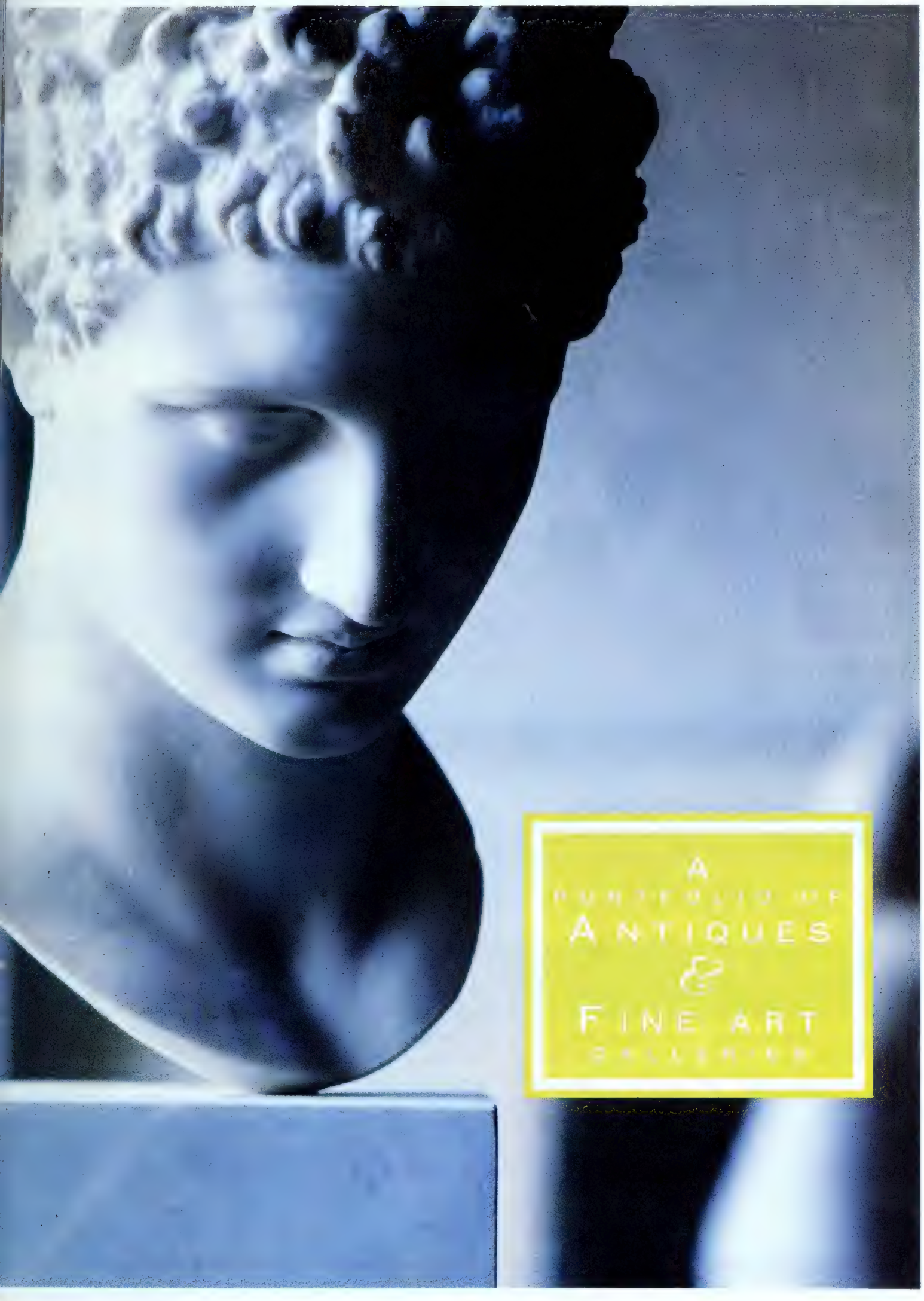
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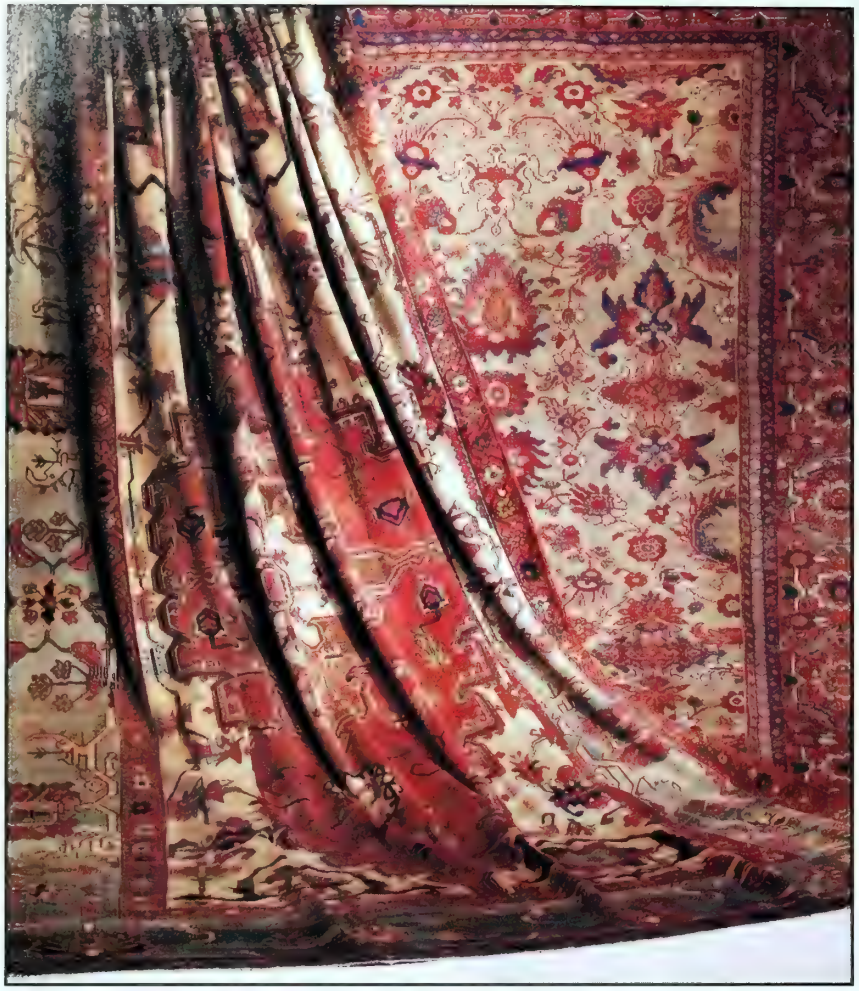
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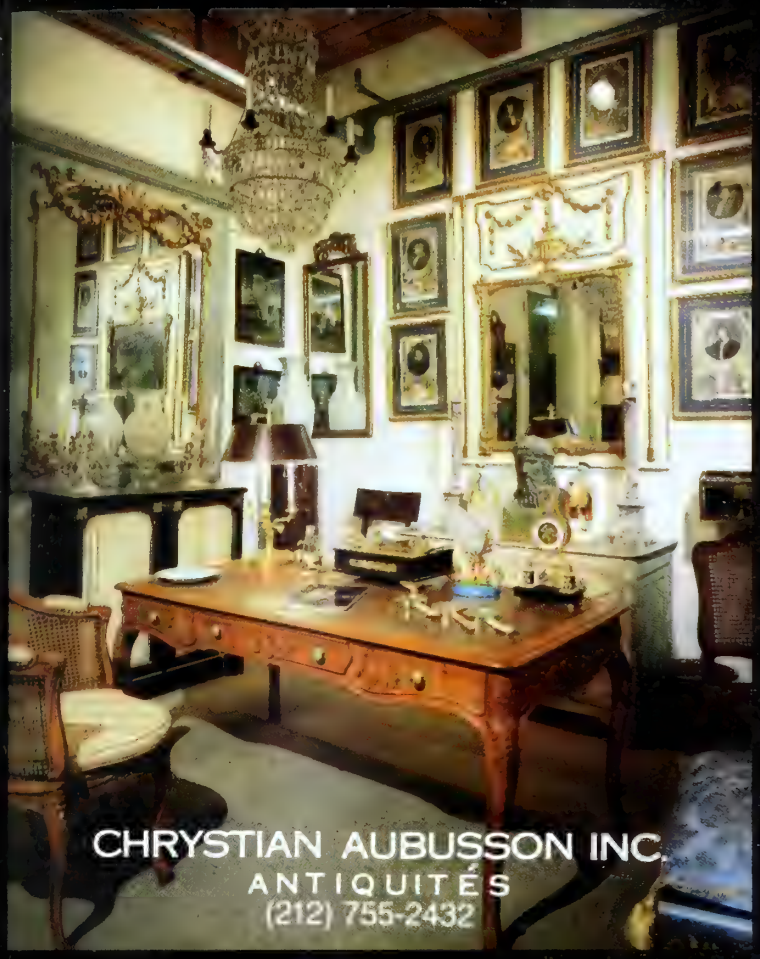
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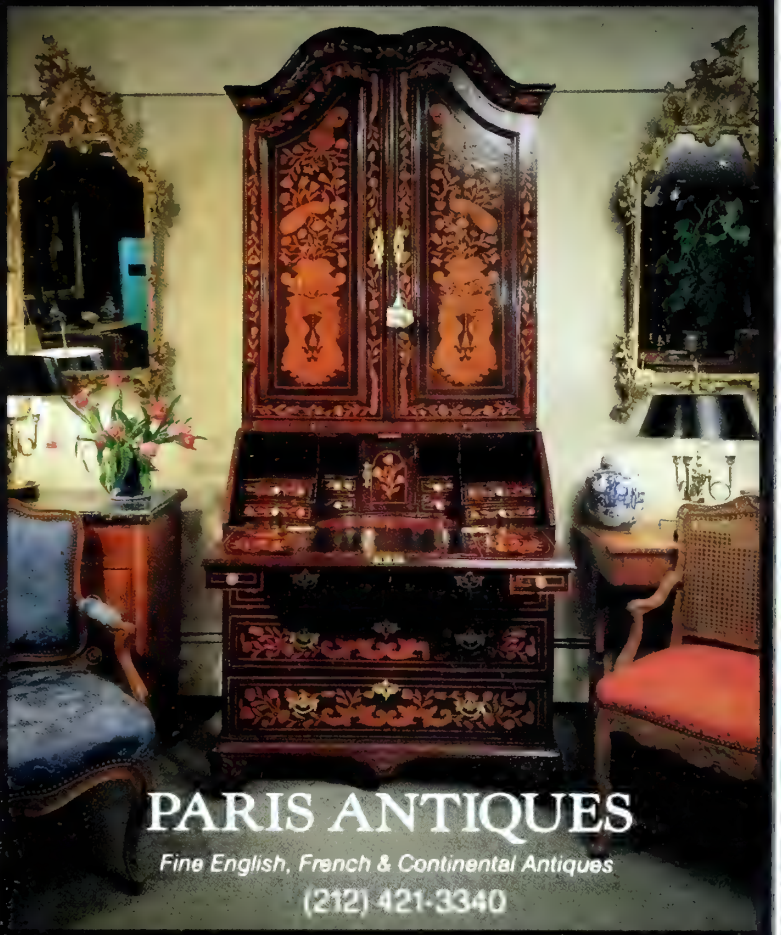
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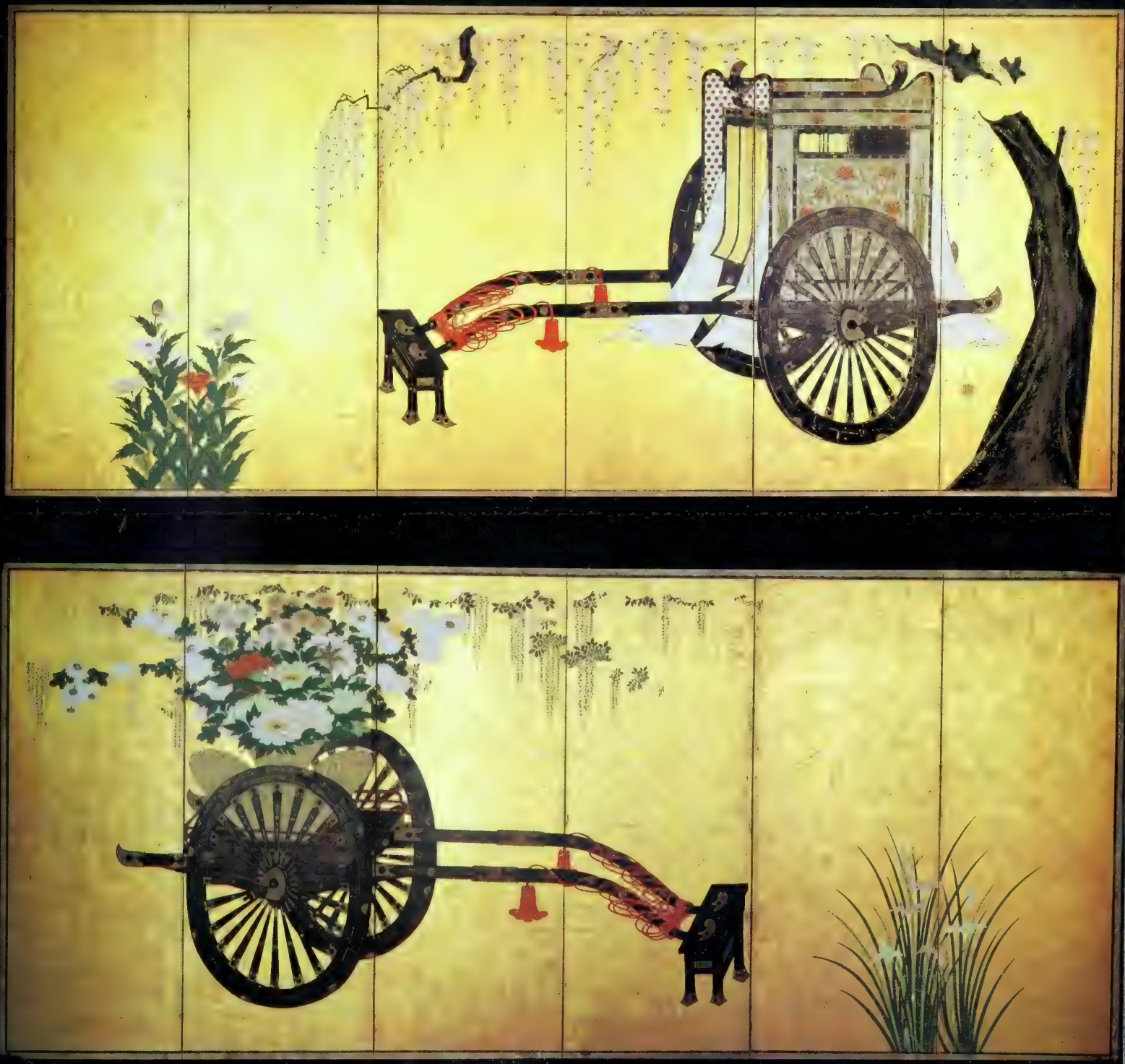
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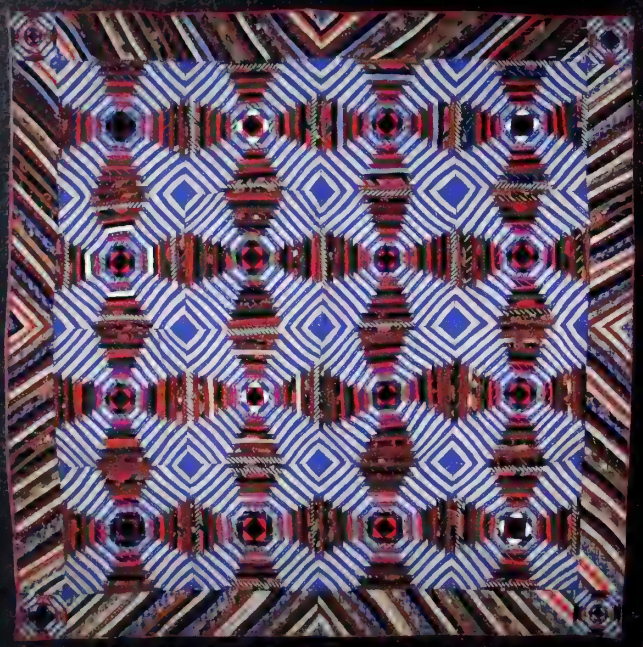


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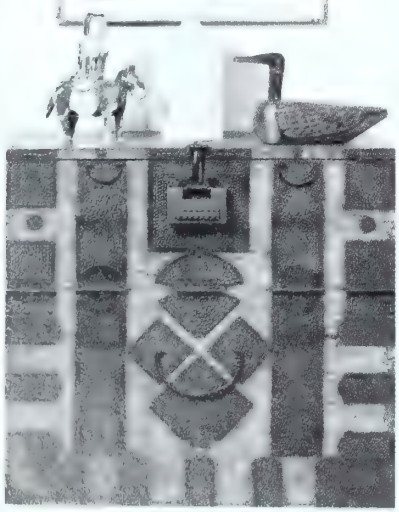
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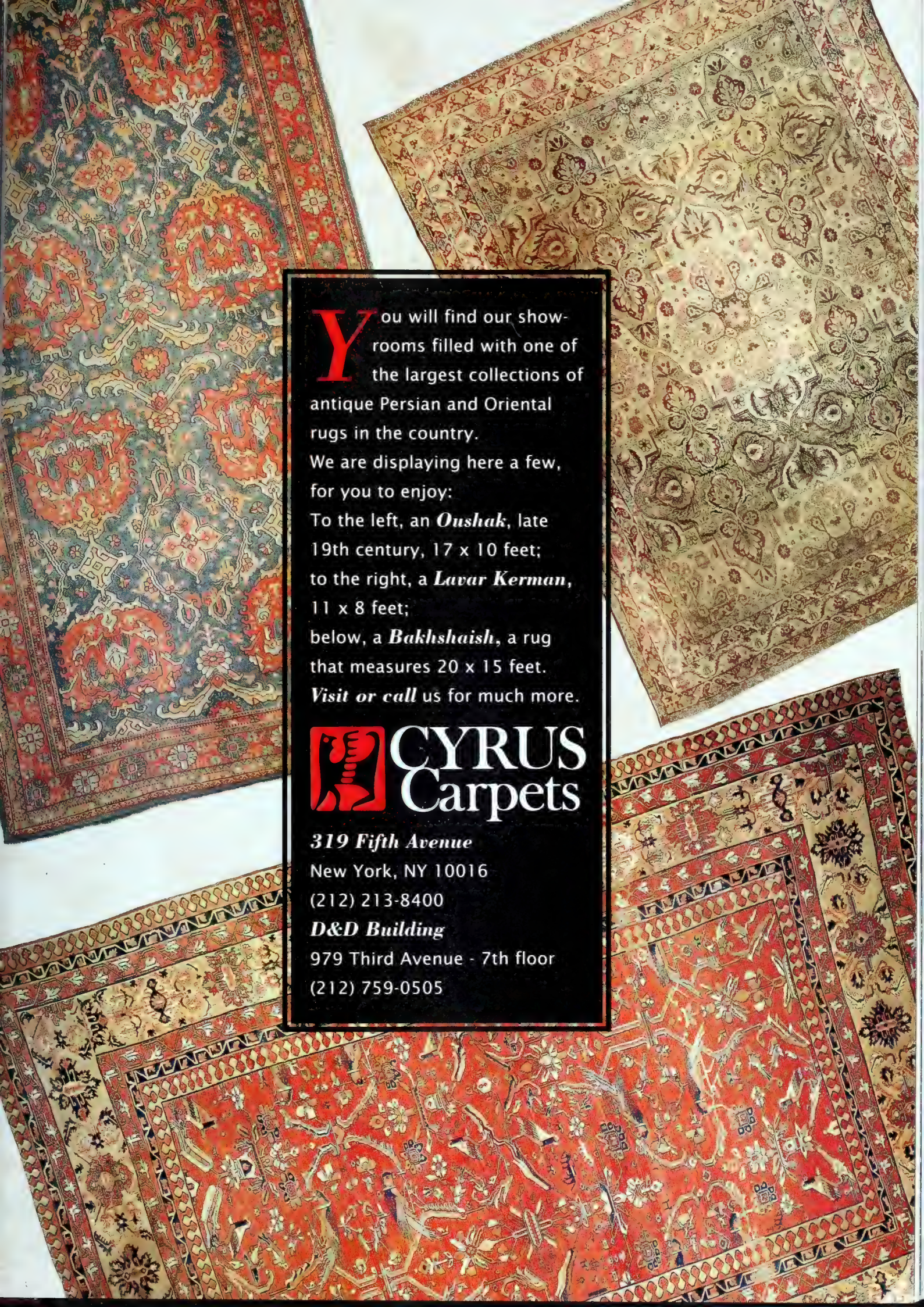
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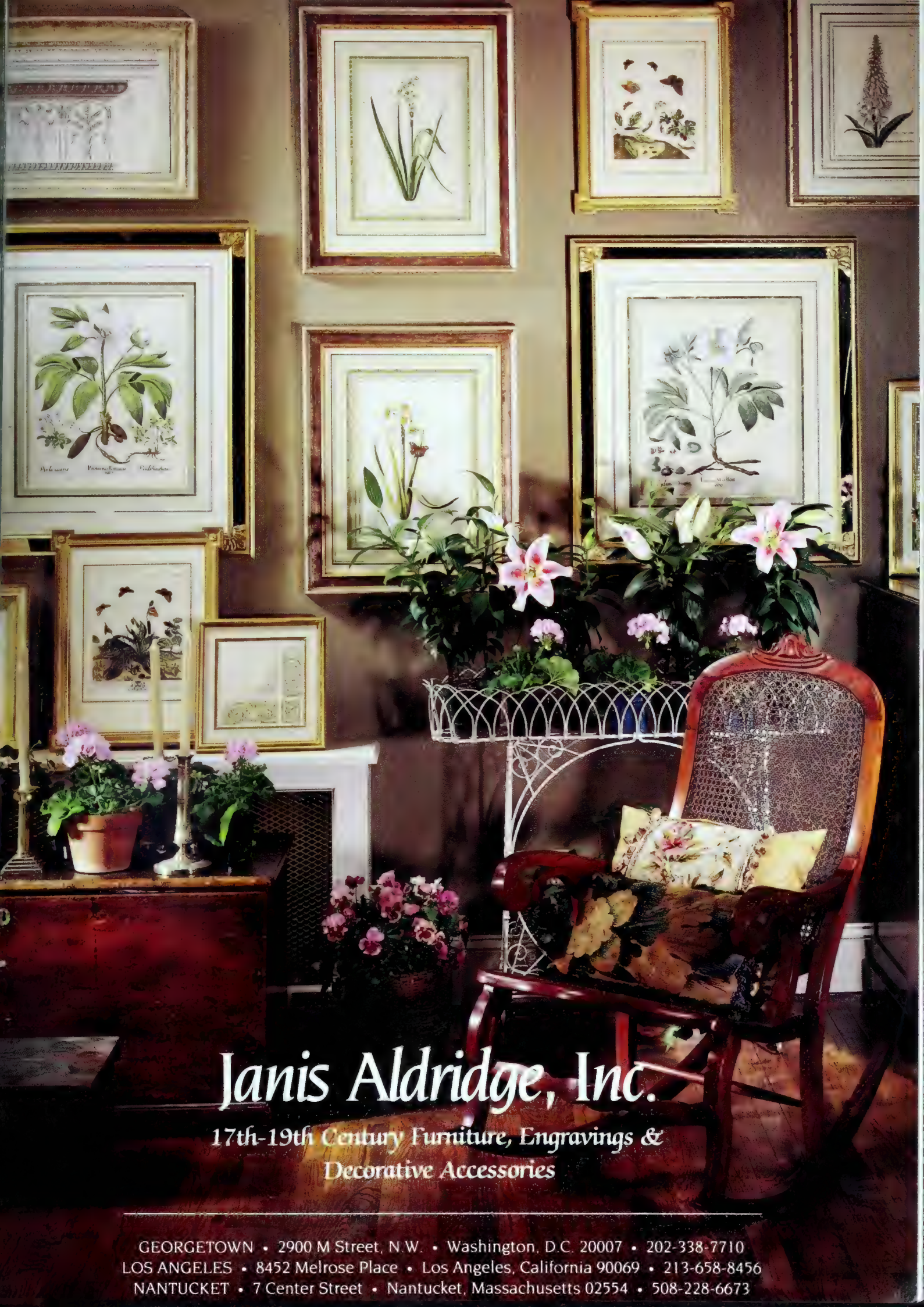
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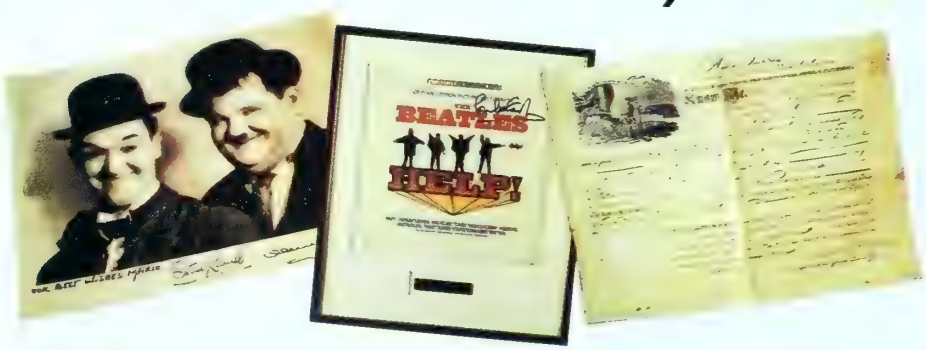
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Family Act *No design role is out of character for the four Kalmans*

BY MARGOT GURALNICK

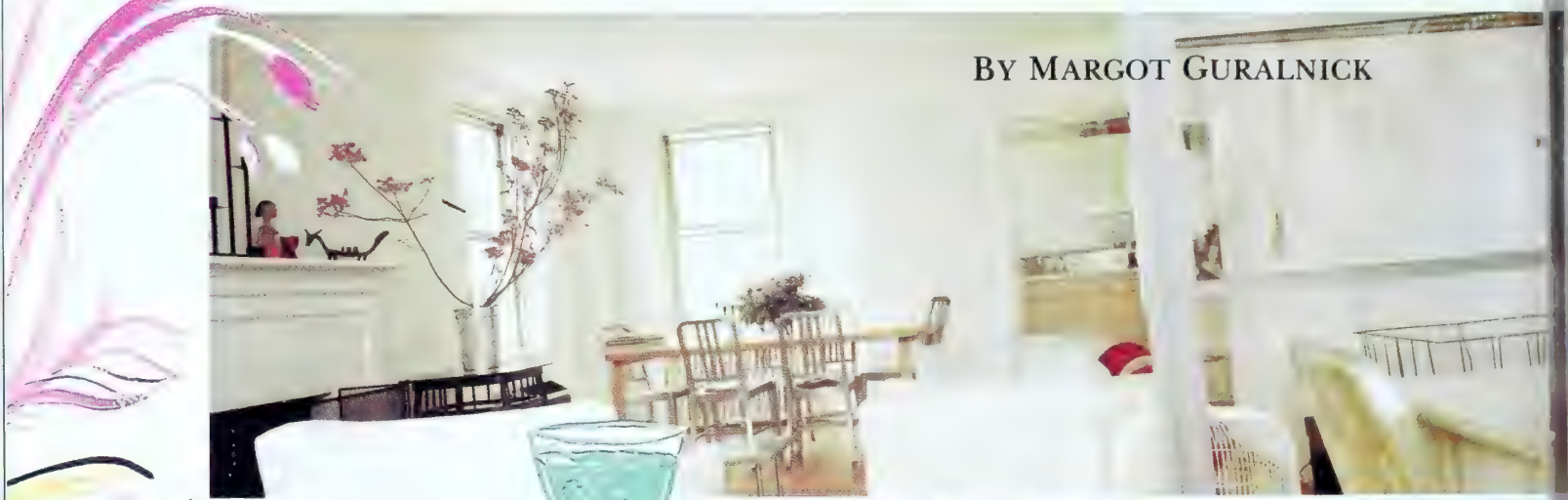


"I would hate to eat dried shrimp, but I think it's cool that other people do and I'm happy I don't have to." Tibor Kalman, kingpin of the progressive New York design firm M&Co—all-purpose visual consultants and dauntless advocates of what Kalman calls "ideas, ideas, ideas, not empty decoration"—is giving a guided tour of one of his latest projects. As editor in chief of *Colors*, a new multilingual magazine financed by the Italian clothing manufacturer Benetton and geared to teens the world over, Kalman has finally been given a forum broad enough to encompass his far-flung energies and imagination.

"We want to create a sense of a supercommunity among young people that isn't based on national origins or where people live but where people's heads and spirits are," he explains, paging through articles, puffing on a cigarette. "The main thing we're trying to inform our audience about is tolerance for each other's cultures." Toward that end the semiannual publication has run features on everything from global snacking—Iranians like watermelon seeds; the Japanese go for a briny treat that both disgusts and delights Kalman—to unsung humanitarians, ingenious uses of garbage, and why some aphrodisiacs are better than others.

Not many college-dropout self-taught graphic designers wind up directing an award-winning *Talking Heads* video and two Subaru television ads and producing their own line of humorously skewed timepieces. Nor do they keep a bagel tacked to their bulletin board and profess an abiding admiration for "really dumb and simple things." Kalman isn't a one-man band, though. His wife, Maira Kalman, writer and illustrator of arguably the wittiest, most original children's books since Ludwig Bemelmans, is the one who erased all but the numbers one, four, and ten from the M&Co watch that wound up in New York's Museum of Modern Art. M&Co, in turn, makes the typography in her books jibe with her endearingly wigged-out characters. (*Max in Hollywood, Baby*, the latest adventure of her poet dog and his "dazzling Dalmatian bride," is due this month from Viking.)

The Kalmans' joint history dates back to their NYU days in the late sixties, when Tibor took off to harvest sugarcane in Cuba and Maira wrote "tormented poetry." Now the parents of ten-year-old Lulu (whose middle





Producer Bella Broccoli, left, a character from Maira Kalman's new book, *Max in Hollywood, Baby*, toasts Max with a brussels sprouts and sauerkraut shake.

Alex, Lulu, and Tibor Kalman, top, in Maira's studio. Center: M&Co's Askew clock. Above and left: The living room is outfitted with what Tibor calls "generic furniture." Maira's studio is screened by a steel-frame window wall.


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A slightly twisted hall filled with books unites the two ends of the apartment. Far right: The movie crowd from *Max in Hollywood, Baby.*



Maira peruses a photography book. Right: A spread from Tibor's magazine, *Colors.*



"Dumb and simple things" are what grab the Kalmans

name is Bodoni, after a favorite typeface) and Alex, seven, the couple also share newly enlarged quarters in a 1930s Greenwich Village apartment building with their cockatiel, Barney, and a lot of books. So many books, in fact, that the Kalman reference library became the backbone of architect Ross Anderson's plan when he joined their snug one-bedroom apartment with the not-much-bigger-one next door. What Anderson dubbed the "wall of knowledge," a long angular hall lined with Erector set–style shelves, now serves as a tidy link between the two spaces. Off the front door there's the living/dining room, which is really the everything room because it includes Maira's narrow studio, set off by a glass and steel window wall. At the opposite end of the hall another window wall encloses —and exposes—the master bedroom, and across the way Alex builds wooden boats, practices flying, and sleeps in a sliver of a room arranged like a train couchette.



The design statement ends there. Walls are uninterrupted expanses of white; no collections are on display, except for a kitchen lineup of soda bottles from recent trips to India and the Caribbean. Most of the furniture falls into Tibor's "so dumb and simple you don't even notice it" category, and even pieces hammered together by Lulu and Alex, the resident table makers, have the spare serviceable look of Bauhaus prototypes. "Pretty much everything we live with is useful either for making art or for making meals," observes Maira, whose mother lives nearby and keeps the family fed. Which means that when friends, such as upstairs neighbor Isaac Mizrahi, drop in, they are likely to find all four Kalmans at work—Tibor on the phone discussing the documentary on world-wide street music he's about to make, Maira sketching the man she spotted in Miami walking his black pig after dinner, Lulu dreaming up her next carpentry project, and Alex balanced on the back of the sofa with his arms flapping. ♠



Parlor games, above. Left: The kitchen features a mustard linoleum floor, a table built into a corner, and a foreign soda bottles display.



Alex in his narrow bedroom, right, which architect Ross Anderson of the New York firm Anderson/Schwartz modeled after a sleeping car on a train. Details see Resources.

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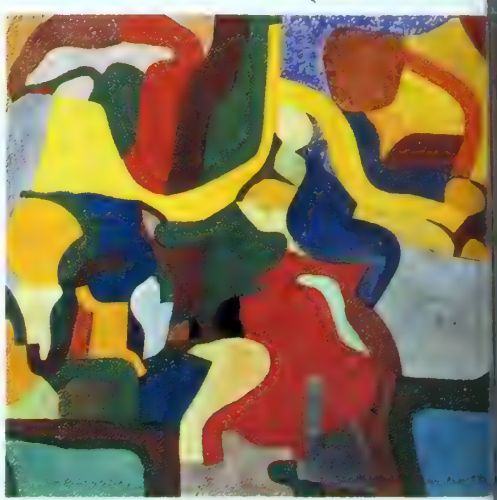
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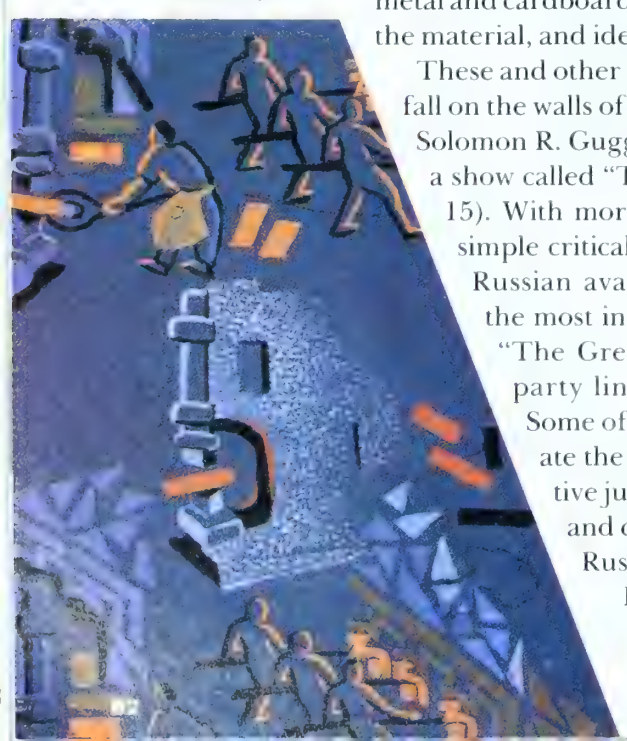
Constructivism in the Round



New facets of the Russian avant-garde emerge at the Guggenheim Museum

BY JOSEPH GIOVANNINI

No single party line encompasses Vladimir Tatlin's *Counter-relief*, 1914–15, above, the organic forms of Boris Ender's *Colors of Nature*, 1924, right, the stylization of Sara Bunzis's *The Forge*, 1931, below, and Ivan Kudriashev's *Automobile*, 1918, above right, and the elemental quality of suprematist Ivan Puni's *Relief with Hammer*, 1915–21, below right.

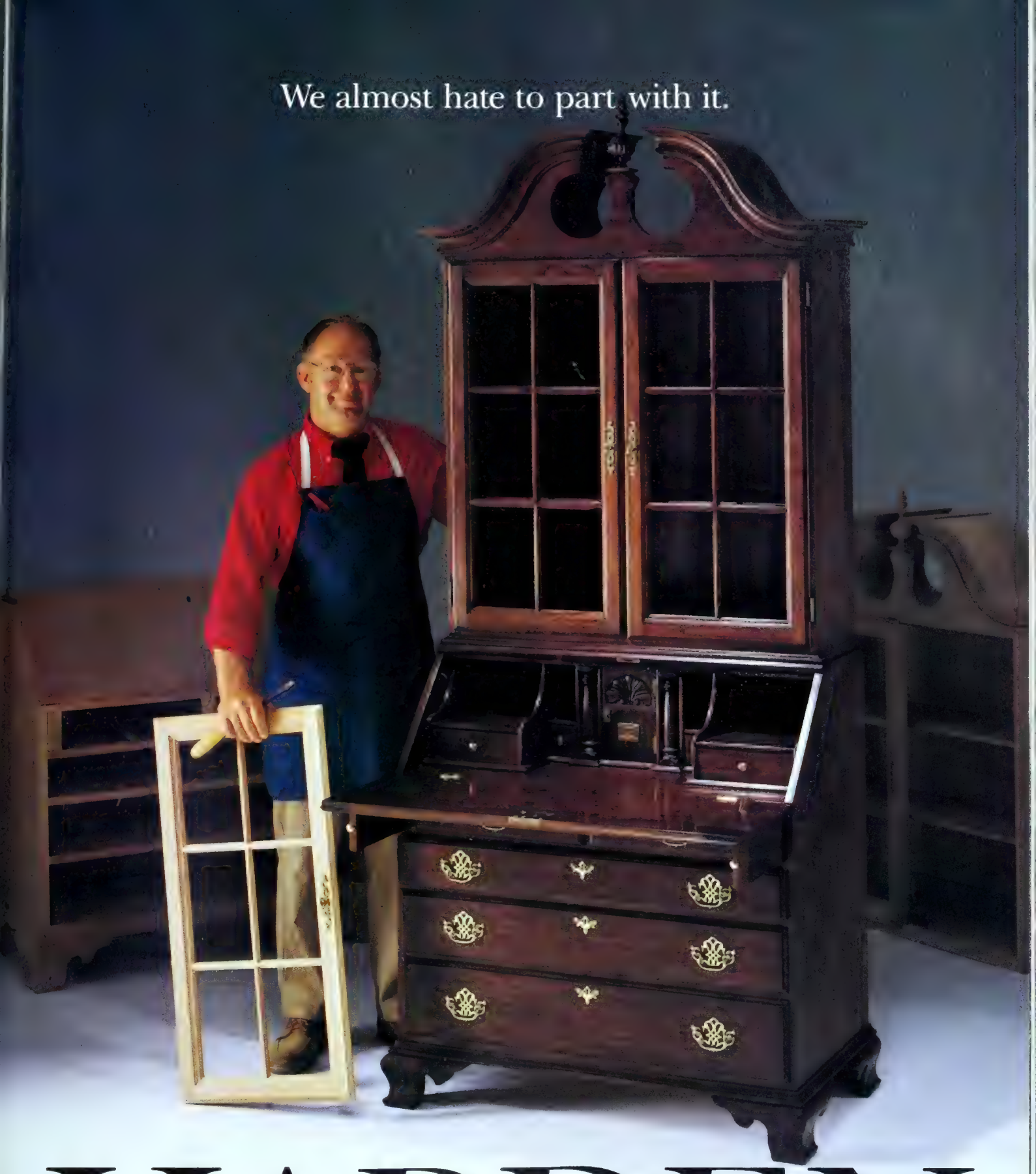


Seen from a distance of some seventy years, the Russian constructivists seem to be one big happy revolutionary family committed to primary colors and interpenetrating circles, squares, and triangles. But back in 1915, at the Saint Petersburg opening of "0.10: The Last Futurist Exhibition," leading young artists Kasimir Malevich and Vladimir Tatlin fell into a fistfight. For them, as for many of their peers, feelings were high and ideologies opposed. Malevich had surprised everyone by hanging canvases of composed, spatially mysterious geometric shapes set in an infinity of white space, which made an ideological case against Tatlin's sculptural constructions of scrap metal and cardboard. The immaterial was confronting the material, and ideology got physical.

These and other splendid disagreements pulse this fall on the walls of the newly restored and expanded Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum in New York in a show called "The Great Utopia" (Sept. 25–Dec. 15). With more than eight hundred objects, its simple critical mass provides evidence that the Russian avant-garde movement was among the most innovative and vital of the century. "The Great Utopia" discounts any single party line of constructivist groupthink. Some of the works are arranged to re-create the original shows, and these suggestive juxtapositions conjure the positions and conflicts that galvanized advanced Russian artists from 1915 to 1932.

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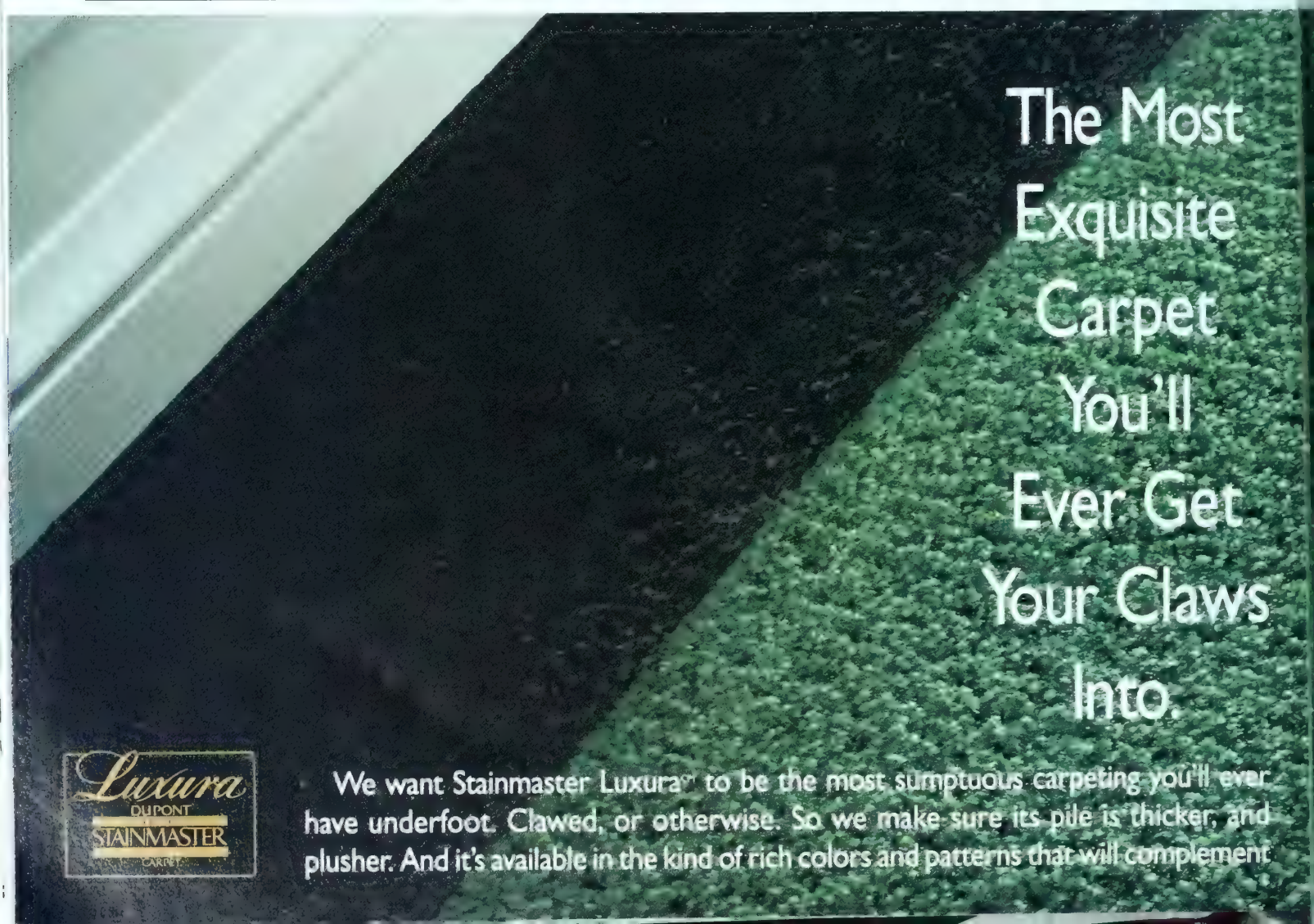
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Alexander Deineka's *Demonstration*, 1926, above, and Vladimir and Georgi Stenberg's *Springtime*, 1929, opposite, represent the reemergence of figuration within the avant-garde.

Frank Lloyd Wright's luminous rotunda, it is clear that the avant-garde's experiments were not just abstract, formalist, and nonobjective but also organic and figurative. It is also clear in this survey of an era that the constructivists were moving, in Tatlin's phrase, "into everyday life." But for Stalin, much of the exhibition might have been available in the GUM department store in the 1930s. Suprematist plates and saucers by Malevich, Kandinsky, and Nicholas Suetin swirl with richly colored abstract shapes; textile designs by Sara Bunzis incorporate mechanical patterns; a watercolor by Ivan Kudriashev goes so far as to propose a suprematist truck.

The pieces—many of them new to the West and little known even in Russia—shed light on an incompletely understood period. Scholars of the avant-garde, officially discouraged for decades by the USSR, are still sorting out facts and interpretations as material emerges from attics and archives. The show introduces several new figures—perceptual artist Boris Ender, for example, who favored organic forms—and some brilliant new works: Olga Rozanova's painting of large stunning red squares, soured by a plane of violet, seems to anticipate Rothko by decades. The exhibition also gives greater credit to people who have seemed marginal, such as Ivan Puni, whose sculptural wall reliefs resemble Tatlin's, dematerialized with paint. There are surprises even for enthusiasts who have soaked up all the Russian avant-garde shows since glasnost. Among them: a stark and powerful group of



black paintings done by Alexander Rodchenko in the late teens and early 1920s reunited for the first time.

The curators' pluralistic approach generates a number of insights. One is a clearer perspective on the perennial tug-of-war between abstract and representational art. Figurative art apparently reappeared earlier than generally thought. In the mid 1920s, well in advance of state-imposed socialist realism, the show suggests, some artists were coming to believe that the language of nonobjective art—at first thought to be a universally understood vocabulary of lines, planes, and color—could not say what they wanted to say.

The many abstract works make this a spiritual homecoming for the Guggenheim, which was founded as the Museum of Non-Objective Painting. Solomon Guggenheim himself instructed Wright to design a museum to embody the language of the paintings, and Wright's spiraling rotunda proves an inspired context for these kindred works. Curators have brilliantly placed in the center of the rotunda a model of Tatlin's *Monument to the Third International*—another model of the spiraling leaning tower was once carted through revolutionary Moscow. At the Guggenheim, Tatlin's material vortex, emphatic in its use of steel, spins within Wright's immaterial one, its painted plaster-coated concrete somehow abstract. Wright and Tatlin, who were nearly contemporaries, seem to be meeting here. We can only speculate whether they would be shaking hands or shaking fists. ▲





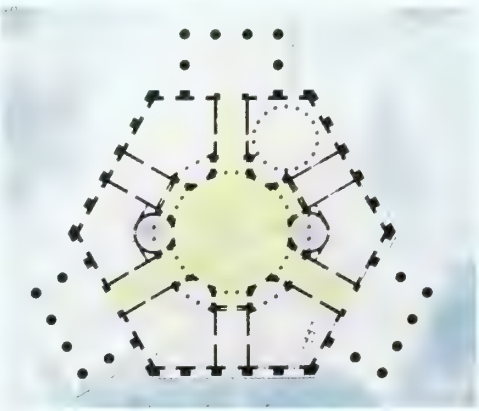
Reviving a Pioneer



Manhattan town houses facing a tree-lined plaza, c. 1831.

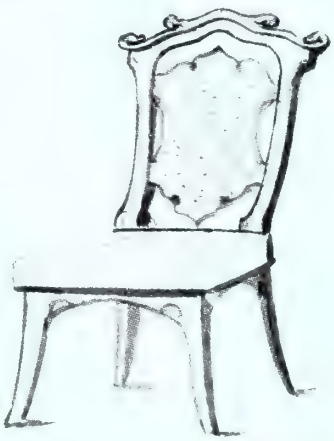


Left: Gothic revival library, 1838. Below: Competition plan for Brooklyn City Hall, 1835. Bottom center: Scrollwork chair.



A man of many firsts, Alexander Jackson Davis finally comes into his own

BY EVE M. KAHN





A Tudor cottage in New Jersey, c. 1848, above. Right: An 1830s study of an Egyptian temple.

Alexander Jackson Davis single-handedly set more architectural precedents—and near precedents—than just about any architect before or since. During his peak years (1830 to 1860), he was responsible for not only the country's first Gothic revival villa and first house-pattern book but also some of the first broad expanses of glass, first attempts to adapt romantic buildings to their sites and owners, and first full-perspective full-color presentation drawings. When he died in 1892, however, his work was so unfashionable that *The New York Times* printed no obituary, and he remained forgotten until the 1960s, when historic preservationists and tradition-minded scholars dusted off his memory. Now he is at last receiving his full due: his first retrospective opens at the Metropolitan Museum of Art on October 20, accompanied by the first comprehensive catalogue of his achievements.

Viewing the show and the book can be downright eerie; every post–Civil War architectural trend seems to have at least one root in Davis's work. The shingle style draws on his rambling turreted mansions; turn-of-the-century mania for the Beaux-Arts was predicted by his colonnade-ringed state capitols; modernism echoed the generous windows he not-so-humbly dubbed Davisean; and neo-Victorian follies like Seaside, a planned community in Florida, would have been far less thinkable without his modest but lavishly ornamented cottages.



"He was a modern architect who worked in traditional styles in a modern way; he

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Every post–Civil War architectural trend seems to have at least one root in Davis



New York City's Astor Hotel, c. 1830.

brought American architecture into the modern era. And he's especially significant to the development of the American suburban house, which has become such a way of thinking people will be amazed to see that someone actually invented it," raves Robert A. M. Stern, a Davis devotee since college. The exhibition's curator, Amelia Peck—who collaborated with consultant curator Jane B. Davies, a Davis scholar for forty years—even envisions Davis as a harbinger of the future. "They're quirky and wonderful, and I'll be amazed if they don't spark someone's imagination," she says of the show's 100 drawings, four chairs, and one table (Davis was also one of the first American architects to design complete furnishings for his own structures).

In person, apparently, he was a terror: arrogant about his talents, convinced of architecture's supremacy over all other arts, and so driven and self-absorbed that he preferred to live in his New York City office rather than with his wife and two children. He had come to New York in 1823, at age twenty, the self-educated and impoverished son of an upstate New York publisher of religious tracts. Sure that he had "imbibed a portion of that high imaginative spirit so necessary to constitute an artist," as he later wrote, he studied drawing at the National Academy of Design and then found employment and a modicum of fame by rendering existing buildings as illustrations for guidebooks.

By 1829 he had convinced Ithiel Town, an established architect in the Greek revival style, to make him a partner. Town must have seen a gold mine in the young man's watercolors; architectural drawing at the time was limited to flat black and white outlines, and Davis's "brilliant propaganda," says Peck, "was a fabulous sales tool." Bringing Roman, Tuscan, Egyptian, and Gothic motifs into the firm's repertoire, Davis adapted each to his futuristic visions. "America was defining itself then, and everyone was really open to anything," Peck says. A boxy Manhattan hotel with glass walls caged in by square columns brings to mind the John F. Kennedy Center in Washington, D.C.; the interior of a temple-shaped patent office soars as dramatically as any late nineteenth century train station; rows of town houses facing a broad plaza could pass for recent condos; whimsical Greek scrollwork on skylights seems a direct ancestor of the postmodern joke.

The partners split up in 1835, probably because Davis "was such an independent spirit, a real loner," Peck speculates. During the next twenty years, from Maine to the Midwest and Deep South, Davis designed colleges, villas, churches, libraries, banks, hospitals, galleries, and museums and experimented with Romanesque, Elizabethan, Swiss, and oriental modes in addition to the classical and Gothic. American exuberance abounded in everything he touched: Corinthian capitals are made of carved wheat and corn bushels; Italianate roof brackets are as delightfully outsize as an aviator hat's earflaps; rough logs serve as ready-made columns for frontier buildings. Studying his clients thoroughly before designing (even demanding lists of their favorite books), he let floor plans roam into asymmetrical wings and polygonal towers and thus maximized landscape picturesqueness, producing what one critic of the time called a "wilderness of loveliness."

By the end of the Civil War, however, Davis's success had fizzled. His southern client base was in tatters, new millionaires craved more grandeur than he could bear, and the eclecticism he so loved in restrained balanced form had likewise, from his standpoint, gone beyond the pale. He spent the last two decades of his life obsessively organizing his office archive in anticipation of a grand role in architectural history and firing off impassioned letters to newspapers damning new structures for being a "broken pile of costly vulgarity" or a "hideous deformity."

Just before his death, American architecture started its long swing back to simplicity and harmony, and "Davis mellowed a bit; he felt vindicated, knowing that he'd been right all along," says Davies. How pleased he would be now to know that preservationists have saved close to a hundred of his more than two hundred buildings; that new suburban communities look as if he helped design them; that Stern and Michael Graves and Leon Krier and many others have thrived on his legacy; that, a hundred years after his death, he seems more right than ever. ▲

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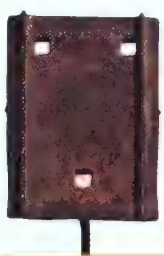
A novelist unlocks the hidden past inside her curio cabinet

BY TAMA JANOWITZ

For a number of years I've been mildly obsessed with peering into curio cabinets. At my grandparents' when I was young I could spend a long time studying the contents of their cabinet. It didn't matter that I knew what was inside: a pair of tiny green ceramic frogs, small cordial glasses (these dated from some distant time when people still drank cordial), silver saltcellars, and a wooden couple, dressed in 1920s fashion, that had once topped their wedding cake.

I don't know why anything inside a cabinet is so fascinating to me. Maybe it's the dollhouse quality of the objects—as if the cabinet were the apartment of someone or something strange—or the fact that anything behind glass takes on the importance of an exhibit at a museum.

In the 1940s maple cabinet that my husband, Tim Hunt, and I keep in our Upper West Side apartment, there are a number of rare and important finds from our travels as well as various gifts, all of which seem to belong together. The group includes five glow-in-the-dark black plastic Madonnas purchased at the gift shop at the monastery of Montserrat; a desiccated parasitic plant that resembles an alien life-form, found on a path in a Florida nature preserve; a small brass gear, my first (and only) discovery with my metal detector; a genuine gold nugget, dated 1880, complete with ancient tooth marks; a carved nut of sandalwood, which, when opened, reveals a wriggling cockroach, also made of sandalwood; a bottle of perfume from the Sudan guaranteed by the salesman in Cairo to be at least two hundred years old; a pair of driving goggles; a montage of 1940s British movie stars' eyes; and a spun-sugar couple, made for the top of a wedding cake, sent to us by my publisher. Both members of the pair are the same sex, dressed in ballerina tutus. I like to think that, like my grandparents, we have our wedding-cake couple in our cabinet.



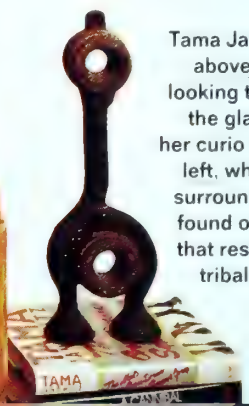




True, these treasures aren't as valuable as Fabergé eggs, ormolu clocks, or illuminated manuscripts, but the satisfaction I get from staring at the incongruous assortment is just as great. All objects, however random, diverse, or lacking in value, automatically acquire significance when arranged in a cabinet.

Some of my favorite books growing up were part of a series called *The Borrowers*. The borrowers were minuscule homunculi who lived in the walls and floors of an old house. Only a few remained of their kind, and everything they owned was "borrowed" from normal-size human beings. Even late at night it was immensely difficult for them to steal a thimble without being caught by a person or a cat. Once painstakingly lugged back to their secret home, the thimble might become a stool or a table or a bucket.

Tim once worked in the tribal art department at Christie's; now he collects things that resemble African art but are actually something else. For example, an iron pipe from a gas stove looks like a standing figure, and a discarded metal slab from the street that once covered a water main looks like a mask. I



Tama Janowitz, above left, looking through the glass of her curio cabinet, left, which is surrounded by found objects that resemble tribal art.

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suppose these pieces are found art. An old step from a horse-drawn carriage, tilted on end and mounted on a stand, appears to have a head, a scrawny body, and two pitifully outstretched arms. There may be something a bit deranged in visualizing formal tribal sculpture in bootjacks and obscure parts of broken tractor engines. Life in New York is—to

> All objects, however random, diverse, or lacking in value, automatically acquire significance when arranged in a cabinet

me—already overwhelming enough without discovering the secret lives of inanimate objects.

And yet, I feel this ability is something all of us possess. I certainly understood the life of inanimate objects when I was a child. Now, once in a while—when I'm hit with the flu, for example, and am lying in bed like Madeline from the children's stories by Ludwig Bemelmans—I notice that the cracks in the ceiling resemble rabbits and that the cast-iron chair at the end of the bed has a distinctly human personality.

In my new novel, *The Male Cross-Dresser Support Group*, the main character, Pamela, lives in a vengeful apartment with mysterious firm mushrooms that keep springing up in the damp area around the toilet. It seems the apartment is deliberately out to get her, and even though this is just her own paranoia, I, too, feel that some apartments or houses are good and others malevolent. Perhaps over the years they've absorbed the happiness or unhappiness of the occupants.

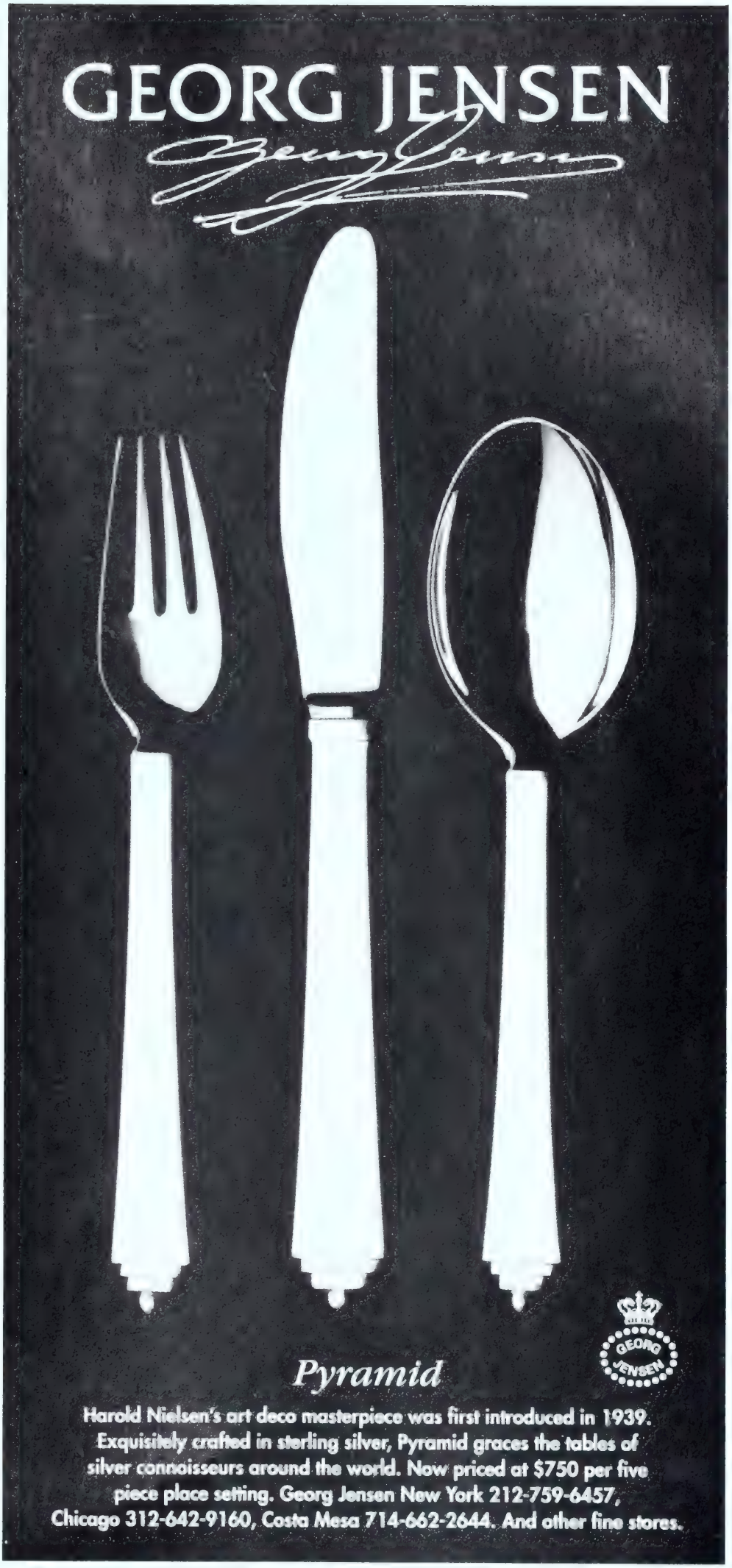
I used to live in a house that was the equivalent of a mixed-breed dog. It had been built by a man determined to save money in any way he

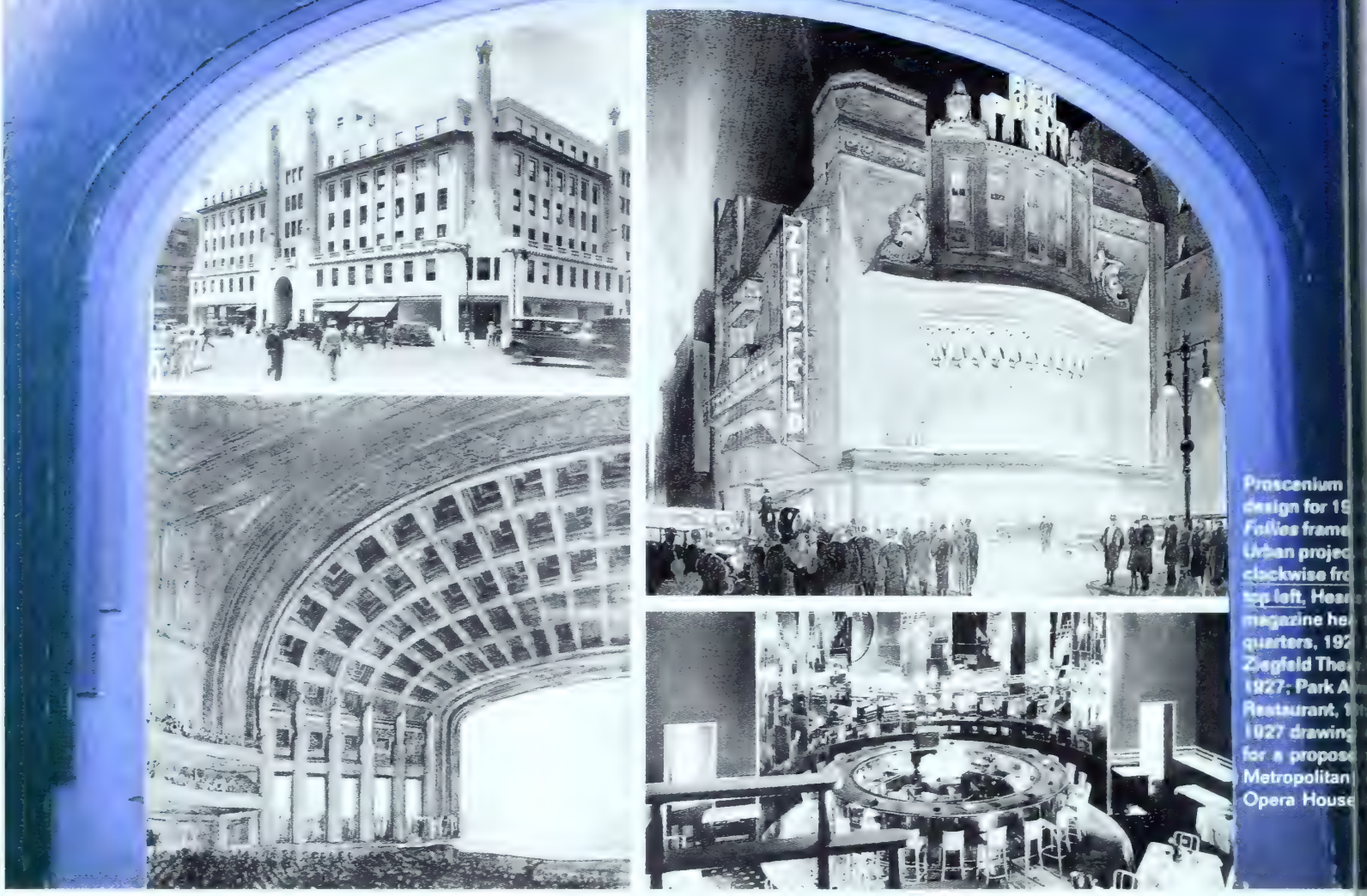
could. He bought the end rolls of wallpaper and there was only enough of each pattern to cover one wall, so every room had four patterns. He had done the wiring and plumbing himself, too. It wasn't that the house had a bad aura, it was friendly and goofy like a mutt but decidedly hyperactive. Typically, when I attempted to make toast, the toaster would catch fire and fling flaming missiles of burnt bread everywhere. Or when I put the key in the front doorknob, the entire knob would break off spewing springs and spindles into the air.

My mother lives in a very old house that has had so many additions and structural changes over the years that there are a number of peculiar closets, one two inches deep (so things can only be arranged to hang face front) and three closets with windows (as if clothing might like or need a view). There are odd porches that have no entrance to the house, and a chimney with no fireplace.

As soon as she moved in, my mother felt obliged to decorate with a variety of Victorian furniture which, she announced, "was not at all my taste." Then, she said, the house told her to buy a large leafy plant, which she placed in the stairwell. This plant began to grow like something from the *Little Shop of Horrors,* even sending out shoots that started to work their way into the floorboards.

Some time later one of the neighbors dropped by and began to tell her about the former elderly occupant of the place. "And the weirdest thing was," the neighbor said, "he had a horrible strange plant right under the stairwell that took over and grew up and up until it was about fifteen or twenty feet tall and very spindly." As the neighbor talked, he walked around the living room and down the hall to the stairs. There was the plant purchased by my mother—apparently almost the exact replica of the ghastly plant the neighbor couldn't stop talking about. He said nothing, but grinning nervously, backed up to the front door and let himself out. ♠





Proscenium design for 19 *Follies* frame Urban projec clockwise fr top left, Hea magazine he quarters, 192 Ziegfeld The 1927; Park A Restaurant, 1 1927 drawing for a propos Metropolitan Opera House

Urban Renewal *From the Ziegfeld Follies to the New School, architect Joseph Urban transformed the image of metropolitan glamour*

BY MARTIN FILLER



Joseph Urban, standing at left, on his set for *When Knighthood Was in Flower*, 1922.

Contrary to current belief, the idea of using innovative architects to design fantastic settings for popular entertainment did not begin with the Walt Disney Co. In fact, during the early decades of this century, one architect—now all but forgotten—reigned supreme as the visual impresario of New York high life. Now that wonderful Viennese wizard, Joseph Urban, is finally given his due in an informative and beguiling new biography, *Joseph Urban: Architecture, Theater, Opera, Film* (Abbeville, $55) by Randolph Carter and Robert Reed Cole, which celebrates his ephemeral but life-enhancing artistry. This stunningly illustrated monograph re-creates a vanished Gotham, a dream city that survives only in song, legend, and the fading memories of a few octogenarian Ziegfeld Girls.

When he settled in New York in 1914, Joseph Urban found it an aesthetically provincial metropolis; less than twenty years later, his embellishments had helped make it a sophisticated international capital. He put his stamp on the city in hundreds of ways, giving it a glittering urbanity that made the naive pretensions of the Gilded Age seem quaintly antiquated within a generation. Slave to no single style, Urban moved with perfect ease between the historical and the contemporary as the occasion demanded. His eagerness to please the public—who wanted indulgence, not instruction—won him a wide and appreciative following.

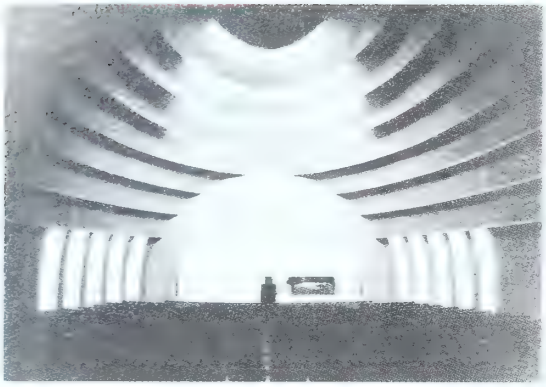
In 1931, for example, one could

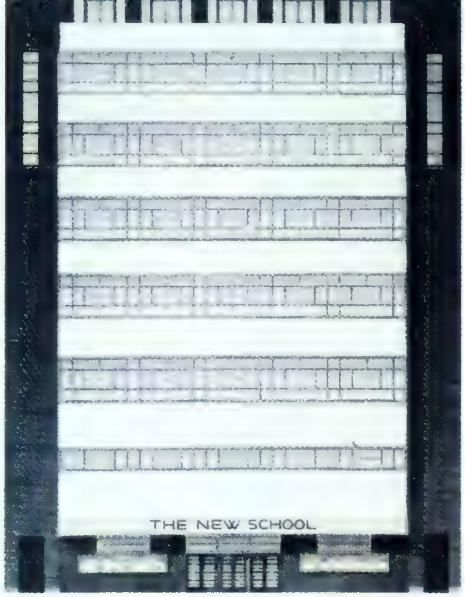
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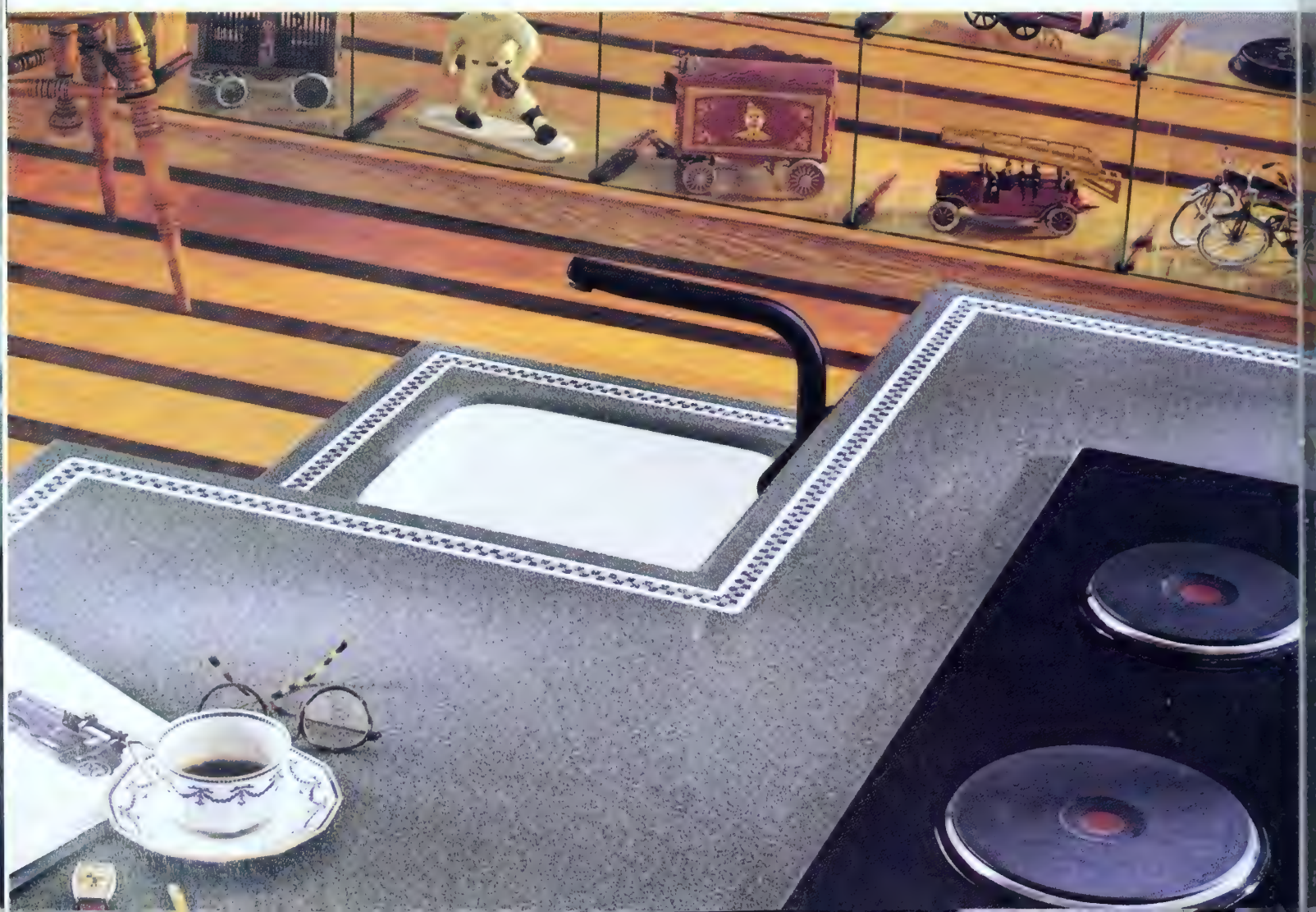
Early design for the New School façade, right, c. 1928. Above: New School auditorium, 1930.

have spent a very full twenty-four hours in New York among the works of this protean pleasure giver. Waking up in an apartment decorated with Urban's designs for Baker Furniture, a stylish woman might have gone to a morning class at his sleek New School for Social Research on West 12th Street. A bit of shopping at the Bedell store, his art deco women's fashion emporium on West 34th Street, could be followed by a bite at the architect's mirror-faceted Park Avenue Restaurant, and next a stop at Saks Fifth Avenue to order some of Urban's smart luggage for Hartman. It soon would be time to change for dinner beneath Urban's lush ceiling murals at the St. Regis Hotel roof garden, then on to his Ziegfeld Theater for the latest (and last) *Ziegfeld Follies*, with sets by Urban. Finally, it was off to the Central Park Casino, remodeled by Urban, for supper and dancing until dawn.

As the authors recount, he was a big, gregarious, fun-loving bear of a man whose limitless appetite for the good life took precedence over the burning sense of mission that consumed his more purposeful coprofessionals. While Urban was expanding and decorating Marjorie Merriweather Post's stupendous Palm Beach mansion Mar-a-Lago in 1926, Ludwig Mies van der Rohe was in Stuttgart organizing the boldest exhibition of modern housing. Yet the escapist Urban mastered many of the grace notes—color, ornament, illusion, surprise, and delight—that played too small a role in much orthodox modern architecture.

Urban's neglect of his chosen field in its purest form preyed on his mind at the peak of his acclaim, and he spent the last years of his life trying to rescue his reputation from that of a smoke-and-mirrors sorcerer. The bitterest disappointment of his American career was losing the chance to build a projected Metropolitan Opera House on West 57th Street. But as shown by the many previously unpublished schemes in this sumptuous volume, Urban had no need to shore up his secure place

JOSEPH URBAN COLLECTION, RARE BOOK AND MANUSCRIPT



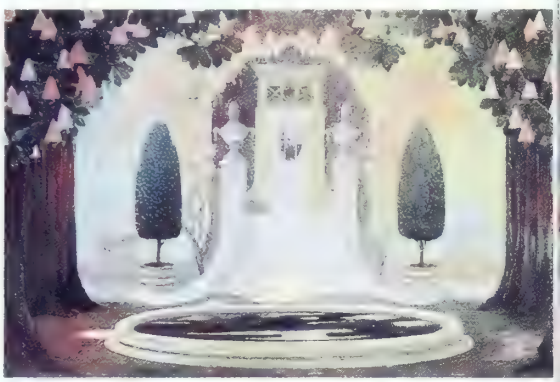
in history as a genius of enjoyment.

Although he attained his greatest triumphs in New York, Urban was the inimitable product of fin de siècle Vienna, where he was born in 1872 and received his architectural training. There even the most eminent architects did not disdain designing things their sobersided American counterparts considered beneath the dignity of their calling. But to the Jugendstil architects and designers of Urban's generation—which included the better-remembered Josef Hoffmann, Koloman Moser, and Joseph Maria Olbrich—everything was worthy of their attention. That open-minded attitude always remained with Urban. And though it left his diverse output without the sharp focus of the leaders of the modern movement, it nevertheless fostered his breadth of visual culture and command of several mediums, making many of his fellow architects seem two-dimensional by contrast.

Urban's career got off to a characteristically exotic start when at the age of nineteen he was asked by the khedive of Egypt to do an addition to the royal palace in Cairo. But the real impact of that heady trip, Urban later recalled, was the vibrant color he experienced, opening his eyes to possibilities he had never dreamed of in Vienna. Back home, he supported himself by illustrating deluxe calendars and children's books (with his brother-in-law Heinrich Lefler), dreaming up lavish ball themes, decorating public and private interiors, and even designing handsome banknotes and postage stamps for the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

His crowning moment came in 1908, when Urban was given the unsurpassably prestigious job of designing the festivities for the Diamond Jubilee of the reign of Emperor Franz Josef. The jealousy that honor stirred in his rivals led to a scandal in which Urban was accused of favoring cronies and accepting kickbacks. He was exonerated, but the sour taste that episode left encouraged him to seek his fortune not in his intrigue-ridden hometown but in America. Offered the post of artistic director at the Boston Opera Co. in 1911, Urban gladly accepted.

He never regretted his decision to emigrate, especially after World War I, which ended forever the way of life and patronage he had known in Vienna. But neither did he forget his old friends there. He brought a number of them over to the United States and invested heavily to open a New York branch of the Wiener Werkstätte on Fifth Avenue in 1922. There he showcased the highly stylized art, decorative objects, and fur-



A set for Urban's first *Follies*, 1915.

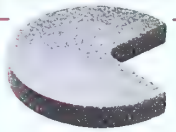
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niture of his former colleagues. Urban lost $150,000 on that rarefied enterprise, and many of the shop's luxurious wares wound up in his spacious house in Yonkers.

His other New York ventures fared much better, however. Urban's opera mountings for Boston caused an immediate sensation and his first Broadway show caught the attention of Florenz Ziegfeld Jr., the legendary producer. Ziegfeld hired him in 1915 to design his fabled revues and musicals featuring stars such as Fred and Adele Astaire, Will Rogers, Eddie Cantor, and W. C. Fields; lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II and P. G. Wodehouse; music by Victor Herbert, Jerome Kern, Irving Berlin, and George Gershwin.

The Metropolitan Opera soon followed suit, commissioning fifty-four productions by Urban over sixteen years, including such historic events as the U.S. premiere of Giacomo Puccini's *Turandot* in 1926. Synthesizing the most progressive ideas of European stagecraft, he introduced to America new concepts of scenography, lighting, and deployment of players. So familiar became the saturated azure he favored for nighttime skies, which often moved audiences to applause, that the color became known as Urban blue.

> Urban's dream city is a vanished Gotham that survives only in legend and song

The ease with which he could shift between the demands of high art and the allure of pop culture was clear in 1921, when, during the same season, New Yorkers thrilled to Fanny Brice singing her ultimate torch song, "My Man," on an Urban set at the *Follies*, while his *Parsifal* and *Tristan und Isolde* enraptured Wagnerites at the Met. And though the *Follies* were conceived to be as transient as the seasons, Urban's opera productions enjoyed very long lives: his *Tristan* continued to be given until 1958, and his monumental *Elektra* of 1932 was kept in the repertoire until 1962.

The third major client of Urban's mature career was William Randolph Hearst, the publishing magnate who used Urban to build his magazine headquarters on West 57th Street. The architect also helped to glorify the delightful (if slender) talents of Hearst's protégé and mistress, Marion Davies, whom the tycoon first eyed in the chorus of Urban's second *Follies*, in 1916. The twenty-five films Urban designed for Hearst's Cosmopolitan Productions included the most elaborate indoor set ever built up to that time, for the 1922 costume epic *When Knighthood Was in Flower*, starring Davies.

But such pastiche extravaganzas could never earn the respect of the avant-garde, and Urban's later attempts to rejoin his architectural confreres met with skepticism. The young Philip Johnson dismissed Urban's streamlined New School of 1928–30 as the "illusion of a building in the International Style rather than a building resulting from a genuine application of the new principles." And the literary critic Edmund Wilson cruelly called Urban's most serious structure a "set of fancy Ziegfeld settings which charmingly mimic offices and factories."

The Great Depression spelled the end of Urban's merry harlequinade, although he continued to receive substantial commissions to the very end. Shortly after completing his work as color designer for the 1933 Century of Progress exposition in Chicago, Urban died of cancer at the age of sixty-one.

At his best, Joseph Urban accomplished what few other architects ever manage: he intensified the experience of life for a vast public and hinted at the infinite variety of pleasures that lie beyond the routine of daily existence. More than any other creator of his time, he was able—in the words of a song of the period—to turn Manhattan into an isle of joy. ▲



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style

BY WENDY GOODMAN

Fanny Brennan captures an enchanted universe in her tiny paintings







Fanny Brennan at home, far left, and objects of importance, clockwise from top left, a Poiret dress in which she had her portrait painted as a child next to a photo taken at the time; a bedroom bookshelf stocked with the subjects of her work; and two paintings, *Big Horn* and *Cloud Repair*, both actual size. Details see Resources.

FANNY BRENNAN'S SURREAL STILL lifes never measure more than a few inches, but she is as tall and soigné as they come. Born in Paris, she had a glamorous childhood in the expatriate circle of F. Scott Fitzgerald confidantes Sara and Gerald Murphy. Tucked away in Brennan's black and white bedroom studio in Queens is the Poiret dress she wore when her portrait was painted at the age of four. Fine-tipped brushes and mini drawers packed with supplies top a Parsons table where with a little paint and a lot of precision she turns miniature gessoed panels into masterpieces. Her work is the subject of a recent pocket-size book, *Skyshades*, and from October 20 to November 14 her newest paintings will be on view at New York's Coe Kerr Gallery. For those not quick enough to snap up the originals, Chalk & Vermilion has limited editions of signed lithographs. "I paint ideas," says Brennan, who juxtaposes everyday objects with vistas of land, sea, and sky. Scale and function are treated with such lighthearted wit—a giant feather duster sweeps Mount Fuji, a whisk beats cottony clouds—that even Dali might have cracked a smile. ♠

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GIORGIO ARMANI

815 Madison Avenue, New York • 436 North Rodeo Drive, Beverly Hills
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BAILEYS
ORIGINAL IRISH CREAM

Raking leaves wasn't exactly the way I wanted to spend Sunday afternoon. But after Linda brought out the Baileys and coffee, I warmed up to the idea immediately.



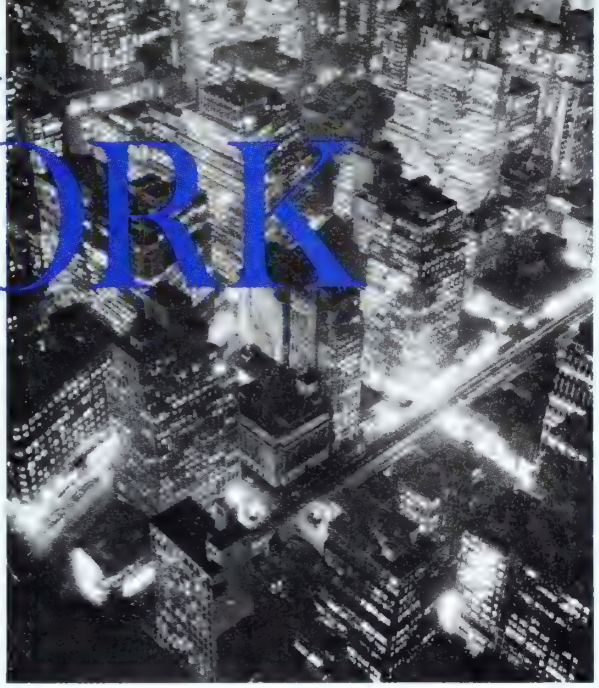


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Editor's Page

NEW YORK



IT'S OCTOBER AGAIN, and time for HG's fourth annual New York issue. The Manhattan that Berenice Abbott captured in the 1930s photograph *Nightview* is a bird's-eye view of the city's glittering public face. Our view is more intimate: the varied spaces in which interesting people manage to make themselves at home in New York. For media magnate Chris Whittle, his wife, Priscilla Rattazzi, and their family, the secret is a grand Edwardian-style apartment designed by Peter Marino; it provides formal rooms for entertaining, an eat-in kitchen, and cozy rooms for the children, Maxi and Andrea. For fashion designer Christian Francis Roth, life at home in the city focuses around a clapboard house-inside-the-loft where his daughter, Emma, sleeps. After twenty-four years in Los Angeles, writers Joan Didion and John Gregory Dunne imported what they call "California casual" to their Manhattan apartment, which they set up entirely "for comfort and for work." Painter Julian Schnabel also works at home, in a vast studio fronted by a series of richly evocative rooms full of velvet curtains and old paintings. Advertising prodigy Peter Arnell has transformed a Tribeca loft into a duplex apartment full of neoclassical treasures, with fragments of plaster statuary embedded in the walls of the entry hallway, while Tommy Boy Music's Monica Lynch has given her studio apartment an energetic streetwise chic that is right in sync with the hip-hop world of rap music. We also visit five young designers who, like their colleagues everywhere, experiment where they live. Together we hope these glimpses of New Yorkers at home create a picture as fascinating as Berenice Abbott's, but close up.







Berenice Abbott's metropolis, c. 1932, top right, and three personal New York worlds in 1992: young designer Sara Purcell's living room, above; Julian Schnabel's painting studio, left; and Peter and Sara Arnell's nearly minimal bedroom with a gilded mirror, below.

Nancy Novogrod

EDITOR IN CHIEF

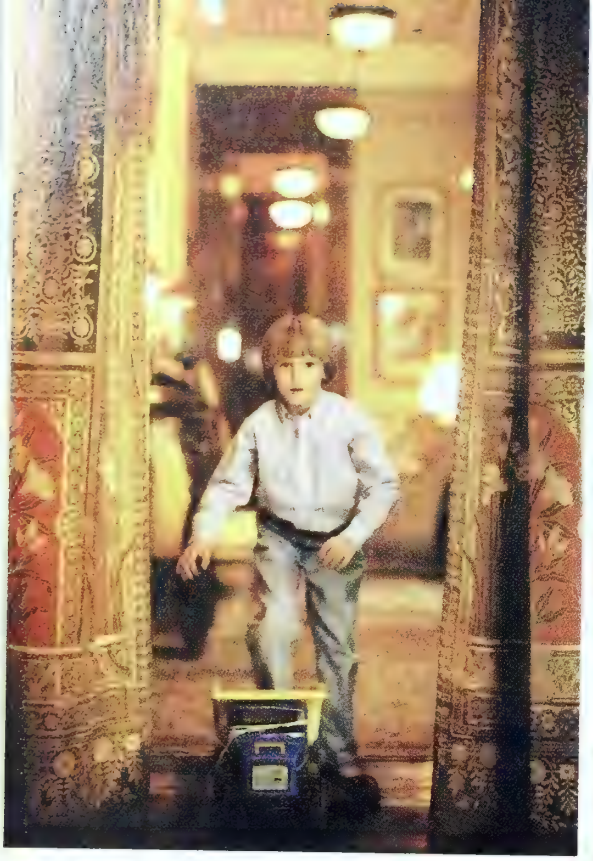

Prime
Time
for the
Whittles

Architect Peter Marino tunes into the Edwardian era for the family's new apartment in the Dakota. By Wendy Goodman

Photographs by Oberto Gili



The hand-finished mahogany woodwork and stenciled walls of the dining room, *above*, set the tone for the apartment Peter Marino fashioned for Chris Whittle and his family, including his photographer wife, Priscilla Rattazzi, *opposite*, and daughter, Andrea, under John White Alexander's *The Blue Dress*. Details see Resources.



"YOU ALWAYS START with the rug," says Chris Whittle. "That's one of the first things my mom said to me, and it's not a bad rule—although we have violated it frequently." That's not a royal "we," but it does refer to a powerful triumvirate: Whittle, the enigmatic media tycoon; his wife, photographer Priscilla Rattazzi, the luminous beauty of the Agnelli clan; and Peter Marino, the architect who has described his business as "a couture house" and whose clients tend to exalted lineage, taste, and fortune.

The trio's most recent collaboration is an apartment in the Dakota, the second residence Marino has designed for Whittle in the landmark building. The first, decorated in the spirit of 1885, was too small for the growing Whittle household, which now includes Maxi, Rattazzi's six-year-old son by her marriage to Klaus Moehlmann, and Andrea, Whittle and Rattazzi's baby daughter. "I loved that apartment," says Whittle. "It was a perfect single guy's house. I like this far better, and that's attributable to Priscilla." Rattazzi allows that while she too loved the first apartment, "it was incredibly masculine and incredibly dark."



In the living room an antique roundabout sits on an Agra carpet. The period style accords with Widule's collection of American paintings from 1875 to 1910, among them *Mary Breding* by Edmond Tarbell over the mantel and, to the left, a portrait by William Merritt Chase above a study by John Singer Sargent. *Opposite:* English art nouveau curtains frame Ilaiazzi's son, Maxi.

"It had to be grand and formal for entertaining, but cozy for me and child-friendly for the kids," says Priscilla Rattazzi





This time the feeling is Edwardian—"about 1905," says Marino. "We skipped a decade." The palette is lighter and the tone more welcoming. "This apartment is about paintings and carpets," he explains, "and then what I call comfy furniture," like the living room piece upholstered in what he blithely describes as "that wacky-color silk velour." Some of the Whittles' favorite rooms and details from the earlier apartment were duplicated, among them the stenciling in the hallway, but everything except the front door is new.

In the massive renovation that transformed two large apartments into a single magnificent one, the masonry bearing walls could not be touched. The result is a long central hallway. "When I first saw it, I thought, 'What are we going to do?' It was intimidating," recalls Rattazzi. "Then I realized a hall is a wonderful place to hang your pictures. Now we call it the train. I stick my head out of my compartment when the kids come home to see what's going on."

The kitchen is the "heart of the house," says Rattazzi, *below,* with Andrea and Maxi. *Above:* Rattazzi displays her own photographs and pictures from her collection near the kitchen table where the family often eats. *Opposite above:* In Maxi's room a built-in unit designed by Marino provides a bed, storage, and child-size play space. *Opposite below left:* Whittle, Rattazzi, and Andrea at the keyboard in Whittle's study. *Opposite below right:* Proofs from Rattazzi's book are tacked up on a mahogany-framed linen-covered corkboard over the mahogany campaign-style desk in her office.






RHODES THE ATOMIC BOMB



The challenge of taming the vastness of the space boiled down to devising a way to make the apartment satisfy multiple needs. "It had to be grand and formal for entertaining, but cozy for me and child-friendly for the kids," Rattazzi explains. The key proved to be the once-distressing hall, with separate entrances at each end. Along its course the formal rooms give way to the couple's studies—in Rattazzi's, proofs of her book *Children* are scattered about and a needlepoint pillow reads, "Dull women have immaculate homes"—an eat-in kitchen, and, finally, the children's rooms. "It's like two apartments tied together by the kitchen, the heart of the house," she says.

The couple split responsibilities: she focused on the decorating while he supervised the architecture. "I used to build rather extensive log forts when I was six years old," Whittle explains. "I would really get in there and organize the neighborhood, building elaborate playhouses with windows on hinges and trapdoors. But any skill I have is intuitive. Peter brings the real knowledge."

Whittle also credits Marino with educating him about decorative arts and painting while they were working on his first apartment. One day, Whittle recalls, after Marino told him to visit some galleries, "I came back and said, 'This man Chase, Peter, I really like this man Chase.'" Today Whittle focuses on American paintings from 1875 to 1910. "The collection represents a breaking point in American painting as the effects of French impressionism were taking hold," he says. "There's a quality somewhere between the traditionalist and the revolutionary, which is what *(Continued on page 183)*



Andrea, ***right,*** **practices standing on her own two feet under the gaze of John White Alexander's** ***Onteora.*** **Across the hall, double doors open onto Whittle's study,** ***opposite top,*** **where Saint-Gaudens's** ***William E. Beaman in His Fourth Year*** **hangs above a French cabinet, c. 1810, and a nude,** ***The Torso,*** **by Alfred Stieglitz and Clarence White,** ***opposite below left,*** **rests on his desk.** ***Opposite below right:*** **Mother and daughter in the living room.**

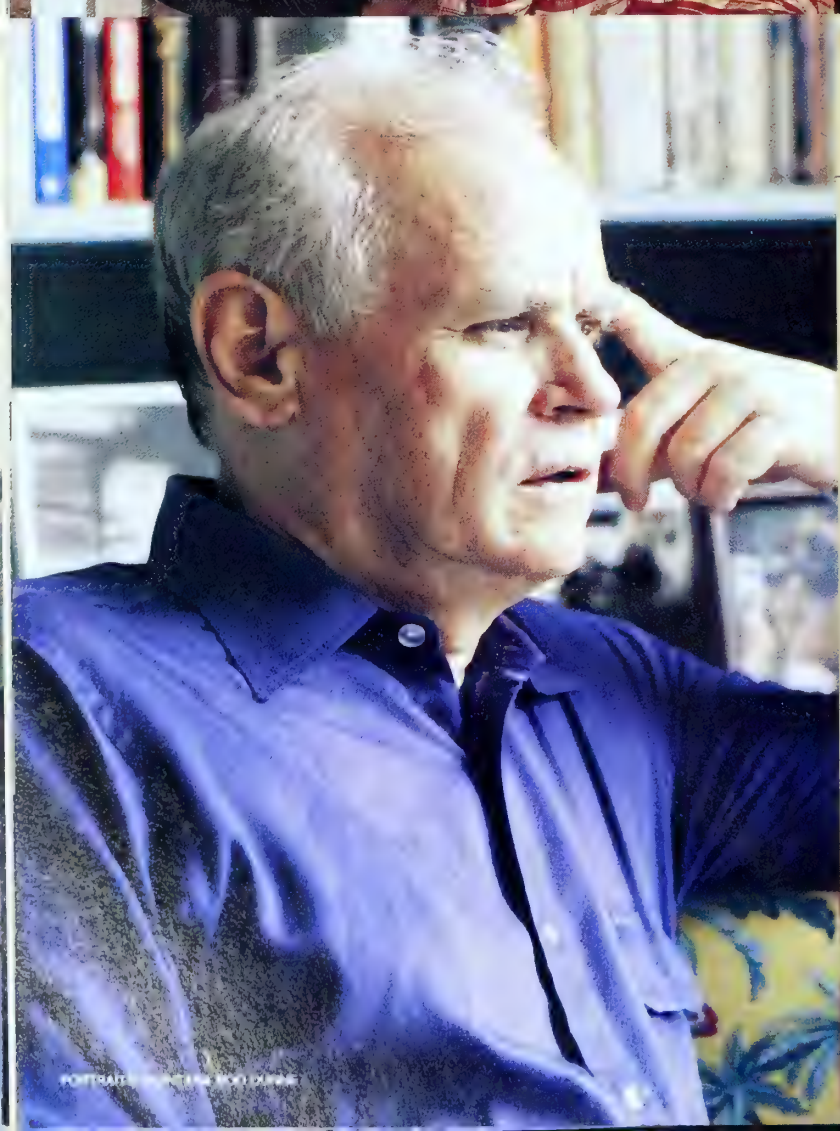




In the master bedroom, windows dressed in blue wool and undercurtains hand-embroidered with flowers flank a Pompeian fresco, a birthday gift from Whittle to his wife. Centered behind the 19th-century northern Italian bed is a tapestry-inspired painting by Elizabeth Nourse, an American artist who worked in France. The bedside lamps were made from 16th-century Persian pots.



John Gregory Dunne, below, and three vignettes from his office, clockwise from below, a c. 1950 police map of L.A. from the set of *True Confessions*; Dunne's view at a landmark Upper East Side church bookstore; with detritus meant to recall windows at the 3600 Place Athénée in Paris.







History and Attitude

In their New York apartment, two writers "California it up" By Joan Didion and John Gregory Dunne

Photographs by Michael Mundy

Produced by Charles Gandee

Joan Didion, *above left*, and three vignettes from her office, *clockwise from top right*, a 1952 rejection letter from Stanford to Didion; a side table with a framed *Advertising Age* cover announcing "Gulf war could delay Super Bowl"; the Samuel Beckett view from Didion's desk.

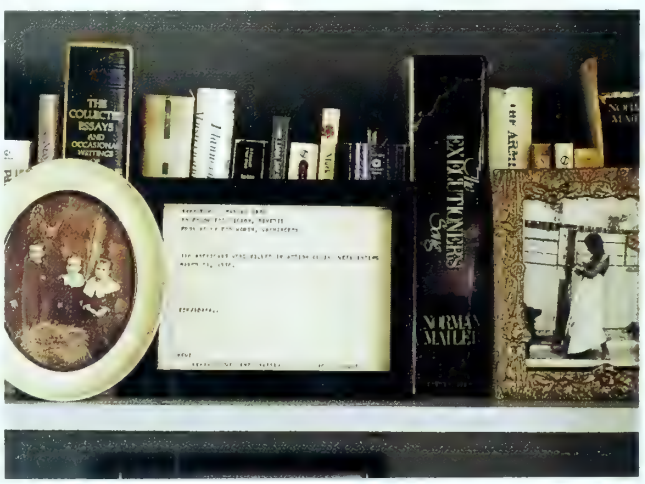


WE MOVED BACK TO NEW YORK on a whim. We had lived in Los Angeles for twenty-four years, but neither of us was working on a book, we felt stale, settled, restless. It was time for a change. We put our house on the market thinking it would take months to sell, a period of flirting with an idea we could always abandon. The house sold the first day, for more than we asked, and as the buyer wanted a thirty-day escrow, we had to move. New York, where we had both lived before we were married, was the only place we considered.

We have always done things on the spur of the moment (we once drove over to Earl McGrath's gallery in Los Angeles and traded him our ten-year-old Jaguar for a Peter Alexander pastel, and more recently we set out to buy a winter coat and instead bought a Cy Twombly lithograph), and buying this apartment was no exception. We had a few prerequisites: since we both work at home, it had to be large, with rooms for two offices, space for files, and a spot for a secretary; it also had to be large because we dislike the logistics of running a weekend or summer house and are happiest when the city empties out. The apartment had to have light, an essential after so many years in California, and it had to have a fireplace—we once lived for seven years in Malibu in a house heated only by a fireplace. We would also have liked an English garden and a swimming pool, but alas, they do not come with New York apartments.



This was the first apartment we looked at after our house was sold: the owner had moved to Europe, the stock market had crashed, and the price was right. It had a working fireplace and was across from a landmark church, which meant unimpeded light. On the floor plan, the apartment had twelve rooms, but the prior owner had improved the already good dimensions by collapsing these twelve into ten; what attracted us, as soon as we entered, was the sense of light and air in the foyer, which in the redesign had been so enlarged as to become what many people call "waste space." (A lesson: beware the absence of "waste space," since it usually turns out to be the very space that makes you feel good.)



The spaciousness of all the rooms, and the fact that the previous owner had rewired and replumbed but never lived in the apartment, meant that it was not necessary to do any elaborate construction. We replaced a few hardwood floors and laid ceramic tile in the service area to correspond with the hexagonal kitchen tiles. Beyond that, for our purposes, the apartment needed only moldings—the twelve-foot ceilings in the front of the apartment had been lowered somewhat to accommodate central air conditioning—a few built-in spaces for computers and laser printers, and many many bookcases. With the help of architect Peter Sachs we built floor-to-ceiling bookcases in the living room, the dining room, both our offices, the guest room, and, when these still proved inadequate, on two walls of our bedroom.

A friend from London walked into this apartment and said, "I've been in all your houses, and they all look alike." One reason they all look alike is that we have never used a decorator—more acerbic friends have described this as all too apparent—except to get swatches or to find upholsterers and slipcoverers. The only decorating instructions we had came from our daughter, Quintana, who when she first saw it said, "I hope you California it up." By that she meant not only the familiar white walls and bare floors and pale slipcovers that had characterized the houses in which she grew up but also the familiar objects and flowers: the orchids still in their plastic pots from the Zuma Canyon greenhouses in Malibu, the several dozen hurricane lamps because southern California winds so often knocked out the power, the enlarged photograph of a "Welcome to California" sign on a road from Nevada to Death Valley Junction, the lacquer box of sequins saved from a party somewhere.

Working with Peter Sachs and his painters—all of whom were artists who had shown around the country and were willing to spend hours debating shades of white—we finally settled on an "underwater white," a white that at times resembles the palest of greens. On the moldings we asked for a thin stripe, in some rooms coral and in others a watery blue or yellow, an



hite cotton slipcovers and pale
e bookshelves in the living
m conjure up the California
e Didion and Dunne feel
ome with. Above the mantel,
liard Davis's *Las Vegas. Below,*
n left: A Rauschenberg;
the wall, a Twombly; on the
or; a tray of eyeglasses on
entry hall table; Richard
ra's *Malcolm X. Opposite, from*
Family pictures and a get-
ll card from Jules Feiffer; a
iners' desk from Didion's
her, in the foyer, beneath a
n Francis lithograph; a 1970
egram to Didion concerning
ekly casualties in Vietnam.

A friend from London walked into this apartment and said, "I've been in all your houses, and they all look alike." One reason they all look alike is that we have never used a decorator—more acerbic friends have described this as all too apparent









effect remembered from a room at the Plaza Athénée in Paris. As far as furniture went, we just moved in what we had: save for appliances and beds and the occasional lamp, we have in all our years together bought no furniture beyond a few tables (one, a marble display table in the entrance hall, off the floor at the kitchen supplier Williams-Sonoma) and a couple of chairs (one because it was half price and could pass without recovering). The rest of the furniture is essentially hand-me-down—from our two families—recovered every time we move and mixed in with a few battered pieces left behind in the former Malibu crash pad that was the first house we ever owned. Chintz can mask the most insignificant table, and the absence of living room curtains can be turned to advantage: maximum daylight, an interesting panorama at night, and, because of the church across the street, no one can look in.



Our dining room is an example of the California casual we decided to export to New York—rather a studied example, since it is decidedly unlike the more traditional room we left behind. When Quintana moved into an apartment of her own, we gave her the "real" dining table we had been given by John's mother; in its place we use a round glass and wrought-iron garden table from when we had a garden and originally the lunch table our sister-in-law used at her swimming pool in Beverly Hills. There are in this dining room many pillows, a writing desk, a chaise longue, a sofa, the obligatory bookcases, and two scratched Lucite boxes, one containing the red and scarlet birettas worn in a picture we wrote, *True Confessions*, the other containing a wreath of dried santolina from our garden in Brentwood.

This room works perfectly for what it is: a comfortable room in which to entertain informally and, if we need to spread out beyond the offices and lay out research, a comfortable room in which to work. The entire apartment is set up for comfort and for work, and its artifacts have meaning only for us. The paintings and lithographs are largely by friends, the photographs by Quintana or from stories one or the other of us has done. In John's office there is a wall-sized police map of Los Angeles, circa 1950, from the set of *True Confessions* given him by its producers at the end of production. Our favorite piece is the partners' desk in the foyer that Joan's father bought at auction in 1934 for $30; it had been in the California state capitol in Sacramento but was burned almost beyond repair in a fire. He had it refinished, gave it to us after we were married, and we had it refinished again when we moved to New York. It has history and it has attitude, and we like to think the same of the apartment. ♠

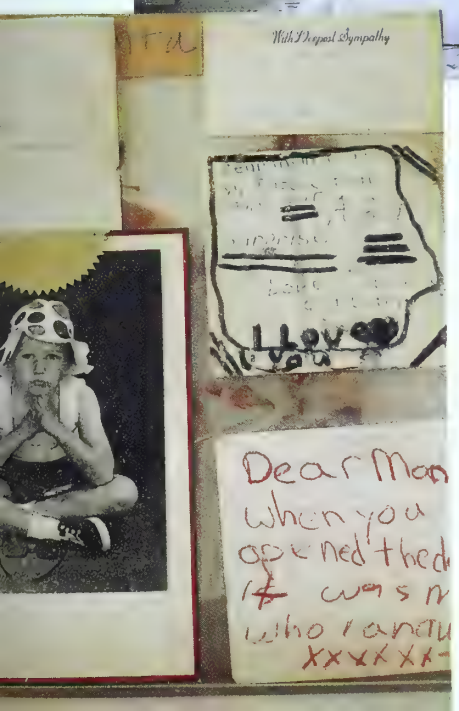


The entire apartment is set up for comfort and for work, and its artifacts have meaning only for us



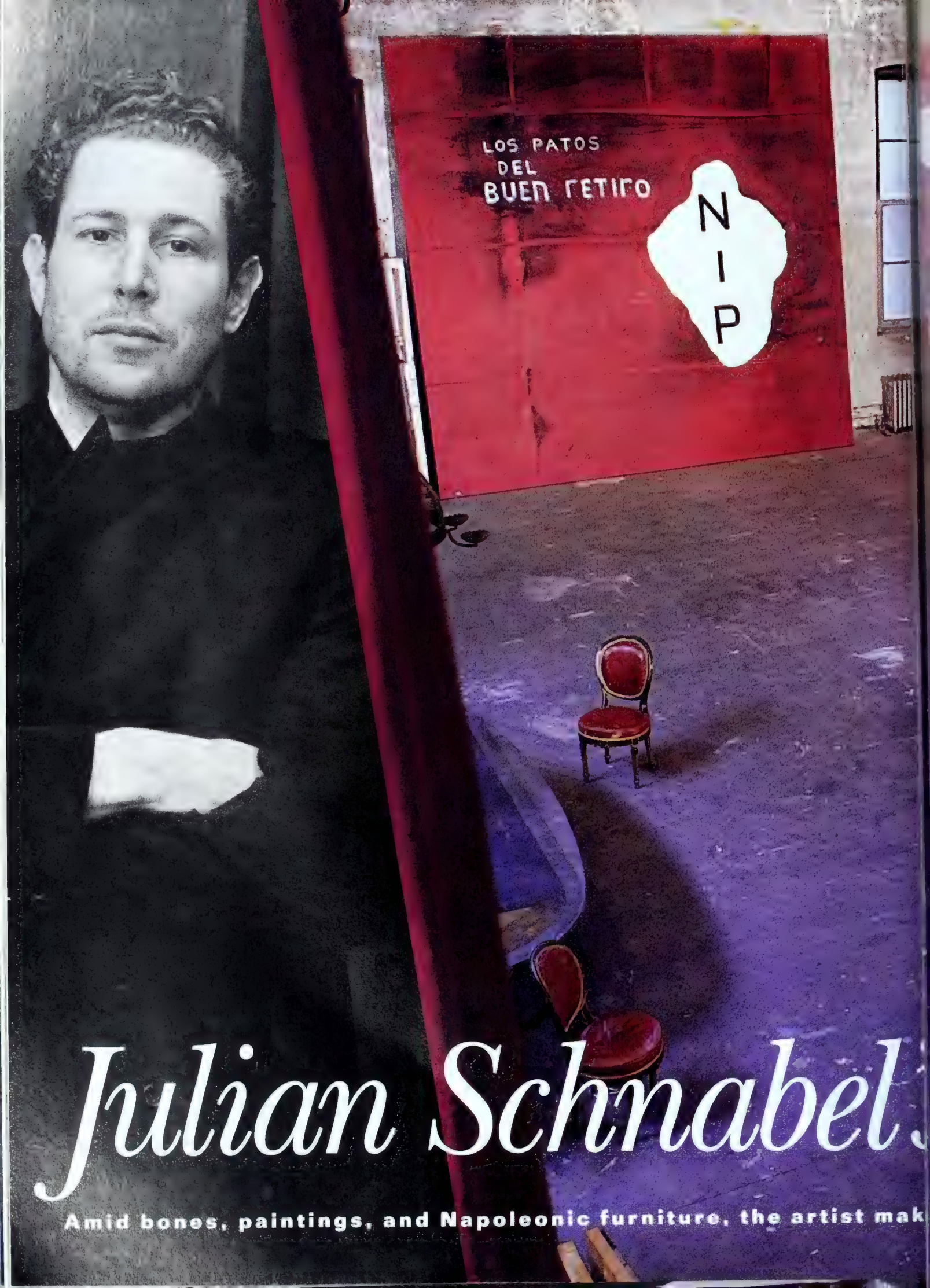








In the master bedroom, *above,* pillows are piled high against a brass headboard. *Top left:* Dunne's bedside table. *Top right:* Didion's bedside table. *Left:* A photograph of Quintana as a child. *Right:* An upholstered chair by the window, with a photograph on the sill of Didion taken by Quintana. *Opposite, from top:* West Coast patio furniture in the East Coast dining room; a triptych of Quintana in the kitchen; family silver and an FBI flier for Patricia Campbell Hearst.



Julian Schnabel

Amid bones, paintings, and Napoleonic furniture, the artist mak



Three works on red velvet, painted in Montauk during the summer of 1991, stand in Julian Schnabel's main studio in downtown Manhattan. It is here, says the artist, *opposite*, that his paintings "congeal."

Velvet Touch

himself comfortable. By Zoë Lund Photographs by Jean Kalfina

Produced by Beatrice Monti della Corte









Living spaces. *Clockwise from top left:* The kitchen area. Swan skeleton from Erasmus & Co., London, a Frank Lloyd Wright table in the music room. Outside a bathroom, a Jean-Michel Basquiat drawing; inside, a 17th-century tapestry. In the children's bath, 1929 linoleum from Secondhand Rose, NYC. James Nares drawings in the children's room. Napoleonic field marshal's chaise from Christopher Gibbs, London. Matadors' jackets. Details see Resources.





DID I EVER TELL YOU THE STORY OF THE twentieth-century man in a third-century church, his hand resting on an eighteenth-century banister?" Julian Schnabel enjoys this notion of displaced time. "Velvet and cobwebs—I'm of the Miss Havisham school of interior decorating," he says. "And I see all the objects around me as utilitarian: they are transformers that get me to another place. Anyway, I feel better in here."

"Here" is a downtown loft building that evokes a secret corner of Venice a couple of centuries ago, or perhaps a set for *Citizen Kane*. On my first visit I see Schnabel sitting at the piano with Gary Oldman; they are combining Tom Waits's version of "Waltzing Matilda" with the Eagles's "Desperado," singing both lyrics at once. As the night goes on, I notice traces of a dozen European cities and past epochs—all far away, yet all at home—and after a few hours I reenter the world refreshed, as if I had returned from travels over land and sea and time.

In the main studio the echoes are of Madrid. "Summer 1978," Schnabel recalls, paraphrasing one of the "excerpts from life" he related in his 1987 book, *CVJ*. "I was staying in the flamenco bar district. I walked to the Prado, saw some great Bosch paintings, left the Prado, walked outside,



dizzy. Thought I'd go rowing on the lake of the Parque del Buen Retiro, beside the Palacio Velázquez. As I stepped into the boat, it slid out from under me. I watched the opaque green of the lake come between me and my sunglasses. To return to my hotel, I had to walk through downtown Madrid, accompanied only by the sound of water squishing in my shoes."

"Twelve years later," he continues, "back in Madrid and a little drunk, I was sitting in the cement courtyard of a friendly bar, surrounded by young painters from the Taller of the Círculo de Bellas Artes. I thought of the ducks in the lake a few blocks away and toasted them in my best Spanish: 'Por los patos del Buen Retiro! To the ducks of the Buen Retiro!' " Now five large red-velvet paintings with references to the ducks of Buen Retiro are leaning against the studio walls.

Dislocations seem to have a special resonance for Schnabel and his art. Besides the conventional spots—the Centre Pompidou in Paris, the Tate in London, the Whitney and the Guggenheim in New York—his paintings and sculpture are often found in peculiar overseas locations. Four white paintings in the *Los Patos* series are in the permanent collection at Madrid's Reina Sofía, Spain's leading museum of modern art, which is housed in a converted hospital building. The *Recognitions* paintings were installed in 1988 at the Cuartel del Carmen, an abandoned fourteenth-century monastery and military barracks in Seville. From 1990 to 1995 three twenty-two-foot-square paintings are hanging in the Maison Carrée, a first- or second-century Roman temple in Nîmes.

Decades before Schnabel put paintbrush (or hand) to canvas (or velvet or plates), the studio I survey from the balcony was a perfume factory. The looming nineteen-foot pillars and massive patched walls might dwarf another artist's work. Not Schnabel's. Behind his paintings the irregular patina of gray plaster opens up a visual field that suggests the outdoors. "I like to paint outside," he says, in Montauk in summer and Florida in winter. Then he brings paintings into this room "where they congeal." The view from the balcony reminds me of Schnabel's words in a 1985 catalogue: "There exists a tradition of loss and sadness that is epitomized in the perfection of the surviving statues *(Continued on page 182)*



In the music room a mythological scene by Jacopo Vignali, 1695, and Schnabel's *Sublime Vision de Merde,* 1989, look down on an 18th-century French daybed standing on an antique Aubusson carpet. Adding to the theatrical aura are a bear skeleton on the piano and a hippopotamus skull on a Biedermeier table. The folding table by Antonin Raymond, at right, serves as a dining table, accompanied by hand-hammered silver Regency-style chairs from India.



"Velvet and cobwebs—I'm of the Miss Havisham school of decorating," says Schnabel



Taking the place of windows in Schnabel's bedroom, *above*, are works of art, including Man Ray's *Feminine Painting*, 1954, Dürer's *Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*, a Piranesi etching, and, *opposite*, Picabia's *Suzy Solidor*, 1933, and a late Picasso Carpet, c. 1930, from Secondhand Rose.



"I feel here as if I am in a tent,
on a faraway campaign"



FRANK RICH



ALEX WITCHEL: The most important things to me in an apartment have always been the closets.

FRANK RICH: Before we got married, I think your apartment actually was a closet.

ALEX: How kind of you to point that out.

FRANK: The most important thing to me was always the bookshelves.

ALEX: When it comes to books, you're like Pigpen: dust collects around him, and books collect around you.

FRANK: Well, you have to admit that we've confined the books to one room. Now we can't figure out what to put in the other six rooms.

ALEX: At least we agree that in the kitchen the focal point is the refrigerator.

FRANK: It's the second most important piece of furniture we have collected, after the bed.

ALEX: Ssshhh!

FRANK: A close third, of course, would be the wine racks.

ALEX: When Moishe's movers came to your old apartment, they looked at all the wine and all the books and one of them said, "What do you two spend your time doing? Get drunk, read books, and go to bed?"

FRANK: Not necessarily in that order. I'm glad we gave him a big tip.

ALEX: We had to give everyone a big tip.

FRANK: That's New York. And remember, my books and wine weren't all they had to contend with. There was the little matter of your shoes—not so little a matter, actually.

ALEX: I can't help it. I have bad feet. So I've managed to furnish the closets here without any problem. It's the rest of the apartment I don't understand.

FRANK: The greatest thing about this apartment is that we don't need much in the way of furniture or decoration. Anything too busy would distract from the views.

ALEX: It's a good thing, too—chintz gives me hives.

FRANK: The one consultation we had with a decorator—I don't know what possessed us—resulted in the installation of a light fixture that looked like a spaceship. We removed it from orbit roughly an hour after it was launched.

ALEX: I know what I don't like, but it's harder to pick what I do like. Which is why you're so much better at this.

FRANK: I must say your old place gave me a fright.

ALEX: Why? That was my country motif.

FRANK: But the country was one where the visual scheme seemed to be dictated by Holiday Inn.

ALEX: I liked that wooden painting.

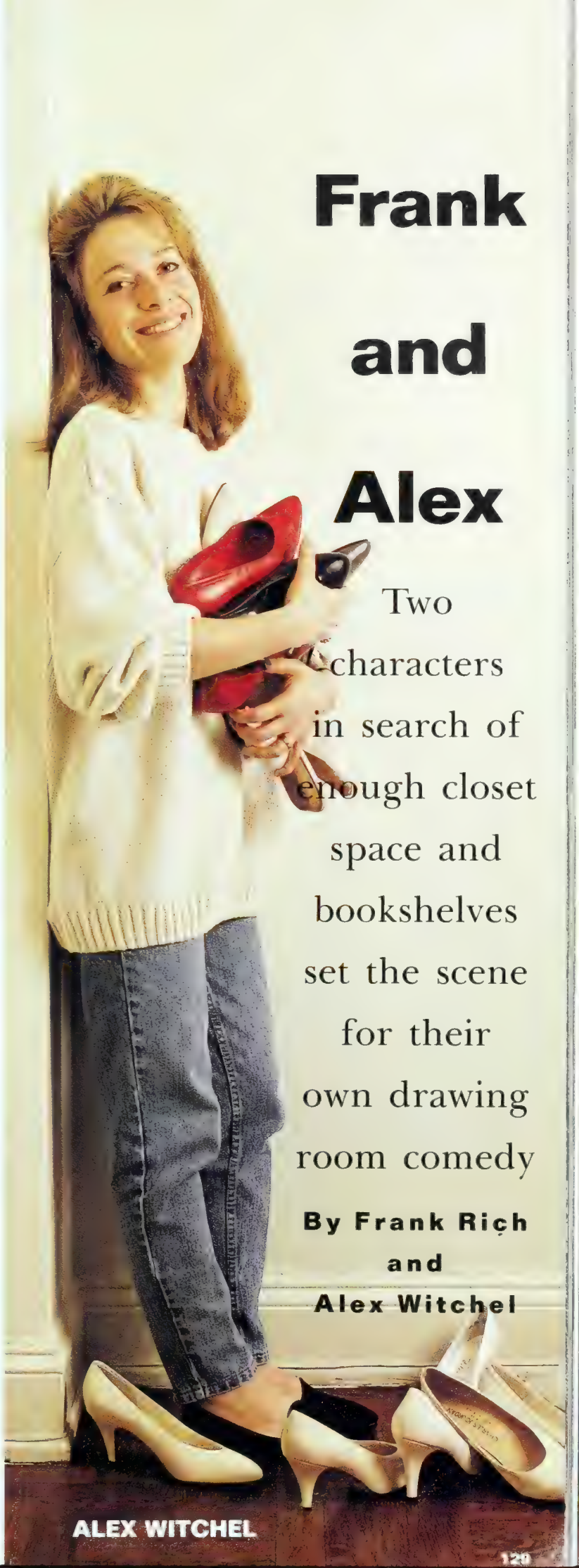
FRANK: You mean the one that had a farm scene painted in different primary colors on blocks of wood? It looked like a family heirloom that Rob and Laura Petrie would try to get rid of on *The Dick Van Dyke Show*.

ALEX: It did not. It went perfectly with the rag rugs.

YURI MARDER

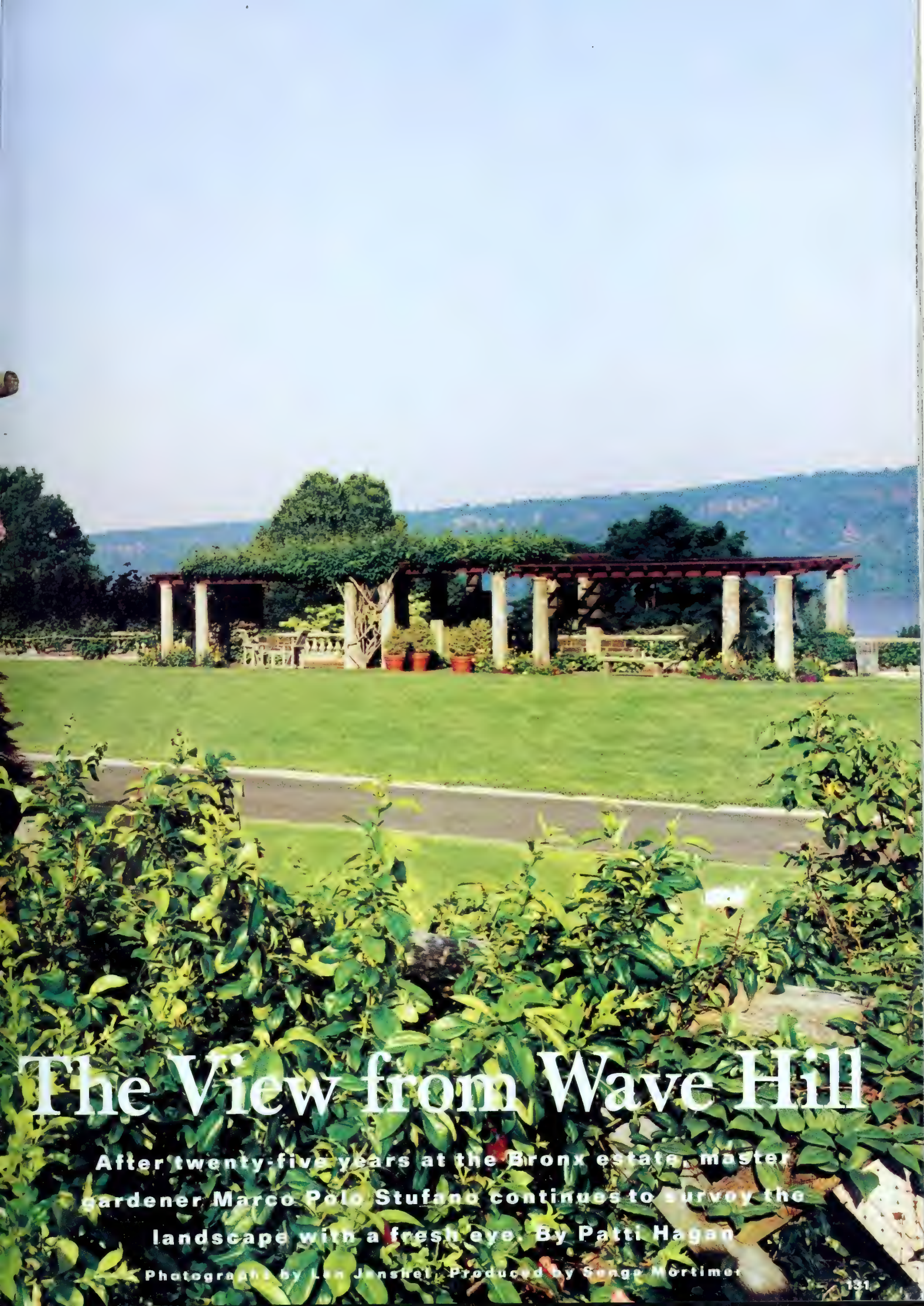
FRANK: It certainly did. But I think you'll agree that it was a good idea to start from scratch here. It's not as if I had so much furniture to bring into this marriage either.
ALEX: No, just air conditioners. It's a good thing I have enough closet space to store the sweaters I need to brave the arctic winds in July.
FRANK: I believe in the principle that there is no such thing as too much air conditioning.
ALEX: I believe in the principle that blue is not my best color. But at least you knew where to get furniture to match the air conditioners. I thought SoHo was just a place to buy shoes.
FRANK: As I recall, we bought some of those there, too.
ALEX: I needed some reward. Though I did like Portico, where we got our dining room table and the rocking chair in our bedroom and the buffet. It was Shabby Chic that made me insane—terminal chic was more like it.
FRANK: We don't like chic, even when it's shabby. What is nice about the handmade American furniture we got is that it looks old, homey, and lived-in without having any of the pretense of antiques.
ALEX: Anyone who describes anything in this apartment as cunning is automatically invited to leave.
FRANK: The bookshelves are cunning.
ALEX: Don't start with me.
FRANK: You must admit that the lighting of the bookshelves is incredible.
ALEX: That's John Petrocelli.
FRANK: We were lucky enough to find one of the only contractors around who was honest, tasteful, and a nice guy.
ALEX: I liked it when John took down the spaceship light and put it on his head and said he was Captain Kirk.
FRANK: Yeah, it was a joke that cut across all the language barriers of the people working on our apartment.
ALEX: Whenever anything went too wrong, we could always look at our view.
FRANK: And contemplate jumping out into it.
ALEX: Seriously, we do have one of the greatest views of the Hudson in the city. Especially from our bedroom.
FRANK: It's a lot like being on the prow of a ship except that you don't have to get dressed and you never have to play shuffleboard.
ALEX: We're a major attraction on the Circle Line tour. Which is where the blackout shades come in. I think that's my favorite thing in the apartment, because I love to sleep—until I see my favorite vision, my wonderful husband advancing toward the bed with a cup of his extraordinary coffee as a peace offering for waking me up.
FRANK: We're so well stocked with coffee beans nothing else fits in the freezer. What I still don't understand is how someone who sleeps so much needs so many shoes.
ALEX: It's a long walk to the bathroom. Which, I might add, is directly across from my walk-in cedar closet. I have accomplished both of my goals in life. Living with ample closet space and the man I love. What else is there?
FRANK: An espresso machine?

Frank Rich is the chief drama critic of The New York Times.
Alex Witchel is a reporter at The New York Times.





Beyond a rustic bower covered in 'Mme. Grégoire Staechelin' roses and clematis, a broad western terrace stretches to a vine-clad pergola with views of the Palisades across the Hudson River.



The View from Wave Hill

After twenty-five years at the Bronx estate, master gardener Marco Polo Stufano continues to survey the landscape with a fresh eye. By Patti Hagan

Photographs by Len Jenshel. Produced by Sunga Mortimer

"The art of a garden is in *doing* it," says Marco Stufano. "It should never be 'done' "





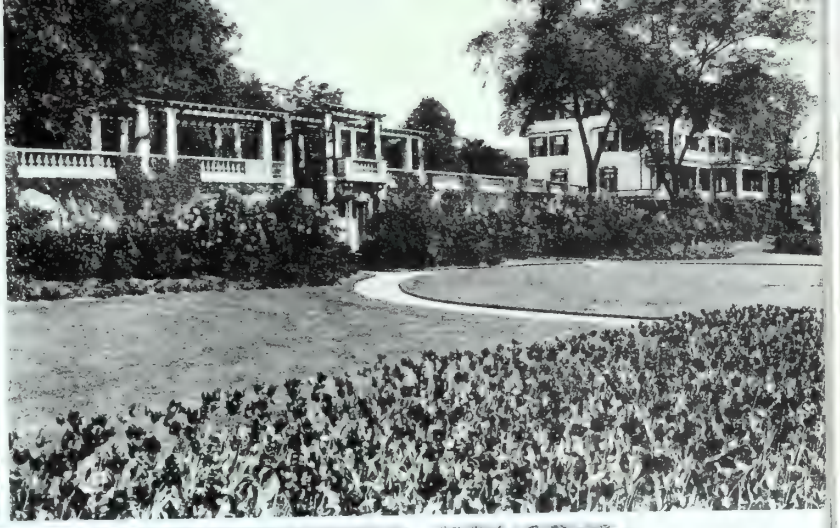
WHEN FELLOW New Yorkers announce they're off to England to see great estate gardens, I ask, why not go off to the Bronx? "No thonx," they reply, cribbing from Ogden Nash, unaware that world-class English gardeners—the likes of Rosemary Verey and Christopher Lloyd—hie themselves to the Bronx to pay their respects to a world-class American gardener, Marco Polo Stufano, and the great American estate garden he cultivates at Wave Hill.

Among New York City's municipal cultural institutions, this twenty-eight-acre urban country seat in Riverdale, the west Bronx, is one of the most exquisitely *horti*cultural. Why more New Yorkers don't take their ease on the Adirondack lawn chairs at Wave Hill is a mystery, for here is the city at its bucolic best. Naturalists can hike through a ten-acre managed forest, and landscape hackers can explore a computer archive, the Catalogue of Landscape Records in the United States.

The environmentally enlightened patricians who owned Wave Hill in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries joined forces with Frederick Law Olmsted to preserve the natural landscape on both sides of the Hudson River. They were the eastern urban John Muirs of their time. In 1960 the last private owners, the Perkins-Freeman family, gave Wave Hill to New York City as a public garden. After five years in limbo as a ward of the Parks Department, the property moved to the Department

Marco Polo Stufano, *above left,* Wave Hill's director of horticulture, arranges changing displays in the conservatory year-round, *left. Opposite, clockwise from top left:* Turn-of-the-century photographs show prim beds edging a terrace; Glyndor, a 19th-century villa, overlooking a sundial and lawn atop the underground bowling alley; the walk between upper and lower terraces; a rustic arbor. Today weeping blue atlas cedar curtains the border between the Aquatic Garden and the Wild Garden.













of Cultural Affairs and its management to a nonprofit corporation, which in 1967 created the Wave Hill horticulture program under Stufano's direction.

Since then, by the strength of his plant associations and character, Stufano, with a staff of seven, has made a series of intimate, thoroughly idiosyncratic small-scale gardens amid a nineteenth-century gardenesque landscape that extends across the Hudson to the Palisades. Today, almost any visitor to Wave Hill will easily recognize *the* gardener—a tonsured silver-haired man of fifty-four, deadheading or weeding in apron and sabots, looking like Saint Francis of the Bronx. Under questioning, Stufano admits that when Teddy Roosevelt lived at Wave Hill, and Mark Twain and Arturo Toscanini, the gardens were not what they are now. In 1967, when Stufano, a recent graduate of the New York Botanical Garden School of Horticulture (also in the Bronx), was recommended by his teacher, the polymath plantsman T. H. Everett, for the post at Wave Hill, he found the extant gardens to be "of the period"—but "awful." The formal rose garden that hid the estate's bowling alley "was the silliest thing. It competed with the view of the Hudson," says Stufano. "Why perpetuate the mistakes of the past?"

With his longtime collaborator, the late John Nally, Stufano soon brought his first Wave Hill garden out of a 250-foot-high outcrop of Fordham gneiss bound and gagged in bindweed. The Wild Garden, as Stufano saw it, "had to be done naturalistically." It also had to be done with "wild plants that would make good garden plants, species from all over the world, used as if they could have occurred together naturally." A hike up the Wild Garden paths feels remarkably like a condensed alpine walk. Over two decades the plants have moved about, growing up between stones or throwing themselves into crevices.

Stufano's hortocratic method relies largely on self-sowns—restrained only by "artful, selective thinning." Plantings are allowed to evolve, to surprise, delight, offend. Ask to see the garden plan, and Stufano explodes. "There is no plan! I hate the idea of a plan, the exact same things in the exact same places year after year. Gardens by plan are totally boring and reduce the gardener to some sort of dodo."

Wave Hill is renowned for audacious plant combinations. The hellfire-and-brimstone Red Garden, for instance, is a standout among the eight beds in the 70-by-90-foot cottage-style Flower Garden, where pastels predominate against silver foliage foils. In the Red Garden, danger-sign oranges and Nancy Reagan reds such as *Crocosmia* 'Lucifer' and *Hemerocallis* 'Sparks' shout for attention. But *(Continued on page 184)*

Waterlilies bloom in the Aquatic Garden, *above*, against a backdrop of elephant's-ear, *Miscanthus sinensis*, and other grasses in the Monocot Garden. *Opposite above:* The Flower Garden combines *Crambe cordifolia*, bearded iris, white lilac, *Cotinus coggygria* 'Royal Purple', *Rosa moyesii* 'Geranium', and tepee-trained clematis. *Opposite below:* A path in the Wild Garden climbs past *Polygonum bistorta* 'Superbum', poppies, yucca, and cut-leaved staghorn sumac.



Wave Hill's intimate gardens are famed for audacious plantsmanship



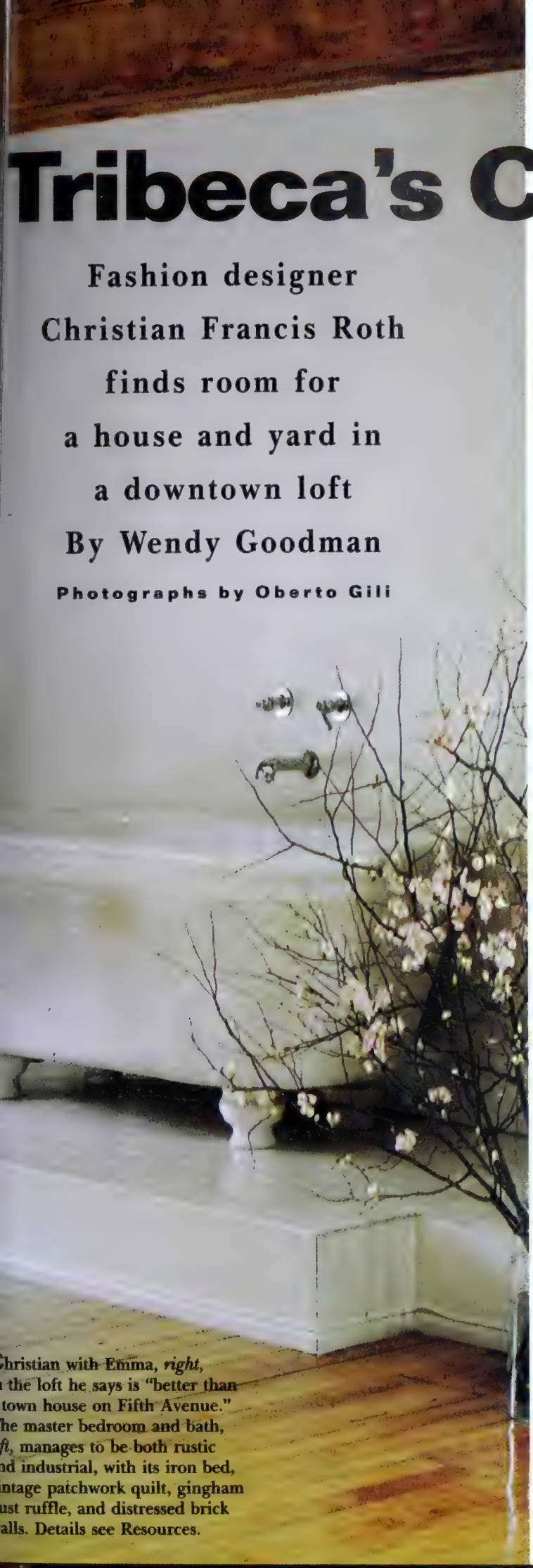


Tribeca's Country Air

Fashion designer Christian Francis Roth finds room for a house and yard in a downtown loft

By Wendy Goodman

Photographs by Oberto Gili



hristian with Emma, *right*, the loft he says is "better than town house on Fifth Avenue." he master bedroom and bath, *ft*, manages to be both rustic nd industrial, with its iron bed, intage patchwork quilt, gingham ust ruffle, and distressed brick alls. Details see Resources.







CHRISTIAN FRANcis Roth used to hate going home. "We lived so far away from work, in a third-floor walk-up, and you had to pass unspeakable things in the halls! We felt like the complete Cinderella couple when we moved here," he says.

The fashion designer is referring to the Tribeca loft that he and his wife, Hannah, settled into two years ago, before the birth of their daughter, Emma. They first saw the loft without electricity. "It was as dark as a moonless night," recalls Hannah. "You could just see the outline of the large beams in the middle of the room, and you sensed the texture of the walls. Everything was larger than life."



Even in the light of day the loft is large enough for a house within the house: "Emma's house," complete with a white clapboard wall, windows, a hundred-year-old door, and a window box planted with cyclamen. Hannah was inspired by visiting a friend in Palm Beach whose office, in an airplane hangar, had a front porch with rocking chairs. "We needed to do something," she says. "It was too loftlike for a baby." Hannah's father, an architect "who builds with his eye," in Christian's phrase, constructed the fairy-tale house in a weekend.



Outside this real-life dollhouse the living room "yard" is furnished with a wicker rocker and a sofa and armchairs upholstered in cotton patchwork. Christian proposed blocks of wool flannel in bright colors, but Hannah exercised her veto—too uncomfortable and too unsympathetic to paw prints and baby mishaps. "All the decorative elements in this apartment are based on being functional," explains Christian.



The loft reflects not only the complementary characters of Hannah and Christian but also the combination of innocence and sophistication that marks Christian's clothes. Since launching his business in 1988, he has had amazing success with crayon sleeve jackets one season, dollar bill print dresses the next, followed by quilt skirts and hobo-inspired suits—apparently simple young clothes done with a master's technique and craftsmanship.

"Living here is an enormous luxury for me," he says. "It's better than a town house on Fifth Avenue. It's exactly my speed." ▲



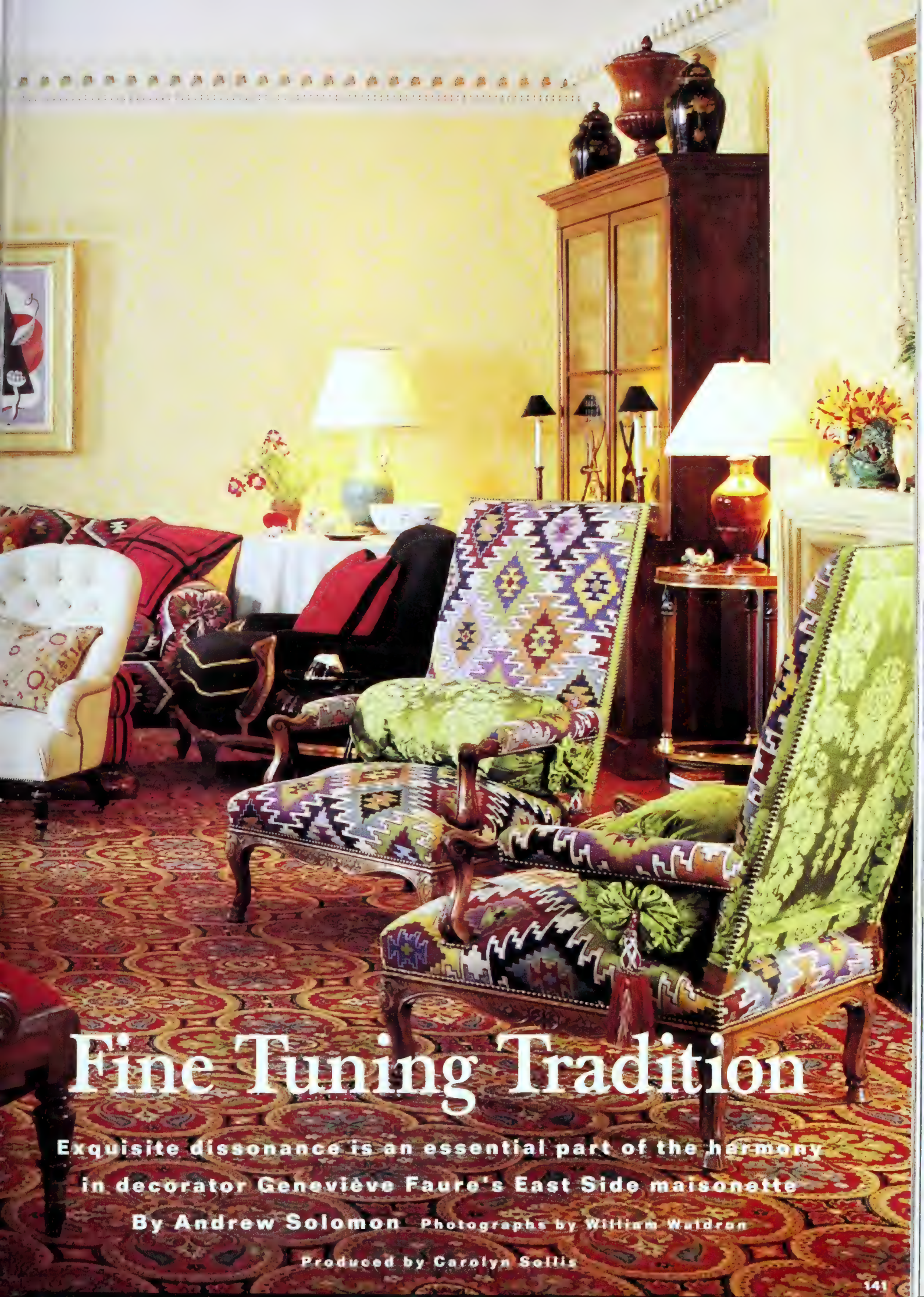
"We felt like the complete Cinderella couple when we moved here"



Outside Emma's "house," Plineas keeps watch. *Opposite, clockwise from top left:* Once in black corduroy, the sofa and chairs were reupholstered in cotton patchwork by Marc Tash, NYC. Silk crepe jacket with silk organza collar from Christian's 1992 spring collection. An old birdhouse sits on a diminutive table under a painting by Harold Shapinsky. Emma and her four window box. Sketches for the 1992 fall collection.



The sharp green silk of two chair backs is the "right wrong thing" for her living room, says Geneviève Faure, because its "18th-century French look clashes with the very ethnic" kilim-inspired fabrics from Quadrille. The painting by Léger provides a distinctly modern touch. Wallpaper from Christopher Hyland. Details see Resources.



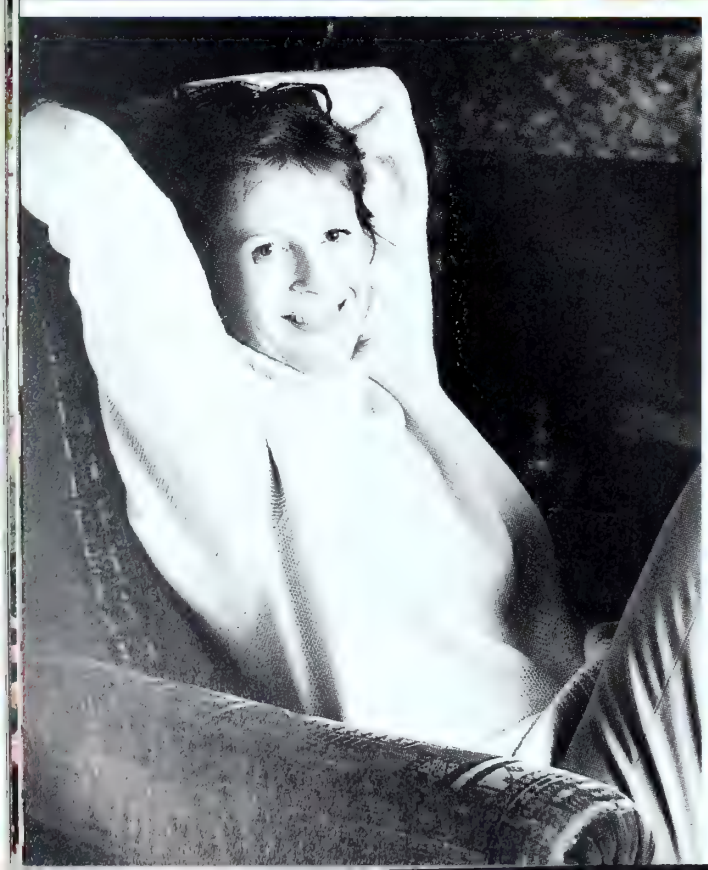
Fine Tuning Tradition

Exquisite dissonance is an essential part of the harmony in decorator Geneviève Faure's East Side maisonette

By Andrew Solomon Photographs by William Waldron

Produced by Carolyn Sollis









"WHEN I FINISH an apartment for a client," confides Geneviève Faure, "I always feel that it is not finished. Sometimes I think I should go and live in the apartments of my clients for a year, to give them that feeling of being inhabited." Geneviève Faure's own apartment does not feel lived-in in the euphemistic English sense of that word: there are no rings on the wooden surfaces, no snags in the upholstery, no month-old stacks of unread newspapers. It feels lived-in in the sense of being balanced; all the little errors and discomforts have been identified and most of them have been dealt with. The chairs are set at the right distance for easy conversation; the curtains are pulled back in what seems a natural way; everything is at a comfortable height. The apartment feels inhabited in that it feels fine-tuned and organic.

"There are no new ideas here," Faure says. "Perhaps there are some new contrasts, but I am starting nothing radical." The apartment is full of period furniture and has dozens of Upper East Side conventions: a big entrance hall with a black and white marble floor, a paneled library with built-in bookcases and a mirrored bar, and a rather formal living room. But the effect is not traditional. Faure has a no-nonsense unsentimental quality about her. "Nostalgic?" she repeats when I ask her a question. "But no, of course I'm not nostalgic. I am a working woman, and all in all I am very glad to be living at this precise moment in time."

While her apartment takes account of the past, it does feel very much part of this moment in time. It is not self-indulgently exuberant; it is also not sober. It is a very grand cozy apartment, bright and pleasant and impressive. Everything in it is clearly arranged according to an order—

Faure, *opposite below left,* had the library, *opposite above,* paneled in mahogany from Costa Rica, then added upholstery in brilliant colors and a pair of yellow snakeskin coffee tables, *opposite below right.* Over the fireplace is a painting by Henri Matisse. Carpet of Prince Noir Tapestry from Brunschwig & Fils. *Above:* An Indian embroidery is draped over the hall table under a 19th-century French chandelier from Reymer-Jourdan, NYC.



"I did just what I felt like doing in each room. It's as if ea



ne comes from a different house"

but it is an order that includes a measure of chaos. So, too, Faure's conversation: she is careful and tactful in what she says, but not too careful and tactful. When she finishes articulating a definite view—and she has many definite views—she smiles not so much to soften her opinion as to invite you to share it.

Faure is extremely modest and extremely confident. Her interiors share her character: they are unobtrusive, but they have terrific presence. She is matter-of-fact, almost earthy, but she is also one of those French women who make you feel that whatever she is doing is rather chic. She was, for example, a few minutes late for our meeting in a way that made you feel it was rather chic to be a few minutes late. And she had rolled the sleeves of her dress in a way that made you feel how tiresome it was that most people with similar dresses did not roll their sleeves.

"I did the apartment in four months," she says. "I can't bear for these things to go on forever. And it's not necessary." Indeed the apartment is quite straightforward: dining room, living room, library, entrance hall, and master bedroom. The kitchen and a few bedrooms are still unfinished. Because the main rooms are on the ground floor, shutters and shades cover the windows. "One wants only so much intimacy with the people passing on the streets," says Faure. "I myself am a voyeur, and I like to be able to look at them when I choose."

She sustains her offhand tone: "When I am doing someone else's house, I make sure that each room picks up the colors of the other rooms, that they flow into one another. Here I did just what I felt like do-

A chandelier of Faure's design hangs over a late 19th century English table, which is set with 1930s Baccarat crystal and ringed with chairs slipcovered in cotton duck from Decorators Walk. A collection of antique elephants is disposed on a mid 19th century English console table from Christopher Hodsoll, London, and an 18th-century Italian gilded side table. The bronze floor lamp is English. Carpet from Reymer-Jourdan.

ing in each room; it's as if each one comes from a different house." So it is: the rooms are like the various moods of a single intelligence. The library, the most charming one of all, has tropical mahogany bookcases that glisten in the sunshine. Worn Penguin paperbacks and rare editions are lined up on the shelves. A small Matisse painting hangs over the fireplace, a wonderful Matisse drawing of a nude with a mirror on another wall. The furniture is upholstered in brighter versions of the colors of the rug: two big chairs are a glowing deep violet, and the sofa is bright green with red trim. Pillows of Afghan silk are dotted around, as are bunches of flowers loosely arranged in small vases. The light is like the first day of spring, pure and bright and surprising and inexplicable.

The living room, by contrast, feels more determined. "Look! Two columns! Every decorator has two freestanding columns in his home. These are mine. This room is as much formality as I can stand." In the corner is an embroidered screen—"nineteenth-century junk, but I'm fond of it. Half of what I have is junk. The other half is not. I enjoy finding the junk just as much as the rest of it."

As we walk through the entrance hall—which is disconcertingly conventional, a solid core to the pinwheel variety of the other rooms—Faure explains, "In every room, if you want it to seem like you live there, if you don't want it to seem overdecorated, you must have something that is wrong. It's easiest to do it with color, to have one thing that clashes"—like the yellow snakeskin tables in the *(Continued on page 182)*



The bedroom walls and sofa, made for Faure by Trade France, are covered with a custom fabric by Fernanda Niven. The Bennison stripe on the pillows, the vintage needlepoint on the ottoman from Valley House Antiques, Locust Valley, and the upholstery on the late 19th century armchair maintain the same subtle tonal range, which sets off the dark woods of the late 19th century English mahogany desk, French Empire desk chair, and 19th-century American rocker.

s Faure, "but I am starting nothing radical"



NEW YORK'S YOUNG DESIGNERS



Whether living in basement hovels or modernist high rises, five decorating experts discover there's no place like home

By Christine Pittel

Photographs by Scott Frances

TAKE FIVE FRESH YOUNG DESIGNERS and settle them into five Manhattan apartments with the proportions of a shoebox. Add a few antiques and swathes of fabric, sprinkle with flea market finds, and pour in color to taste. Blend everything with wit, and you have the basic recipe for contemporary New York style.

Low ceilings didn't stop **Frédéric Jochem,** an impeccably polite aristocratic Frenchman, from creating his own elegant atelier in a standard slice of a Central Park South high rise. Yet this is tradition with a twist—there's a leopard-spotted wing chair from the East Village shop Jerrystyle next to a Louis XVI slipper chair by the faux stone fireplace. "I like to combine elements and periods into a dynamic mix," he explains with imperturbable charm and a sly sense of humor. Whimsical fifties-inspired sconces light up a painting by Hubert Robert, circa 1780, in the dining room trimmed with art deco gold braid. And bright panels of suede stretched over dia-

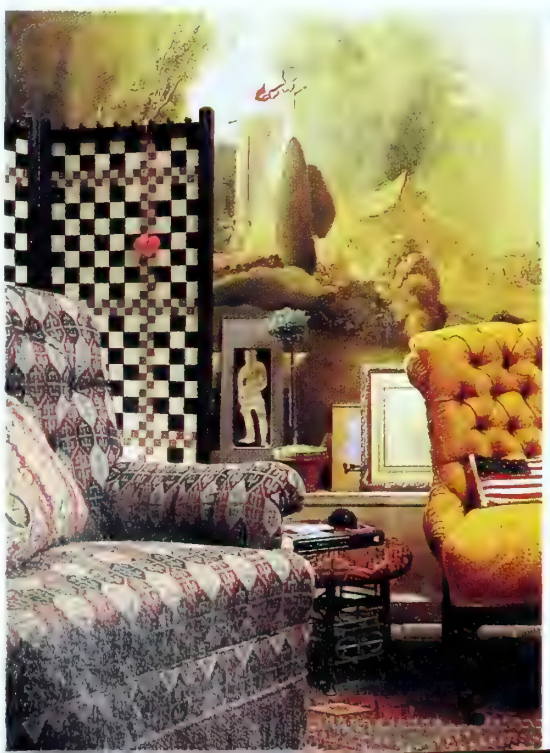
FRÉDÉRIC JOCHEM "The energy of New York inspires my work, but my apartment speaks, as I do, with a noticeably foreign accent"



al from Stark and gold trim texture the walls of hem's dining room where Venetian chairs are pulled to a table in Christopher Hyland damask. The 18th-tury French chandelier is a not-so-distant relative he fifties-style sconces. In the bedroom beyond, the ls are suede and the bedcover is moiré, both from rence House. The carpet and headboard are Stark grass. *Opposite above:* Jochem in his bedroom office. *posite below:* The living room features a faux stone place, bookcases with baroque curves, and furniture nning three centuries. Details see Resources.

CHARLES RILEY "I wanted to walk into a nineteenth-century fantasy—a totally different world from the street outside"

Riley's living room, *above,* looks as if it were assembled by a Victorian pack rat. There's a Turkish-style settee, an Italian landscape, slipper chairs in oversize paisley, and faux masonry walls painted by Gail Leddy, who also created the mural à la Fragonard. *Below, from left:* A club chair in tapestry fabric and a screen in a Clarence House cotton. Riley standing out against the scenery. His canopy bed, made from a patchwork of fabrics. *Opposite, clockwise from top left:* Purcell reflected in her mantel mirror. A Georgian window tops the loft bedroom. To keep the living room open and airy, chairs are stored overhead and the TV is in the fireplace.







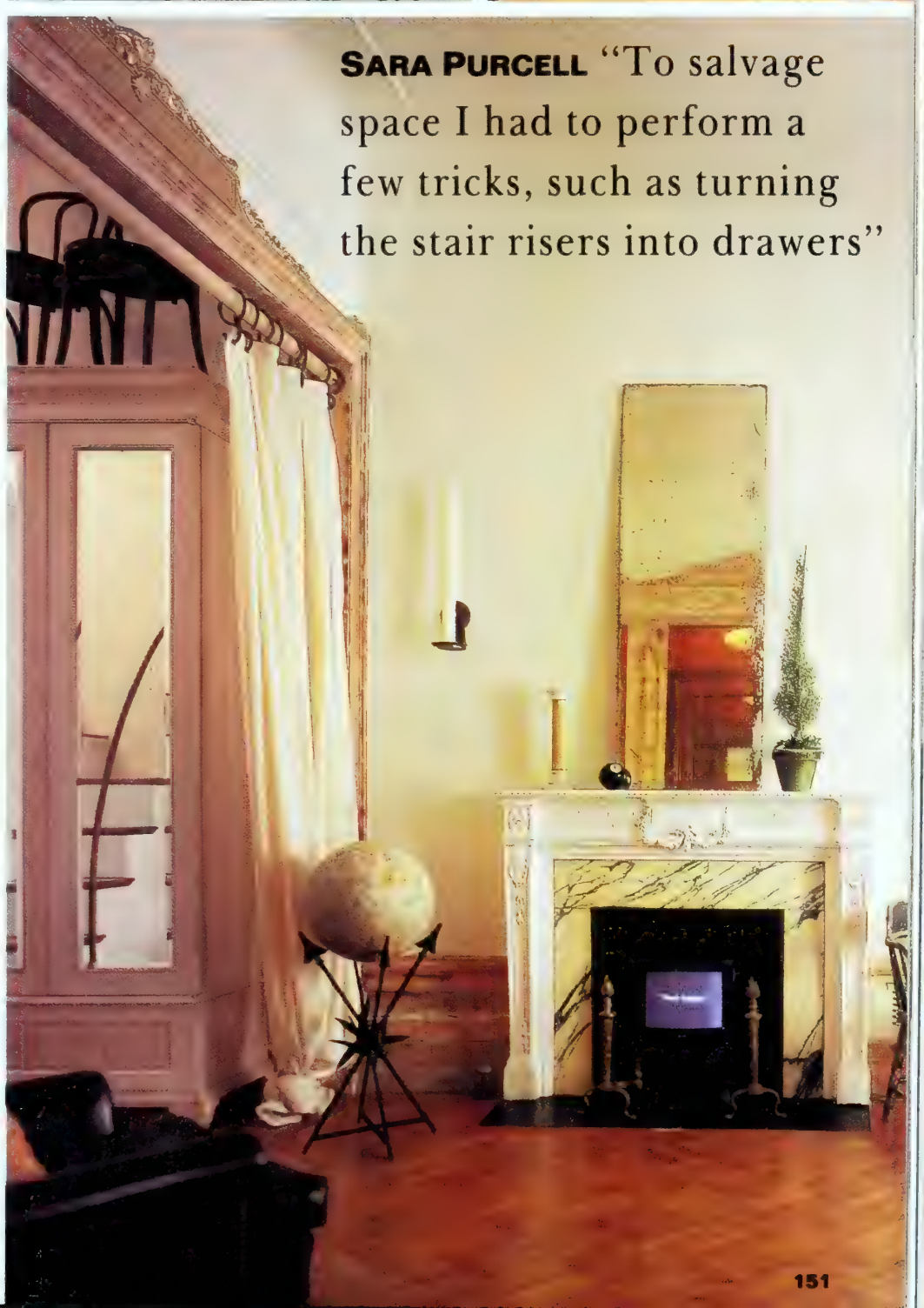
mond-shaped frames adorn the bedroom, which doubles as Jochem's office where he orchestrates plans for clients who include Nicholas Rohatyn and Olaf and Olga Guerrand-Hermès. "Every time I look at a building, I think of a different piece of music," says Jochem. "Why not play a little opera in here?"

There's no hint outside the shabby East Village tenement building of the opulent eccentricity within **Charles Riley**'s tiny basement apartment. The living room is a hodgepodge of pattern and texture with a kilim on the floor, wallpaper on the ceiling, and paisley sheets covering two walls. "The place completely envelops you like a strong perfume," comments Riley, who is fixated on the Napoleon III era. Since there are no windows in the living room, he commissioned muralist Gail Leddy to copy a Fragonard painting, which covers one wall—"a view I can take with me." More sheets stapled to a wood frame on the bedroom ceiling form a luxurious canopy bed, usually cluttered with papers and a Rolodex since Riley makes business calls propped against the pillows. "I have a lot of dreams here, without sleeping."

Architect **Sara Purcell,** part of the team that recently designed Ralph and Ricky Lauren's Westchester, New York, house, was lucky enough to find a prime apartment for herself—the front parlor floor of a West Side brownstone, complete with original moldings and oak paneling under layers of paint. "It was a wreck, but it also had twelve-foot ceilings," she says glancing up. "I think if you tipped this apartment on its side, it would have more square footage." To consolidate the bedroom into a loft above the bathroom, she constructed an airy building within the building and put the stair risers to use as a set of graduated drawers. For dinner parties, Thonet chairs come down from their perch atop an armoire. An architect's T square and a selection of her shoes hang on the wall above her desk. Subtle textures and finishes—unbleached muslin curtains knotted at







SARA PURCELL "To salvage space I had to perform a few tricks, such as turning the stair risers into drawers"









JOHN CHRISTENSEN

"Start with the architecture, it's the foundation of all good interior design"

the bottom, plain painter's linen upholstering a minimalist wrought-iron daybed, stippled woodwork—establish the simplicity and accentuate the serenity of the space.

John Christensen has been studying floor plans since he was a teenager. Now an associate designer with David Anthony Easton, he has mastered the classical approach to decorating. Miraculously, he transformed a characterless box in a brand-new Upper East Side tower into a stately home some thirty flights up. Crown moldings and baseboards create a sense of scale. Matching columns—"David taught me the importance of symmetry"—push the eight-foot ceilings higher. Regency-style swag curtains disguise strip windows. Blue and white porcelain, Empire bronzes, and eighteenth-century French bergères contribute a sense of grandeur. The bedroom walls are covered in a black and white chinoiserie toile accented with yellow-striped curtains and a bell-trimmed valance. Lamps give a soft glow. "I'm crazy about lamps," says Christensen. "I once had eleven of them and a chandelier in a one-room apartment."

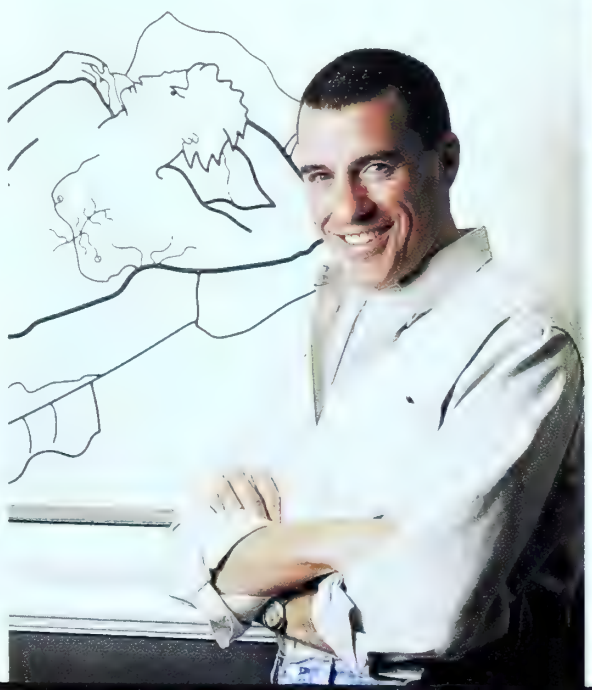
Craig Logan Jackson is catching a plane to Paris *(Continued on page 182)*

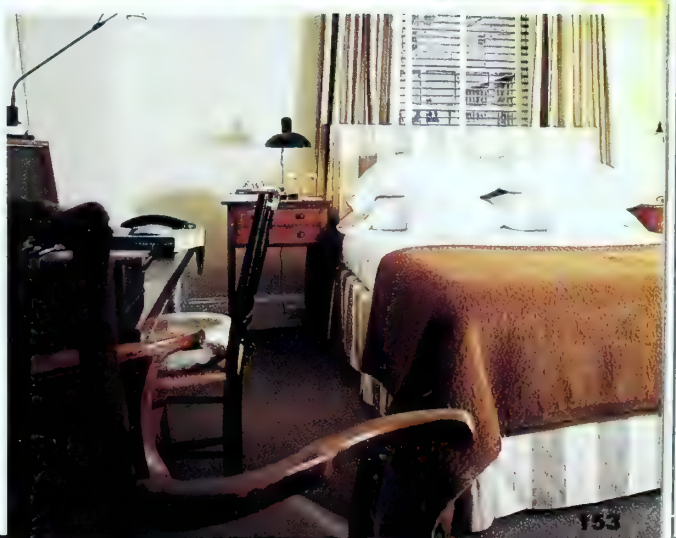
Christensen, *center right,* supplied his high-rise apartment with columns and striped cerise wallpaper from Clarence House. *Top:* Swagged curtains of silk taffeta mask the living room's strip windows. Bessarabian from Stark. *Center left:* Chinese panels adorn a living room niche. *Left:* The Manhattan skyline meets the English country house look in the bedroom, lined with Old World Weavers toile and valanced Scalamandré silk curtains. Bed linens from Palais Royal.

CRAIG LOGAN JACKSON "Decorating, like life, is an editing process. This apartment is a distillation of all I've experienced"







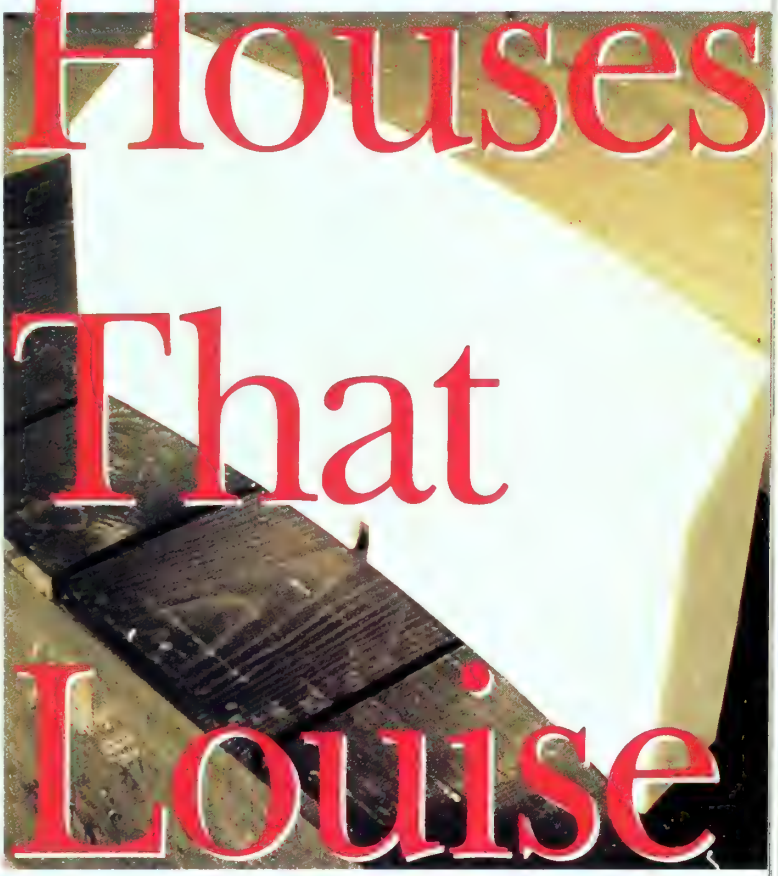


Jackson, *right,* with a wire sculpture by Jo Shane. *Above:* The living room's muted palette extends from the pale celadon walls to the striped upholstery and the Stark sea grass carpet. *Far right, center:* Regency chairs, a 1940s screen, and a Sunnex industrial lamp. *Far right, bottom:* American night tables, c. 1825, flank the bed, which has a striped headboard and a long skirt of Donghia cotton.

MICHAEL MUNDY (4)



The Houses That Louise Built



A lifetime of symbolism dwells in artist Louise Bourgeois's domestic imagery. By Paul Gardner

Produced by Susan Goldberger

WHEN LOUISE BOURGEOIS WAS AWAKENED around midnight in her third-floor bedroom, she found herself blinking into the flashlights of two New York City police officers. The imperturbable sculptor, who has outlived all surprises, was told that neighbors had spotted a prowler breaking into her Chelsea house and that he had now been captured on the first floor. The police apologized for the disturbance, but would she come downstairs and see if she could identify the intruder? She gave a world-weary sigh, a musical French sigh of amused tolerance, and murmured, "Let me think about it."

Bourgeois has lived in the house, where she raised three sons, for thirty years. "Why should I have been afraid?" she coolly asked me following the inconvenience. She shrugged her shoulders. "I've always lived in city houses where you depend on your neighbors." She then glanced around the room she calls her salon, which is crammed with photographic archives, stacks of books, a daybed with precarious springs, and a leatherette barstool where she likes to perch. "Besides, there's no money or art here," she added with a wave of her hand. "There's *nothing* valuable." Except, of course, Bourgeois herself, a fiercely independent woman who waited almost a lifetime for recognition before she finally emerged as a solid "art star" in the eighties. Today she is acclaimed as a major artist—she recently had an installation at Documenta IX in Germany and will represent the United States at the Venice Biennale next year—and museums seek out her sculpture, paintings, drawings, and prints, work that often calls to mind the haunting wit of Ionesco's plays.

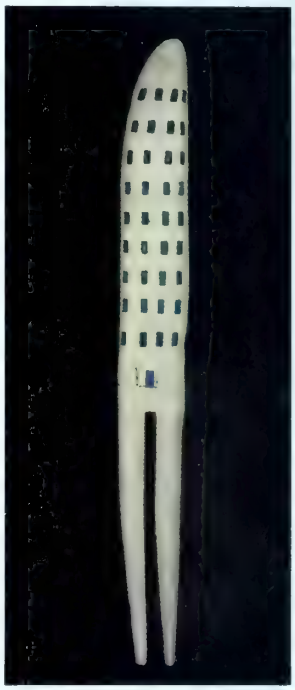
When I first visited Bourgeois's house some years ago, I was struck by the alarming presence

Louise Bourgeois, *left,* in a photograph by Penn for HG. *Above right:* The versions of houses that appear in many of the artist's sculptures often contain autobiographical references. *The Curved House,* a 1983 marble in the Bern Kunstmuseum, possesses the formal purity of an icon.



of headless women, dismembered limbs, and other body parts—in bronze, wood, latex, and marble—casually clumped together or huddled near walls. Hers is not a glamorous or cuddly art. It's deliberately aggressive. The work I saw on my early visit has since been sold or moved to her studio in Brooklyn. But the house remains much as it was, both a hub of sociability and a sanctum for meditation. Then as now, I might find Bourgeois at the center of a mélange of students and strippers, movie directors and scholars. Or I might find her serenely alone.

Bourgeois, whose sophistication is tempered by discreet curiosity, presides over her habitat like a grave little Alice—polite, indulgent, and sometimes dismissive—in a private world of her own making. "I use the house," she has often said. "It does not use me." A recurring image in her work, much of which is autobiographical, is of houses—houses with wings, with arms, houses that are part women and house interiors that she calls lairs to hide in or cells where emotional and physical pain can be locked up.



"I've lived in twenty houses," Bourgeois told me, recalling places on the Left Bank in Paris where she grew up and in Deauville where she vacationed with her parents, a sister, a brother—and her father's mistress. "My memories of houses are not always pleasant. There is anxiety and fear and a need for privacy." I once followed her as she wandered in and out of rooms, each with doors leading to three staircases. I peered down a spiral stairway, and when I looked up, she had vanished. Suddenly she reappeared, tapping on the outside of a glass-paned salon door. "I know how to keep

Architecture and the human body fuse mysteriously in *Femme Maison,* india ink and oil on canvas, 1945–47, *left,* and in a portrait of Bourgeois's son Jean-Louis, painted wood, 1947–49, *above. Opposite above:* In the bedroom, where she files her prints and drawings, a 19th-century mantel holds an untitled work in painted wood made in the 1970s. *Opposite below, from left:* The steel house and its plaster inhabitants open to view in *Fun Piece,* 1986, symbolize a harmonious community. *The Quartered One,* plaster, 1964–65, suggests flesh as well as a cavelike lair. The attenuated *Maison Fragile,* 1978, hints at precarious balances in everyday life.



'For me," says Bourgeois, "the house is a storage place for memories"













out of sight," she remarked enigmatically. "But you see, I could watch you."

Because it is where she has conjured up artful stories with pencil, paint, charcoal, wood, and marble, the house in Chelsea is a fabled place in her eyes. It's also been a reality in much of Bourgeois's life in New York. She arrived in the city in 1938, a woman in her mid twenties with three roles to fill: artist, wife (of the American art historian Robert Goldwater), and mother. Quite a juggling act, but she carried it off, and the breadth of the work she has produced continues to amaze. It ranges from dramatic totemlike pieces, representing friends she left behind in Europe, to a series of giant marble eyes—"Eyes never lie," she says—and the vivid nature studies, often breastlike or phallic, which she calls divertissements of the body.

Some of her most evocative house imagery, created in the 1940s before she devoted herself mainly to sculpture, is the *Femme Maison* series. The "woman house" in these paintings and drawings has no face: she's simply a house from the waist up. "Poor thing doesn't realize she's naked," Bourgeois told me, edging tentatively onto the barstool. "She's inside that house. She's totally passive. I am a house too, so the figures are self-portraits." Her *Maison Fragile* of the late seventies, merely a "roof" supported by four steel legs, "symbolizes the fragility within the house." A long reflective pause. "My relation to others, not just to my family, is fragile. I'm not very good at relationships." She caressed a long plait of hair, explaining, "Houses represent security. My studio in Brooklyn is not exactly a house, it is a refuge. Women must own something. A woman cannot rent. It's"—she halted, searching for le mot juste—"obscene to rent. So, despite tragedies within a house, or my own fragilities, for me the house is a storage place for memories. You have to acknowledge your memories in order to understand yourself."

She led me down to the cellar, which happens to be her favorite part of the house—the ultimate hideout, dark and primitive. Then she switched on bare light bulbs that illuminated pipes, fuse box, and hot water tank *(Continued on page 185)*

The young Bourgeois poses outside her parents' house in Choisy, *above left. Top left:* Pragmatism prevails in the artist's New York kitchen. *Left:* The basement, her favorite part of the house, appeals to the love of hideaways that inspires much of her work. *Opposite, clockwise from above:* A youthful impulse toward self-expression emerges in *Roof Song,* an early painting in oil on linen, 1947. In *Cell V,* a painted wood, marble, and metal installation, 1991, Bourgeois plays on themes of confinement and refuge. Marble *Femme Maison,* 1983, is an emblematic self-portrait late in life.

She presides over her world like a grave little Alice in Wonderland







Light and airy but not stuffy" was the way Norville and her husband, Karl Wellner, pictured their duplex. Sandra Nunnerley responded with a living room palette of soft yellows and grays and a custom chair and ottomans in stripes from Clarence House and Christopher Hyland. Sconces from Malmaison Antiques, NYC. Throw from Jeffrey Aronoff, NYC. Details see Resources.

Deborah Norville's Own Show



On or off the air, the talk show host finds the perfect backdrop for family life

By Michelle Green

Photographs by Oberto Gili

Produced by Anne Fosley





OTHERS MIGHT ADMIRE THE PLUMP love seat or the raspberry silk curtains; for Deborah Norville, the best thing about the study in her East Side duplex is that it's just steps away from the bear-stocked nursery where her son, Niki, sleeps. Unlike many mothers with high-profile jobs, Norville doesn't have to part from her child at the beginning of each workday: host of an ABC radio talk show that airs for three hours every weekday evening she uses her cleverly designed study—which is equipped with three televisions, a computer, and all of her radio gear, as well as her Emmy—as a broadcast studio. While Norville does research, nineteen-month-old Niki bangs pots in the baby-friendly kitchen. While she interviews guests like Russell Baker, husband Karl Wellner, a Swedish-born businessman, supervises Niki's evening bath. Says Norville, "Being down the hall helps take the edge off the guilt."

Polished but comfortable and, like its owners, decidedly upbeat, the Wellner apartment not only accommodates work and family life but also serves as a convivial setting for cocktail parties and sit-down dinners. "We wanted something light and airy but not stuffy," says Norville. "We wanted it to be the kind of place where guests aren't afraid to put a glass down."

"I'm not Murphy Brown," she told the painter, "and you're not Eldin"

Married in 1987, the couple bought the duplex in March 1989. "We were getting on a flight to Europe when we finally made the decision," Norville recalls. "At the very last second Karl ran to call the broker, and I was physically preventing the attendant from closing the door."

Only a pair of optimists would have gotten so excited. Neglected for decades, the apartment had gone to seed; the woodwork was rotting, and the rain-stained carpets had begun to disintegrate. "The plaster had decayed to the point where you could see the wire mesh beneath," Wellner says. With architect Annabelle Selldorf they mapped out a plan that included a new kitchen where a pair of dank maids' rooms had been, two renovated bathrooms, and a thoroughgoing restoration of the original woodwork and the living room fireplace. They then called in New Zealand–born interior designer Sandra Nunnerley. "We probably weren't the easiest people to

A gilded and painted trumeau, c. 1805, *opposite,* from Karl Kemp, NYC, hangs against faux marble tiles painted by Michael Battaglia. Chair fabric from Christopher Hyland. Patinated bronze and gilt chandelier from Nesle, NYC. *Above left:* Norville, in a Calvin Klein Collection pantsuit, and Wellner with their son, Niki. *Left:* Norville broadcasts her radio show from her study, where guests relax in a tapestry-covered love seat. Regency armchair from Trevor Potts, NYC.





In the master bedroom, *right,* taupe curtains in an Ian Crawford satin and a cashmere throw from Ralph Lauren Home Collection accent the creamy tones of the walls and the Manuel Canovas fabric on the window seat cushion. Doors over the closet open up additional storage space. *Left:* In the kitchen, photos of Norville with George Bush, Richard Nixon, and Jane Pauley overlook a custom table.

work with," Norville confesses. "We had definite ideas about what we did and didn't want."

They also had definite ideas about the amount of time they wanted to live in medias res. "Six months of construction seemed like six years," says Norville. "There's something that happens when you undergo a renovation," she adds. "Husbands have business out of town, and really clever husbands have business out of the country." Wellner, it seems, was in Tokyo as moving day, December 19, 1989, approached, "at a point when I was doing the *Today* show and at the same time filling in for Brokaw on *Nightly News,*" says Norville, groaning goodnaturedly. "Our painter, Michael Battaglia, was finishing up just before Christmas when he came to me and said, 'I'll be back on January 3.' I said, 'Michael, you're a very nice guy. But I'm not Murphy Brown, and you're not Eldin.' He realized that he was dealing with a woman on the edge of insanity."

Today the apartment has the feeling of a space whose noble character has been restored. "The whole thing was to make it look as if it had always been like this," says Nunnerley, who designed most of the upholstered pieces downstairs. Painted by Battaglia, a Colorado-based artist, the walls in the entrance hall are glazed in soft yellow and gunmetal; in the dining room, a wash of pale blue and gold; and in the master bedroom, a dappled taupe and cream. Battaglia's friezes lend a sophisticated air to the refurbished bathrooms, and granite countertops give the black and white kitchen—which is hung with photos of Norville with George Bush, Richard Nixon, and Jane Pauley—an unexpected elegance.

Family heirlooms appear in every corner. Like Wellner, the Georgia-born Norville has Swedish roots; her mother's grandparents emigrated from Sweden to Illinois in the 1880s. Handsome wooden bookshelves in the living room hold her family Bible, in Swedish, along with striking icons inherited from Karl's Russian Orthodox grandmother. The eighteenth-century clock in the same room was passed down *(Continued on page 186)*



"The whole thing," says Sand



nnerley, "was to make it look as if it had always been like this"



Monica Lynch, opposite, wearing a Todd Oldham animal print, unwinds in her "hip-hop harlem lobby." A Salvation Army and coffee table meet flea market platform shoes on an ottoman in the living area. The glass candelabra by Archimede Seguso—"the one signed thing I own"—is from Tiffany. Details see Resources.

For music mogul

The Rap on Monica

Monica Lynch,

the sound is 1990s

but the look is 1950s

By William Norwich



Photographs by Todd Eberle

Produced by Susan Goldberger







MONICA LYNCH, the president of Tommy Boy Music, one of rap's top labels with acts including Queen Latifah and Naughty by Nature, lives in the Yorkville section of Manhattan. But for anyone who knows her (or who has seen the Gap ad), it's hard to picture this one-woman band of thirty-something cutting-edge glamour and style living on the Upper East Side—even if, and with all due respect, Yorkville is the tony Upper East Side's poor cousin, it's the Upper East Side nonetheless.

Lynch's world, after all, is hip-hop, something she defines as "a kind of urban music, an attitude, and a culture that emanates from the rap community and is definitely now and tomorrow." She arrived at Tommy Boy ten years ago when she responded to an ad in *The Village Voice* and became the company's first, and only, employee. Before that she was an Oak Park, Illinois, immigrant to the city, the oldest of six children whose father owned a chain of laundromats. New to New York in 1978, Lynch worked for something called the Go-Go Agency. They managed her career as a topless dancer—and, yes, her past, dancing by day, clubbing by night, amuses her.

"You might say I've lived around the block. This is probably my thirteenth place since I moved here, but I consider this my first real place," she explains. (Her first New York apartment was a roach-infested post-punk era walk-up above a restaurant on down and dirty Saint Mark's Place.) "Sure the Upper East Side isn't my social milieu, but you don't have to *be* here to live here," she adds. The Tommy Boy offices, it should be noted, are just a half block away.

The apartment is a large L-shaped studio filled to satiety with high-trash treasures that Lynch has rescued from Manhattan's flea markets, discount houses, and the Salvation Army. It has a certain 1950s-career-girl-comes-to-New-York-chic look but with a campy twist. Consider, for instance, a 3-D picture of flowers pinned to a brick wall. "It reminds me of those 3-D pictures we had when I was growing up of Jesus winking," she says. "I begged a florist to sell me that picture; it's as much wildlife as you'll find here." Same sentiment for the ceramic Fu dogs holding court at north and south ends of the loft. "These are my pets," she says. "You don't have to feed them."

We sit on the bed—not just any bed, but a busy bed with a chevron-shaped blue and gold headboard that lights up with neon and was bought for $50 at the Salvation Army, although they wanted $100 at first. The matching chandeliers came not through Liberace's will but from a cut-rate source on the Bowery. Dazzling blue floor lights electrify the gold-flecked curtains behind the bed, and a George Michael music video, due to debut on MTV, is slipped into *(Continued on page 185)*

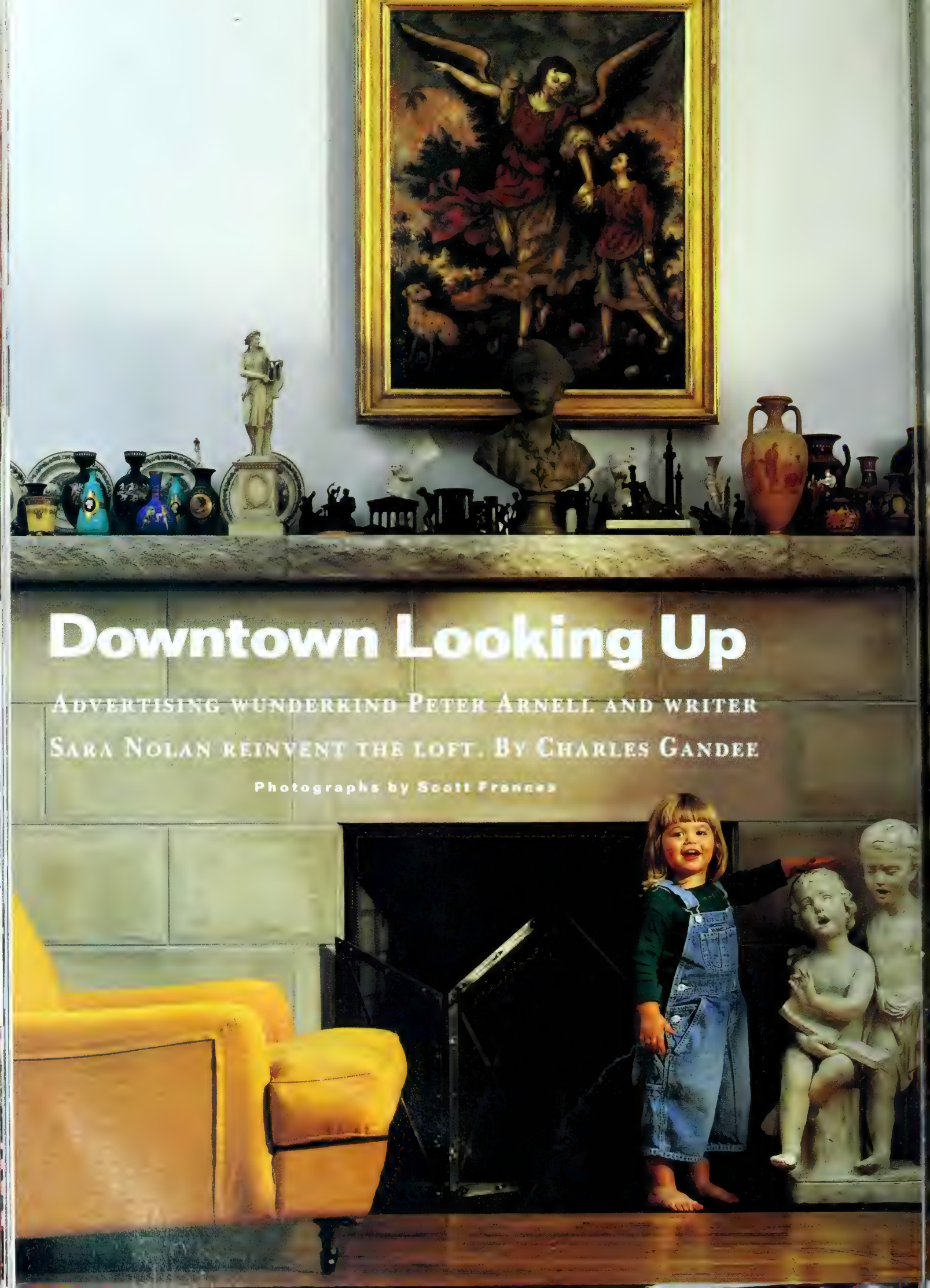


Lynch, *above left,* surrounded by Tommy Boy artists and staff. *Above center:* The kitchen counter stacked with hats. *Above right:* The laughing Buddha display. *Below:* Lynch's "unpedigreed green glass collection." *Opposite above:* A sectional sofa, disco records, and a rug after a Kurt Schwitters collage from ABC Carpet & Home, NYC. *Opposite below:* Lynch goes Las Vegas in her bedroom with a neon-lit headboard, crushed velvet spread, twin chandeliers, and a gold-flecked curtain.



"I wouldn't call this a bedroom," says Lynch. "I'd call it a boudoir"





Downtown Looking Up

Advertising wunderkind Peter Arnell and writer Sara Nolan reinvent the loft. By Charles Gandee

Photographs by Scott Frances



pair of armchairs from Yves
alard, Paris, in Old World
eavers toile, frame the Arnells'
mpire State Building view.
he Biedermeier table and 1920s
on bench are from Niall
mith, NYC. *Opposite:* Safely out
f three-year-old Lucy Arnell's
each, a dense collection of neo-
assical bibelots is displayed
n a rusticated limestone
antel. Details see Resources.

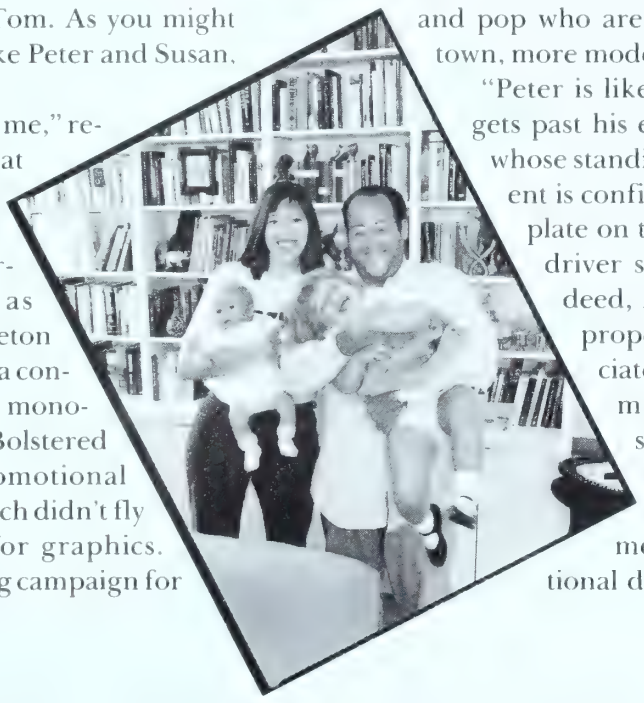
Owing to a trio of new windows, the north wall of the Arnell living room, *opposite above*, is bright and loftlike. *Below:* Owing to a book- and bust-lined arcade, the south wall is the aesthetic antithesis. The mahogany étagère with bronze mounts is from Niall Smith. *Opposite below:* Sara and Peter Arnell with one-month-old Thomas and Lucy.





As a child growing up with his grandparents in a Brooklyn apartment, Peter Arnell shared a makeshift bedroom off the kitchen with his sister, Susan. He attended PS 225, then IS 43, then Brooklyn Technical High School (where he dropped out late in his senior year), then Columbia University (where he dropped out early in his freshman year). Now thirty-three, Arnell recounts the inauspicious details of his inauspicious beginnings with the haven't-I-come-a-long-way-style pride that tends to accrue with distance and success. (Think Woody Allen. Think Neil Simon.) In Arnell's case, that distance and success might best be measured by the 2,750-square-foot Tribeca penthouse, upstairs from Isabella Rossellini, that he shares with writer Sara Nolan, their three-year-old daughter, Lucy, and, as of May 31, Lucy's new brother, Tom. As you might have suspected, Lucy and Tom, unlike Peter and Susan, each have their own room.

"Advertising has been very good to me," reports Arnell with an ironic smile that acknowledges his and partner Ted Bickford's rise to phenomenon status in their accidental career. After Arnell and Bickford met working as assistants in Michael Graves's Princeton office, they took a detour and snared a contract with Rizzoli to edit a series of monographs on contemporary architects. Bolstered by that success, they pitched a promotional book idea to Bergdorf Goodman, which didn't fly but led to a modest commission for graphics. Which led to a full-fledged advertising campaign for the upscale retailer. Which led to Neiman Marcus, to Christian Lacroix, to Fendi, to Ray-Ban, to Hanes Hosiery, to a host of other coveted clients.



Since 1985, when Arnell/Bickford Associates Marketing first hung out its shingle on a SoHo storefront renovated by architect Steven Holl, Arnell has shown himself to be a savvy and determined salesman: "I'm in a very commercial business, which is to help people make money. I'm very clear on that; everyone in the company is very clear on that." To that end Nolan contributes her copywriting talents and Arnell contributes his photography talents. (Bickford is in charge of the business end of the business, the money.) It's a classic mom-and-pop-style approach, as Arnell tells it, although Arnell's penchant for sensual imagery—most notably demonstrated by his erotic black and white pictures for innumerable Donna Karan and DKNY campaigns—suggests a mom and pop who are more urbane than hometown, more modern than traditional.

"Peter is like a living camera, nothing gets past his eye—nothing," says Karan, whose standing as valued friend and client is confirmed by the DKNY license plate on the 1959 Mercedes Arnell's driver squires him around in. Indeed, Arnell's visual prowess has propelled Arnell/Bickford Associates beyond the $50 million mark reached in 1990, besides ensuring that his family's new penthouse defies the lean and slightly mean aesthetic of the traditional downtown loft. Whether at-

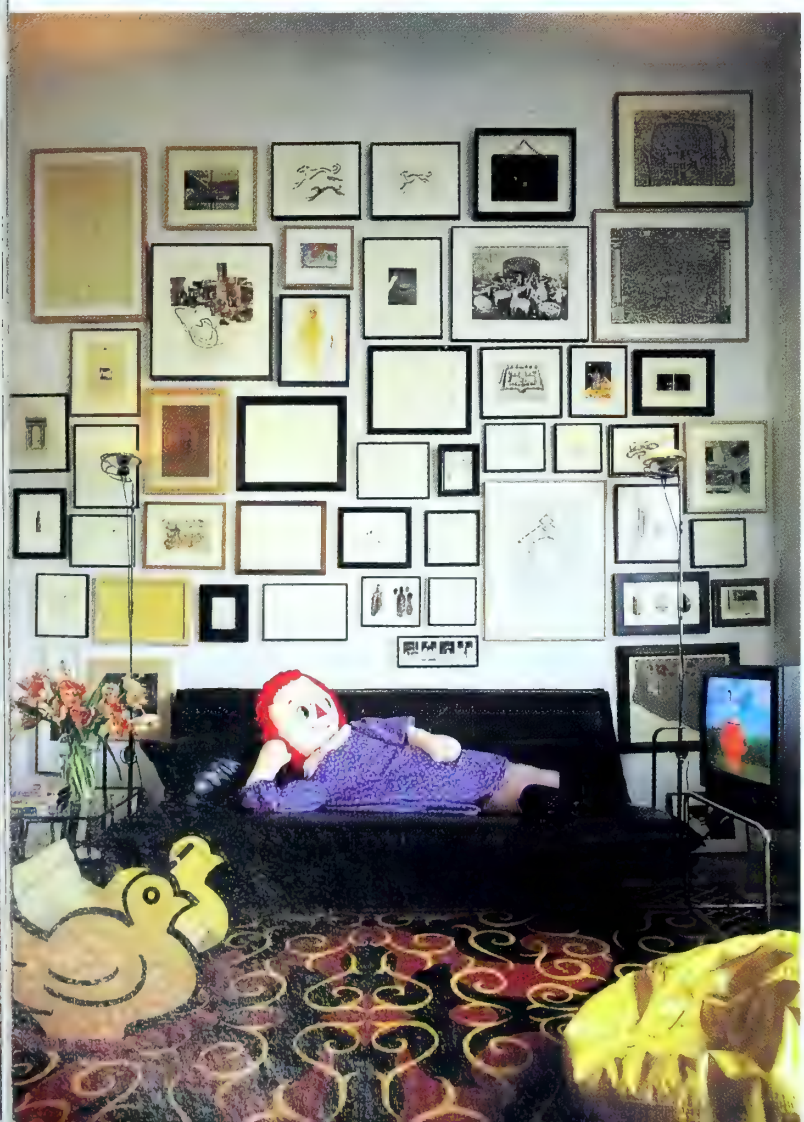


Arnell gave up architecture because he couldn't do better than Palladi

uminated by a barrel-
ulted skylight, two
rallel corridors lead, on
e left, to the front
or and, on the right, to
e bedrooms. The obelisk-
aped étagère is from
es Halard. *Opposite:*
spired by Sir John
ane's legendary London
use, Arnell embedded
e walls of the entry with
oclassical fragments.







tributable to the years Arnell spent planning to be an architect—the plan was abandoned when he decided he "couldn't do better than Palladio"—or to his eighteen-month stint with Graves, Arnell's craving for historically resonant imagery appears insatiable. As does his appetite for the Biedermeier furniture and neoclassical bibelots, the first editions, photographs of famous friends, nineteenth-century lithographs, and 101 other collections that threaten to overwhelm the overscale rooms of the oversize loft. Alongside Arnell's architectural emendations, these collections lend character and dimension—two things conspicuously absent from the neutral space Nolan found when Lucy arrived and the family's 1,000-square-foot SoHo loftette proved inadequate.

The first emphatic sign that Arnell is up to something quite different from the typical loft dweller is in the narrow but high entry corridor where unfinished plaster casts of architectural fragments, busts, and body parts are embedded in the walls in a surreal dual homage to Sir John Soane and Jean Cocteau. Terminating the ghostly entry is a massive fireplace built from "exactly the same limestone I. M. Pei used at the Louvre," according to Arnell, who adds that he always wanted a fireplace taller than himself. The third element in Arnell's renovation is a library arcade that runs the length of the living area. Crowned with busts and drawings, the book-lined wall (complete with rolling ladder) provides density and richness to the unwieldy space. The arcade also supplies a much-needed anchor for the adjoining basketball court–size living/dining/kitchen area that Arnell left essentially open.

"Nothing gets past his eye—nothing," says friend and client Donna Karan

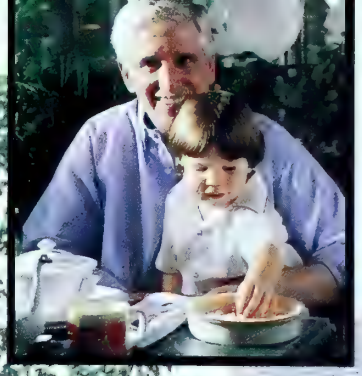
"I know of no one so driven in business, in collecting, in instant decision making, as Mr. Arnell," says Niall Smith, the Greenwich Village antiques dealer without whom Arnell's loft, if we are to believe Arnell, would be almost empty. "It's an intense collection, and it's worth a fortune," says Arnell. "If I ever go out of business, I can open a store." Until that day arrives, however, the collecting, the amassing, the assembling will undoubtedly continue. Especially now that Arnell and Nolan have bought the 2,000-square-foot floor below, which they plan to turn over to Lucy and Tom and, according to Arnell and Nolan, Lucy and Tom's future siblings. ♠

In the television room, *left,* Raggedy Ann takes it easy on a black leather sofa flanked by Achille Castiglioni floor lamps from Flos. The Bonetti and Garouste carpet is from En Attendant les Barbares, Paris. The chick rocking chair is from the fifties. *Above:* Lucy on the library ladder. *Opposite:* In the almost-minimalist master bedroom, a gilded mirror from Niall Smith reflects a 19th-century English mahogany dinner trolley that holds a pair of 19th-century French ceramic lamps adorned with oriental faces.





Manhattan apartment dwellers rarely devote more than one room to dining. Not so Joseph Cicio. R. H. Macy & Co.'s senior vice president—the person who oversees every visual detail in every Macy's, I. Magnin, and Bullock's store—is also a master entertainer. In his East Side duplex, Cicio has devised three locations for feasting.



great ideas



URBAN DINING PAVILION Cicio, *top right*, with his two-year-old son, transformed a "flat barren terrace with no privacy" into a garden aerie for alfresco entertaining, *above*. Hundreds of flowering plants and herbs in terra-cotta pots create an ever-changing backdrop for a table partially enclosed by a Chippendale-style trellis, stained gray so as not to detract from the garden. All-weather curtains of gray cotton duck block the wind and introduce what Cicio calls a "residential feeling." Steel shellback chairs, a Cicio design available at Macy's Herald Square, NYC, are both fanciful and unobtrusive. Just-picked geraniums and an English astrolabe serve as centerpieces for a lunch of tomato pie and green salad, *right*. Details see Resources.

DAVID FRAZIER



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great ideas



BREAKFAST GARDEN ROOM Cicio salvaged a corner of the former master bedroom for use as a breakfast room, *left*, located near the kitchen but not adjoining it. The addition of gray shutters to the windows, weathered antique mirror panels to the walls, and greenery all around lend the space a tranquil tropical feel that reminds Cicio of winter garden rooms in Italy. (During the cold months the room becomes a haven for terrace plants.) On the table formal antique china—Limoges pieces bearing the Austrian royal crest, a Meissen swan—is playfully mixed with children's ironstone ware from Tiffany & Co., a Mexican toy horse, and dish towels posing as napkins.

"Whether I'm entertaining formally or informally, I always rely on a few well-placed antiques to set the mood"





GOURMET COLLECTOR'S CABINET To create a dining area with a sense of history, *right*, Cicio lined a room with Regency-style shelves and paneling and then followed advice given years ago by his friend Slim Keith and painted the walls a warm red for vitality. Framed intaglios and an English portrait hang in front of the table on which Cicio arranges bronze and silver objects, including cockerels and a beehive-shaped sewing box that belonged to Keith. *Above:* Baccarat glasses and Buccellati flatware surround Chinese export plates in blue and green, the only bright colors in the vicinity other than red.



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Fine Tuning

(Continued from page 146) library—"but it is best to have a piece of furniture that absolutely doesn't belong. It's the hardest thing to convince clients that they should get this one wrong thing. And to find the right wrong thing, the thing that is not so wrong as to be ridiculous, that's the greatest task of all."

At the dining room windows are shutters of a moody blue green with traces of gold, reminiscent of shutters in an old villa in the Italian lake region. "The table opens up to seat twelve—about three times a year."

As we enter the bedroom, she shrugs. "You see? Four main rooms, some old things, some bright colors. I can't imagine what you can write an article about." But a minute later she adds, "Every time I come home, I remember how much I like it here." The bedroom has a touch more chaos than the rooms downstairs. There are boxes half unpacked, and shopping bags dropped on a chair. By the bedside are Proust, Edith Wharton, and *The Satanic Verses*. Geneviève Faure apologizes politely for the mess. But in fact it isn't a mess and she isn't sorry about it—and neither are you. ♠

Julian Schnabel

(Continued from page 124) around the pool at Hadrian's Villa. . . . They are joined together in the fraternity of something missed."

The balcony leads me to the music room where a Jacopo Vignali painting from 1695 hangs near a Steinway grand piano from 1930. Nearby, an eighteenth-century French daybed bears tattered upholstery of silk velvet in brilliant pink. A French Empire sleigh bed is neighbor to a painted metal field marshal's chaise with its original Napoleonic bees upholstery. An Aubusson carpet contrasts with the bare concrete floor, and Schnabel's *Sublime Vision de Merde*, 1989, fills a side wall. In a corner two matador's trajes de luces from Seville in the 1950s glitter on T-shaped steel crosses made by Schnabel, while tables by Frank Lloyd Wright and Antonin Raymond are ready for everyday use. "These juxtapositions are about creating an illusion of memory," says Schnabel.

A bear skeleton strides across the piano top; a perfect swan skeleton and massive hippopotamus skull are placed on furniture like vases of flowers. Their source, says Schnabel, is the "mysterious London attic" of Alistair McAlpine, a man of "amazing enthusiasm" who runs a West End shop, Erasmus & Co., and has a zoo in Australia. "He has all these rare objects—neolithic stone axes, Celtic and Byzantine rings, feathers from the Amazon."

Disparate objects conspire to create a sense of ludic luxury. As a first-time visitor, I am gifted with the birthright of kings: I am at utter ease amid timeless treasures. The disarray reminds me of the Egyptian Museum in Cairo. Thomas McEvilley wrote of Schnabel's paintings, "In their layering of different ages they present human history also as a kind of long communal walk down the streets of everyday life where clumsily scrawled names and phrases on stained swatches of cloth are like bits of paper flying by in the wind." He might as well have been talking about Schnabel's house.

A labyrinth of smaller spaces are clustered on the upper floors. The nursery is furnished with 1920s pieces from upstate New York, an Alvar Aalto sideboard, a table made by Schnabel, and a large 1985 canvas by Don Van Vliet, also known as Captain Beefheart, as well as work by George Condo and James Nares and paintings by Schnabel's children. A seventeenth-century Belgian tapestry hangs, nonchalant, behind a bathroom door. In the kitchen, drawings by Jean-Michel Basquiat and Joseph Beuys rest against a shimmering orange and yellow silk brocade appliqué on silk velvet, a panel from a Moroccan tent.

The artist's own bedroom used to be a bathroom; it still has a sink. "I feel here as if I am in a tent," he says, "on a faraway campaign." The windows are covered. "It's all about having your eyes open. You can look into a corner of a room and see the world. Instead of a window there is a great painting." Here are Dürer and Picasso, Piranesi and Picabia and Man Ray. "The artist's humanity and the decisions he took—that's my river view."

In a catalogue, Schnabel is quoted as saying, "All paintings, in fact, are metaphoric. . . . It reminds you of something that you might have seen, a key to your imagination. . . . A painting can't help but allude to a world of associations that may have a completely other face than that of the image you are looking at." Perhaps that is why the defiantly diverse mosaic of the artist's house is harmonious, even soothing. Objects are not merely their distinct selves but are poignant, carefully chosen clues—keys to the imagination. Crossing the threshold, the visitor enters a unified landscape of references, inspirations, recognitions. To these we add our own and are welcomed into that warm conspiracy of metaphoric association called home. ♠

Young Designers

(Continued from page 152) in an hour—after an all-night birthday party—but you'd never know it. He's as cool, calm, and collected as his apartment in a 1925 Greenwich Village building. Hard to believe this once looked "as if a Winnebago had parked here." The previous owners sheathed everything in ersatz pecan paneling. "It just spoke and said, 'Rip me out,'" says Jackson, who painted the walls pale celadon and stained the floors warm black "so things could float on an ebony ground." Sea grass matting, charcoal drawings, and Regency chairs are all part of the monochromatic effect. Tall adjustable industrial lamps curve over an 1820 American desk and a Formica-topped Noguchi table, their long thin necks animating the space. "Things used to be more rigid, with furniture perpendicular to the walls, but people don't live on grids." Jackson deliberately kept a low horizon line, which he finds restful. "I like the apartment best in the late afternoon. I love watching the dance of shadow and light." ♠

Prime Time

(Continued from page 111) I think about a lot of what I do. It isn't really too far out on the edge, but it's not the Old World either."

What *is* old-world is the extraordinary craftsmanship that Marino and his team lavished upon this apartment. "The touch of the human hand," to use the designer's phrase, is everywhere, from the undercurtains in the master bedroom which took artisans in Italy a year to make to the mahogany woodwork that was installed unfinished, then hand-waxed and polished.

No two sections of wallpaper are exactly the same; each is hand-printed from woodblocks. "Metal rollers produce very hard-edged patterns," Marino says. "And the things in the closets are as fine as the things outside." Like the lining of a great couture dress? "Right! That literally is true if you look at the textiles we used to line all the cupboards and the hand-blocked papers to line the drawers."

All this makes Marino's next statement all the more remarkable: "I don't find this a formal apartment. There is too much comfortable seating, too many squishy banquettes. Formality to me is six Louis XVI chairs in a big salon. And I find that certain modern work is horribly formal." Indeed, it's clear that the more casual parts of the house appeal to him as much as the majestic dining and living rooms. "There was the fun of designing the kids' rooms," he reminisces. "And Priscilla's study is divine."

In the end, the three distinct personalities collaborated in harmony. Which is not to say that the three years it took to plan and finish the apartment were without stress. "I was going nuts—I have no patience for the process," confesses Rattazzi. "I want to move right in, put my roots down, and never move out again." Her husband, on the other hand, was patient. "I understand you have to take time," he explains. "You don't get a place that you're really going to love in six months."

The reward is in the living. "I love it that you float through this building," Whittle says. "It's fun walking around the place. Getting up and going to the kitchen is fun. It's uplifting." ♠

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View from Wave Hill

(Continued from page 134) asking Stufano for successful plant combinations elicits a short sermon. "I'm sick and tired of everybody talking about plant combinations, copying everyone else, making gardens that are too thought out. We do much more gardening by informed guesses than by formula." Stufano seems to live by the maxim "Show, don't tell." All the same, he did divulge to the *Wave Hill Members' News* last spring that one novel combo, an orange dahlia with a pink aster, produced the "Barbra Streisand effect—a jarring combination of plants that initially sets your teeth on edge, but that you learn to appreciate . . . for its strength of character, its gutsiness."

Stufano has no plans to commit his changeful gardens to paper. "The art of a garden is in *doing* it. It should never be 'done.' There's a great tendency in the U.S., fostered by the media, to raise everything to a level of great art, and that doesn't make sense for a garden, because it becomes precious and static. It won't happen here," vows Stufano, who has a degree in art history from Brown. The Flower Garden, which has a homey heirloom charm, dates from the mid 1980s when Stufano ("I'm not a rose person") and Nally ousted the old chemically dependent, high-maintenance rose garden. "No matter what we did we'd end up with those funny little hybrid teas that have to be in those ugly beds." The Cinderellas Stufano chose to transform "those ugly beds" were herbaceous perennials, especially turn-of-the-century clematis, iris, and peonies. But because "too many good plants have come along since the original gardens were designed," he explains, "we're not tied to that period." Any more than he feels tied to a public garden mentality. "Public gardeners can't always plant with the public in mind. That leads to very safe, predictable gardening."

Stufano also believes Wave Hill's mission is to educate the public, "to raise people's consciousness of plants they can grow. Public gardens that are largely for display will grow the usual, often to perfection, in vast numbers—the Rockettes type of thing, and that's cheating the public." Wave Hill's visitors actually take notes on the clematis tepees, the border "brush-up" sticks (rough twigs used as natural stakes), the mix of perennials, biennials, and annuals with an occasional potted greenhouse habitué.

If not every Wave Hill plant is labeled yet, the one hundred varieties in the Herb Garden are—and entertainingly. Take costmary: "In colonial America . . . known as 'Bible Leaf' because churchgoers used its long fragrant leaves as bookmarks. If one became bored or drowsy during a sermon, the leaf might be nibbled or the nose would be treated to its minty scent." The herbal folklore shows a wide-angle view of plants that ranges beyond the standard institutional focus. When Stufano began gardening in the Bronx—after growing up in Queens, the son of Italian immigrants who farmed the railroad tracks that bordered their yard—he began traveling abroad in search of perennials then unavailable in this country. "That has changed entirely in the past several years," he remarks. "We now have many nurseries here producing terrific plants that before you could only get in England." If he remains an egalitarian plantsman, it is thanks to T. H. Everett's emphasis on "not being a plant snob. Petunias and sunflowers are wonderful. And rare is not necessarily wonderful." Stufano is partial to succulents ("all structure"), half-hardy Mediterranean plants, salvias, all things gray, and species roses. Egalitarianism has its limits, though. Rhododendrons and azaleas are "formless blobs."

His generalism stood him in good stead during the metamorphosis of the rose garden. Stufano grew "temp" flowers: his "$16.30 Garden," all annuals whose seed packet price came to $16.30. These borders allowed him to "play with the soft and undulating style of planting" that has become a Stufano signature—but not a formula. After a quarter-century of cultivating the Bronx, he is nowhere close to running out of ideas for Wave Hill. "If you're curious there's always something new," he says. "There's all the old stuff to grow in new combinations. And those curve balls that nature throws you." ▲

For information: Wave Hill, 675 West 252 St., Bronx, NY 10471; (718) 549-3200.

Houses Louise Built

(Continued from page 158) with surgical brilliance. "Everything that makes the house function starts here," she announced. "If there is a water shortage, if the electricity goes wrong, it takes place here. The basement is the foundation of everything, just as the unconscious is the foundation of your personality." The light was turned off as she sought another staircase up.

Ducking beneath a low arch, we arrived in the kitchen, which is the most idiosyncratic room in the house. Bourgeois scorns the concept of an enormous American kitchen. Her galley is no larger than an apartment foyer: just as her art tools are kept close at hand, so are her culinary ones. Something seems to be missing, though, and is. There's no stove, just a two-burner hot plate and a toaster oven. "Now, the story of the stove," Bourgeois began solemnly, like Alice addressing the March Hare. "When my husband passed away in the seventies, I did away with the stove. It was a symbolic action. For if the master of the house isn't here, what is the need of a stove? So I only use a pressure cooker. I once had a big dining table. I chopped it up, and it's part desk, part table." Her reasoning is perfectly rational, very Louise Bourgeois.

One morning I visited her studio, two floors of a former warehouse in Brooklyn where she was working on large marble pieces. When it was time for me to leave, she realized we were locked in. Her assistant, who had the keys, would not arrive until that afternoon. The question was how to get me out from behind the looking glass of Bourgeois's world before then. The windows in the street-level cavern where she carves metaphors for isolation, violence, and sexual fantasy all had bars. We trudged up and down corridors to a forbidding metal door, which she deftly unbolted. It creaked open a few inches onto a debris-strewn lot and wouldn't budge any farther. In the gloom of the hallway we looked at each other in silent understanding. "I knew we'd find a way," she assured me as I wedged myself through the opening. Outside I turned to say good-bye. The door was bolted. Louise Bourgeois had disappeared. ▲

Rap on Monica

(Continued from page 168) the VCR for review. "Great sound," I say. "Oh, yeah, well, you've got to have good audio on the TV for the work thing," says Lynch as she continues to explain her studio. "I really wouldn't call this a bedroom, I'd call it a boudoir. There's a sort of Las Vegas thing going. It's meant to be a mantrap," she laughs, "designed like a Chevy. I never got to make out in the backseats of cars, so I'm making up for it now."

Across the way in the living room area, there's a table laden with Buddhas—not the sober Tibetan type but the fat jolly ones that symbolize prosperity. There are also bowls of beaded fruit, popular in the 1940s. "They're gaudy and they pick up light, which is why I'm attracted to them," says Lynch. Against the walls there are stacks of old albums with a heavy emphasis on disco. Vinyl, says Lynch, is "going the way of the dodo, which is sad—album covers are miniature pieces of art." There are about 1,000 more albums in a nearby closet, and there are chests of drawers filled with vintage Kenneth Jay Lane jewelry, shelf displays of "unpedigreed green glass," and a kitchen counter sagging with floppy reggae-inspired bonnets and baseball caps, including examples from the Tommy Boy clothing line Lynch oversees. And there's more, much more.

"Every few months I figure out something new I want to collect, then I start collecting it with a vengeance," explains Lynch. "I don't think a person should allow their possessions to possess them but every Sunday morning there I am, off at eight to the flea market on 26th Street. I'm committed to clutter in a major way. It's hard for me to focus on the big things, the furniture and getting the paint job done, but the goofy accessories—they procreate."

"I could accessorize until the day I die," says Monica Lynch, "chillin' " in her "hip-hop hacienda," or, to translate, kicking back with a Diet Coke in her Day-Glo neo–Doris Day bachelorette castle. ▲

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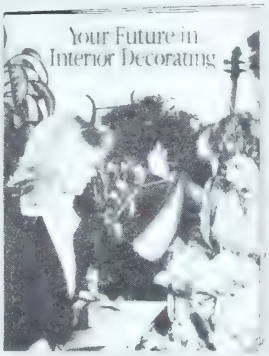
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Norville's Own Show

(Continued from page 164) from Norville's maternal grandmother, as was a pastoral landscape by an American painter named Hunter Thompson. A sterling christening cup sits near a silver box engraved with a picture of the chocolate factory in Estonia that belonged to Wellner's grandfather; both were packed hastily when the family fled during World War II, "one step ahead of the Soviets."

Aesthetics aside, all of this hominess provides a distinct advantage for a working journalist. Norville confesses that interview subjects are often thoroughly disarmed by the time they climb the stairs and settle into the tapestry-covered love seat in her raspberry-colored study. "They're so relaxed," she says sweetly, "that they sometimes talk as though we're by ourselves." ▲

Resources

GARDENING
Pages 46, 48, 50 Farm & Garden Nursery, 2 Ave of the Americas, New York, NY 10013; (212) 431-3577. Chelsea Garden Center, 501 West 23 St., New York, NY 10011; (212) 929-2477. Plant Specialists, 42–25 Vernon Blvd., Long Island City, NY 11101; (718) 392-9404 Keil Bros., 220–15 Horace Harding Blvd., Bayside, NY 11364; (718) 224-2020

PEOPLE
Pages 78, 80 Architecture, by Ross Anderson of Anderson/Schwartz Architects, NYC (212) 608-0185, San Francisco (415) 495-5878. Aluminum chairs (#1006), by Emeco, for dealers (800) 366-5951 **78** Askew wall clock, by M&Co, $120, for stores (212) 243-0082

STYLE
Page 100 Coe Kerr Gallery, 49 East 82 St., New York, NY 10028; (212) 628-1340. Limited-edition signed and numbered lithographs of selected Brennan work, from Chalk & Vermilion, 200 Greenwich Ave., Greenwich, CT 06830; (203) 869-9500, fax (203) 869-9520. *Skyshades*, by Fanny Brennan, $17.50, to order from Panache Press/Clarkson N. Potter (800) 733-3000

PRIME TIME FOR THE WHITTLES
Pages 104–13 Architecture, design, by Peter Marino Architect, 150 East 58 St., New York, NY 10022; (212) 752-5444, fax (212) 759-3727

JULIAN SCHNABEL'S VELVET TOUCH
Page 122 Plum Velour cotton for curtain, at Rose Brand Theatrical Fabrics, NYC (800) 223-1624 Skeleton, similar at Erasmus & Co., London (71) 437-4760 by appt Napoleon I chaise, similar at Christopher Gibbs, London (71) 439-4557. **123** 1929 linoleum, arts and crafts maple chair and sofa, similar at Secondhand Rose, NYC (212) 431-7673. **124–25** Skeleton, skull, similar at Erasmus (see above) **126–27** Wool carpet, c. 1930, similar at Secondhand Rose (see above)

TRIBECA'S COUNTRY AIR
Page 138 Christian Francis Roth, 336 West 37 St., New York, NY 10018, (212) 239-0130. Upholstery, by Marc Tash Interiors, NYC (212) 385-2243

FINE TUNING TRADITION
Pages 140–47 Decoration, by Geneviève Faure, 880 Lexington Ave., #3A, New York, NY 10021; (212) 734-7742. **140–41** Belvoir cotton/viscose on sofa at left, Anatole cotton on far sofa, Caravan cotton on armchairs at right, to the trade at Quadrille, for showrooms (212) 753-2995 Versailles wallpaper, to the trade at Christopher Hyland, for showrooms (212) 688-6121. English giltwood convex mirror, c. 1815, similar at Philippe Farley, NYC (212) 472-1622. Late 19th century embroidered screen, similar at Juan Portella Antiques, NYC (212) 650-0085 Custom pillow fabrication, to the trade to order at Le Decor Français, NYC (212) 734-0032 Custom curtain fabrication, giltwood finials, to order at Design for Creative Living, NYC (212) 563-0597 Decorative painting, to the trade by David Robertson, Livingston (518) 537-5116 **142** Custom cabinetry, designed by Geneviève Faure, fabricated by Laszlo Sallay, NYC (212) 866-0112 Custom upholstered sofa, to the trade to order at Furniture Masters, Brooklyn (718) 599-0771 Prince Noir Tapestry cotton/wool (color shown not available) for carpet, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, for showrooms (212) 838-7878 **143** Late 19th century French chandelier, French Empire sofa, similar at Reymer-Jourdan Antiques, NYC (212) 674-4470 Green Damask Barbizon 02 cotton/silk for table skirt, to the trade at Trade France, NYC (212) 758-8330 **144–45** Mac Donald Duck cotton for slipcovers, to the trade at Decorators Walk, for showrooms (516) 249-3100. English mahogany console table, c. 1850, similar at Christopher Hodsoll, London (71) 730-3370. Late 19th century carpet, similar at Reymer-Jourdan (see above) Custom curtain and slipcover fabrication, to the trade to order at Trade France (see above). Decorative painting, by Pierre Finkelstein, NYC (212) 285-0542. **146–47** Custom mahogany upholstered sofa, to the trade to order at Trade France (see above). Plain Stripe linen/cotton on pillows and bench, at Bennison Fabrics, NYC (212) 941-1212. Needlepoint-covered ottoman, similar at Valley House Antiques, Locust Valley (516) 671-2847. Late 19th century English mahogany desk, similar at Lubin Galleries, NYC (212) 924-3777 French Empire mahogany desk chair with bronze mounts, similar at Hubert des Forges, NYC (212) 744-1857 Bed linens, similar at Schweitzer Linen, NYC (212) 249-8361, outside NY (800) 554-6367, catalogue available. Cotton Duck Bisque (#RL1481-8) for curtains, to the trade at Decorators Walk (see above). Custom curtain fabrication, to order at Design for Creative Living (see above)

NEW YORK'S YOUNG DESIGNERS
Pages 148–49 Decoration, by Frédéric Jochem Architectural Design, 240 Central Park South, New York, NY 10019; (212) 956-1840. Contracting, by Sibony Contracting Corp., NYC (212) 744-5510 Painting, by Silverlining Interiors, NYC (212) 243-6133. Furniture upholstery and curtain, tablecloth, and bedspread fabrication, by Upholstery Unlimited, NYC (212) 924-1230. **148** Whorled patinated-brass halogen table lamp with sandblasted acrylic shade in portrait, $375, to order from Jeff Brown of Amtkoviak, NYC (212) 580-8253 by appt. Faux stone painted fire surround, by Arthur Fowler and Pascale Patris, Brooklyn (718) 935-0822. One-of-a-kind wing chair, by Jerry Van Deelen, similar at Jerrystyle, NYC (212) 353-9480. Custom Fauve cotton on wing chair, to the trade at Tressard, for showrooms (201) 365-2001. Louis XVI painted beechwood slipper chair, 17th-century bronze doré candlesticks, similar at Revillon D'Apreval, Paris (1) 42-61-27-36, fax (1) 42-61-43-70. Velours Gascogne cotton/linen on side chair, Arabesque fibranne/silk for undercurtains, Ottoman cotton/viscose for walls, Pullman Cloth linen/cotton/polyester on sofa, to the trade at Clarence House, for showrooms (212) 752-2890 Dimorphic patinated-brass halogen table lamp with sandblasted acrylic shade in living room, $450, to order from Jeff Brown of Amtkoviak (see above). **149** Coconut Weave sisal/coir for walls, Chinese sea grass for carpet and headboard, to the trade at Stark Carpet, for showrooms (212) 752-9000. Antique metallic gold trim for wall, ceiling, and pillow on bed, similar at M & J Trimming, NYC (212) 391-8731 Bellini silk damask for tablecloth, to the trade at Christopher Hyland, for showrooms (212) 688-6121. Renna Suede on dining room chairs and bedroom walls, Moire Ombria cotton/linen for bedspread, Shantung Marinella silk on dining room ceiling, to the trade at Clarence House (see above). Dining room wall upholstery, by Custom Interiors, NYC (212) 737-8824. One-of-a-kind iron/bronze sconce in bedroom, similar from Doug Mayhew, NYC (212) 769-9436 by appt. **150** Decoration, by Charles Riley, 323 East 8 St., New York, NY 10009, (212) 473-4173; 402 South Alexandria Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90020, (213) 383-5838 Custom murals, by Gail Leddy, NYC (212) 247-0915. Turkish-influenced settee, c. 1890, in Art Nouveau velvet, similar at Martin Cohen Antiques, Water Mill (516) 726-6501 by appt. Edwardian slipper chairs, similar at the Business in the Barn, Hadlyme (203) 526-3770. Paisley Park cotton/linen/rayon damask on slipper chairs, to the trade at Hawver, for showrooms (212) 477-4217. Antique kilim, similar at ABC Carpet & Home, NYC (212) 473-3000. Antique giltwood floor lamps and 19th-century camel tabouret, similar at P. A. Burke Antiques, Salem (508) 745-9478. Gunmetal folding campaign table, at Heart of the Lion, San Francisco (415) 567-1712. 17th-century Portugese giltwood mirrors, similar at Cobweb, NYC (212) 505-1558. American Victorian carved walnut brackets, similar at John Koch Antiques, NYC (212) 243-8625. 1920s Egyptian Revival fabric panel on wall, similar at Maison Gerard, NYC (212) 674-7611. Mondrian cotton bouclé on screen, to the trade at Clarence House (see above). Augusta chintz on club chair pillow, to the trade at Quadrille, for showrooms (212) 753-2995. Custom-color Willow hand-blocked wallpaper in bedroom, to the trade to order at Sanderson, for showrooms (212) 319-7220. **151** Architecture, by Sara Purcell, Architect, NYC (212) 787-3185 Custom bleached mahogany armoire and cast-iron arrow stand, similar to order from Sara Purcell (see above). Stairs, armoire, executed by cabinetmakers Amberg & Hinzman, Brooklyn (718) 858-1500 142-inch wide unbleached muslin for curtain, at Rose Brand, NYC (800) 223-1624. **152** Decoration, by John Christensen of David Anthony Easton, 323 East 58 St., New York, NY 10022; (212) 486-6704. Three-Over-Stripe wallpaper, to the trade at Clarence House (see above). Faille Lamballe silk taffeta for curtains, Frange Moulinée with Jasmins fringe on curtains, to the trade at Tassels & Trims, NYC (212) 754-6000 by appt One-of-a-kind handmade Bessarabian, c. 1950, similar at Stark (see above) Empire bronze on center table, similar to the trade at John Rosselli, NYC (212) 772-2137. Damas Orion cotton/silk (used on reverse side) on Régence armchair, to the trade at Clarence House (see above) English Regency papier-mâché tray-on-stand cocktail table, similar at Kentshire Galleries, NYC (212) 673-6644 Claudene Chinoiserie Toile cotton for walls, to the trade at Old World Weavers, for showrooms (212) 355-7186 Decatur Stripe Taffeta silk for curtains and dust ruffle, to the trade at Scalamandré, for showrooms (212) 980-3888. Egyptian cotton 200-thread count sheets and pillow shams, from Palais Royal, for stores (800) 322-3911. Leopard wool carpet, to the trade at Stark (see above). **153** Decoration, by Craig Logan Jackson, 50 East 10 St., New York, NY 10003; (212) 477-5692 Chinese sea grass carpet, to the trade at Stark (see above). Noguchi Formica-topped table with wire/iron base, c. 1955, 1950s Robsjohn-Gibbings brass lamp, similar at 280 Modern, NYC (212) 941-5825. English regency fruitwood armchair, similar at Kensington Place Antiques, NYC

(212) 533-7652. Bertoia steel ottoman, at KnollStudio, division of the Knoll Group, for dealers (800) 445-5045. Fidelio chintz (#4301-08) on sofa pillow, to the trade at Manuel Canovas, for showrooms (212) 752-9588. Enameled-metal wall sconce, to order from Craig Logan Jackson (see above). English regency mahogany chairs, similar at Frederick P. Victoria & Son, NYC (212) 755-2549. Sunnex metal halogen gooseneck floor lamp (#708-55), by Sunnex, for information (800) 445-7869. Flasher patinated-lead sculpture on table, by Rosemarie Castoro, similar at Hal Bromm Gallery, NYC (212) 732-6196. Jo Shane wrought-iron sculpture, similar from Jo Shane, NYC (212) 679-0925. Borghese cotton for bed and curtains, to the trade at Donghia Textiles, for showrooms (800) 366-4442

DEBORAH NORVILLE'S OWN SHOW

Pages 160–65 Architecture, by Annabelle Selldorf of Selldorf & Van Campen, 25 Mercer St., New York, NY 10013; (212) 219-9571. Design, by Sandra Nunnerley of Sandra Nunnerley Interior Design, 112 East 71 St., New York, NY 10021; (212) 472-9341. Decorative painting, by Michael Paul Battaglia, Littleton (303) 979-3009. Curtain and bedspread fabrication, by Garance Aufaure, NYC (212) 517-7273. **160–61** Taffeta Stripe silk on chaise pillow and ottoman, to the trade at Clarence House, for showrooms (212) 752-2890. Silk stripe (#WTTSTP1) on armchair and ottoman, Bellini silk damask for chair pillow, to the trade at Christopher Hyland, for showrooms (212) 688-6181. Empire giltwood sconces, similar at Malmaison Antiques, NYC (212) 288-7569. Babylon Solid chenille throw, at Jeffrey Aronoff, NYC (212) 645-3155. **162** English mahogany armchair, c. 1815, similar at Trevor Potts, NYC (212) 980-7830. **163** French gilded/painted trumeau, c. 1805, similar at Karl Kemp Antiques, NYC (212) 254-1877. Mid 19th century patinated-bronze/gilt chandelier, similar at Nesle, NYC (212) 755-0515. Cotton/silk stripe (#BLRRIGA5C) on chairs, to the trade at Christopher Hyland (see above). **164–65** Olympic Satin trevira for curtains, bedspread, and pillows, to the trade at Ian Crawford, for showrooms (212) 243-6250. Cashmere cable throw (color shown not available), from Ralph Lauren Home Collection, for stores (212) 642-8700. Merindol viscose/cotton on window seat cushion, to the trade at Manuel Canovas, for showrooms (212) 752-9588. Silk organza (#BH132) for Roman shades, to the trade at Christopher Hyland (see above). French painted chest of drawers, to the trade at Julia Gray, NYC (212) 223-4454. English silver plate candlestick lamps, at Karen Warshaw, NYC (212) 439-7870

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Gandee

Little round tables are the secret to Alice Mason's success

Among those for whom such things matter at all, an invitation to dinner at the Manhattan apartment of realtor-to-the-rich-or-famous (or, ideally, both) Alice Mason matters a lot. It matters because, if we are to accept the accepted wisdom, it acknowledges that the recipient has arrived at a certain state of socioprofessional grace: that the recipient is somehow deemed worthy to rub shoulders with Alice's loyal coterie—a group that tends to include Diane Sawyer, Norman Mailer, Barbara Walters, Tom Brokaw, Helen Gurley Brown, Walter Cronkite, Gloria Steinem, and whoever else might be circling in the firmament of political and media stars.

Dutifully chronicled in the pages of *W* and the *New York Post* by Alice's absolutely-most-frequent guest, I-was-there-and-it-was-fabulous society columnist Aileen Mehle (a.k.a. "Suzy"), these always-black-tie, always-for-precisely-sixty dinners—which Alice deducts from her taxes—have achieved something approaching cult status over the years and garnered Alice a prominent niche in the hall of fame of hostesses. And in terms of networking, if one can apply the parlance of mid-level management to upscale Alice, they are the sine qua non—as Dominick Dunne made clear when he immortalized Alice and her dinner parties in *People Like Us*.



To hostess Mason, placement is everything.

No accident.

Alice, who celebrates her sixtieth birthday this month, has been giving dinner parties since the late fifties when as a young real estate agent about town she thought it might be worthwhile to introduce her "society type" friends to her "movie type" clients at eat-on-your-lap-style dinners in her one-bedroom apartment. Though Alice had not yet made her name "integrating," as she says, those limestone fortresses along Park and Fifth that once separated "them" from "us," she nonetheless managed to choreograph the kind of coups that every hostess dreams about: "Marilyn, I'd like you to meet Alfred Vanderbilt; Alfred, I'd like you to meet Marilyn Monroe."

"The main responsibility of the hostess is not to bore your guests"

Alice upped the social ante in 1962 when she moved into her current apartment, a pleasant enough place on—where else?—the Upper East Side. Here Alice has transformed the gentle art of entertaining at home into a science. And as with any science, there are rules.

"The main responsibility of the hostess is not to bore your guests," claimed Alice recently. "The most boring thing is those big round tables where you talk to your right and you talk to your left and a half hour later you think, 'Why can't I go home?' " To preclude such a possibility, Alice deploys through three rooms of her apartment forty-two-inch and thirty-six-inch round tables around which she crowds eight and six people, respectively. Being cramped is key, said Alice, who has plate service from the kitchen, as opposed to waiter service at the table, because "if a waiter can come between guests to serve, the table is too big." Besides, she continued, waiters are a distraction to conversation, and according to Alice, conversation is everything.

To keep conversation lively, Alice designates a host at each table, as well as a "monitor" charged with making sure that there is but one conversation per table. "I am very strict about only one person talking at a time. No one talks to their right or left here." I asked Alice if she was also very strict about the traditional boy-girl seating rule. "Always," she replied. "I think if a woman is seated next to a woman, she feels she didn't get the best seat."

More tricky are husbands and wives. "You know," said Alice, who has been married three times but who has been single for a long time, "there are not a lot of couples in which both husband and wife are interesting." That being the case, at least to Alice's mind, she limits the number of couples to fifteen, and those she separates not merely by table but by room. No wives, no husbands complain? "I wouldn't have people like that," said Alice, who used to be even more unforgiving on the subject. Back in the seventies, when she was "really naughty," Alice would routinely invite a husband without his wife. "Tell her it's a working dinner," Alice recalled telling Ivor Richard, then British ambassador to the UN. When he protested, Alice begrudgingly acquiesced: the wife could come—"but she can't have a good seat because who is she except married to you?" Though she laughed as she told the story—which meant, I suppose, it wouldn't happen quite the same way today—I had the sense that in this hostess's mind, now as then, New York dinner parties are no place for sissies.

Charles Gandee

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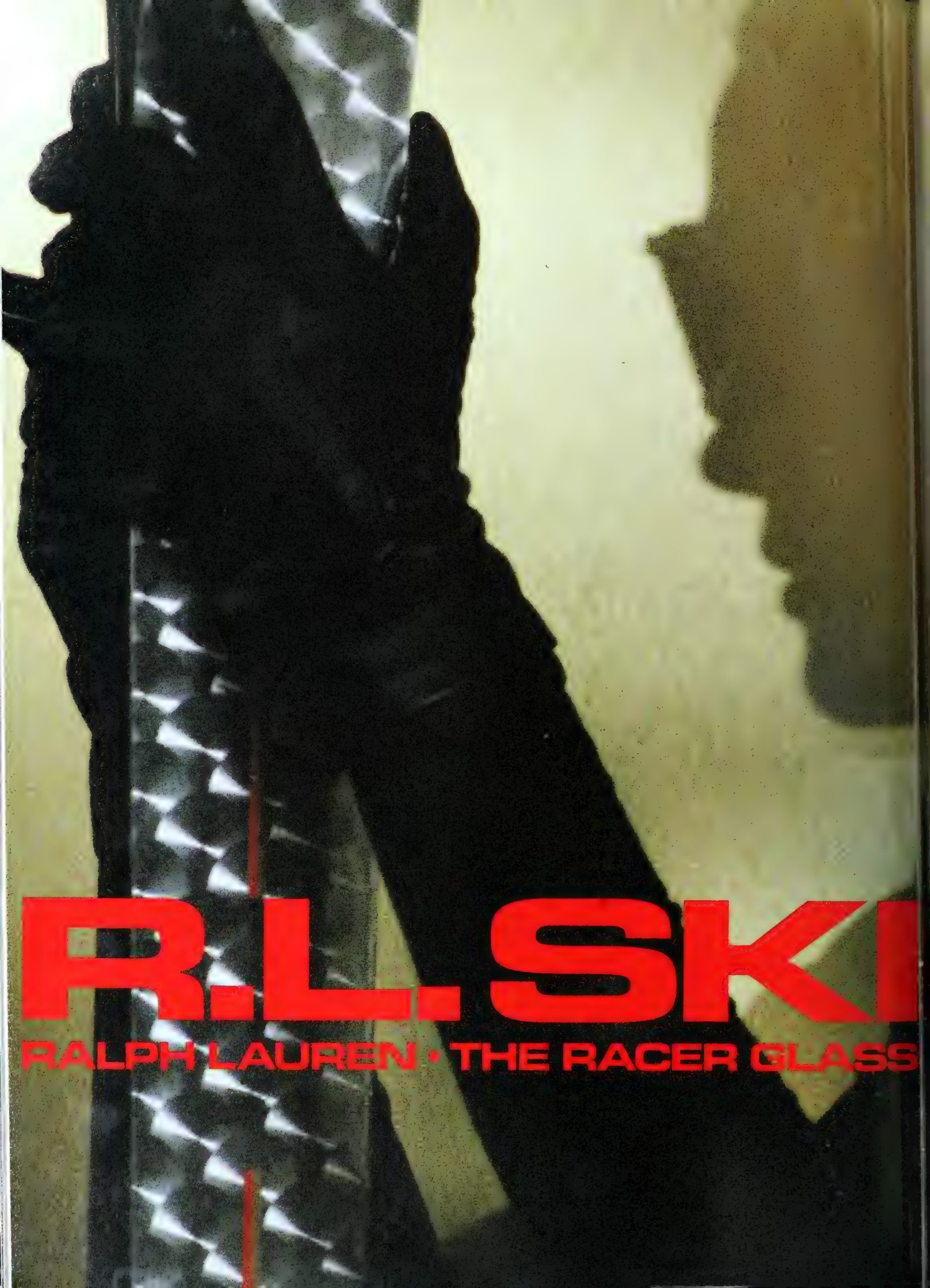


Design Analysis: The Making of a Room

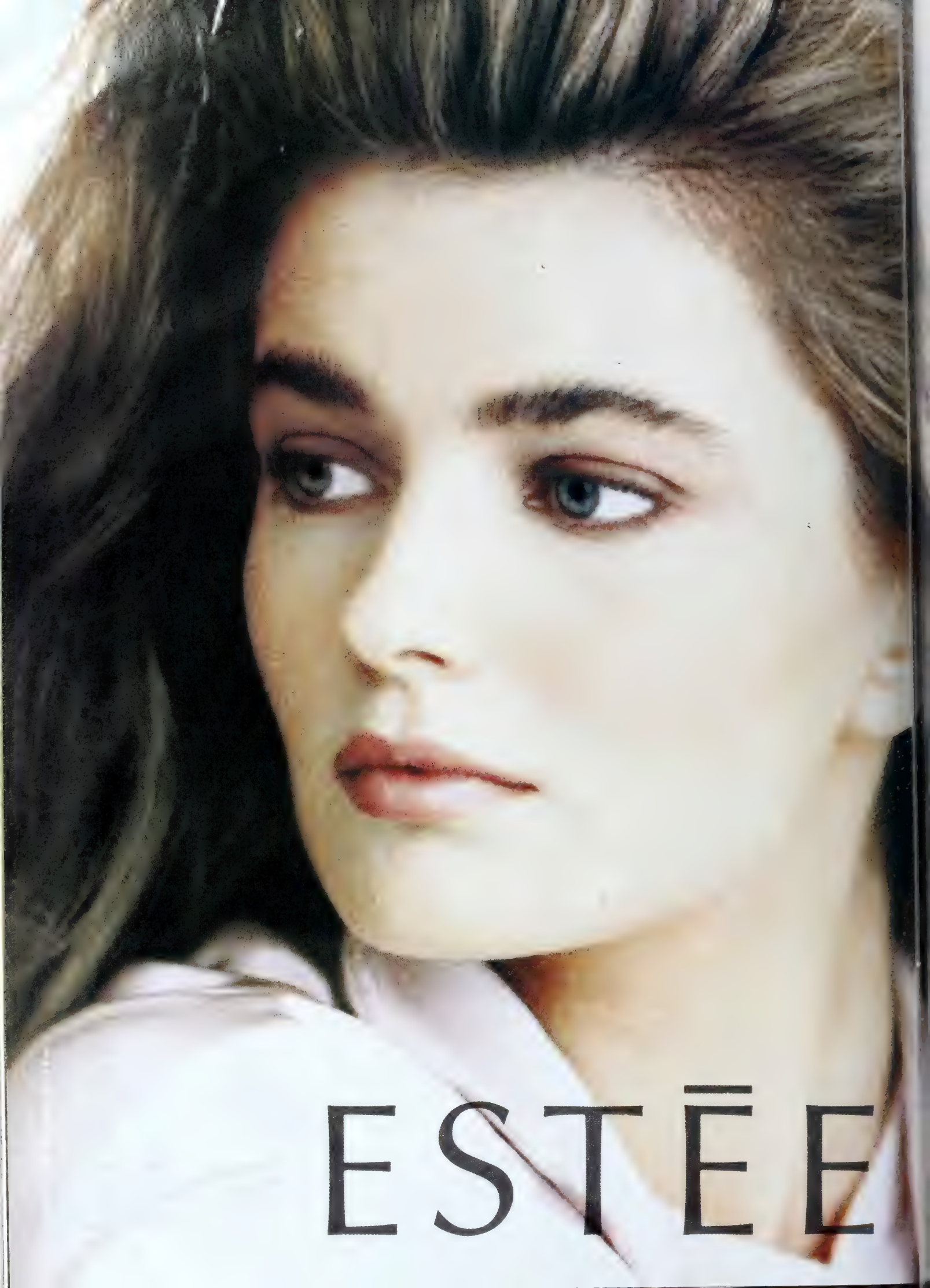
The New American Garden, California Style

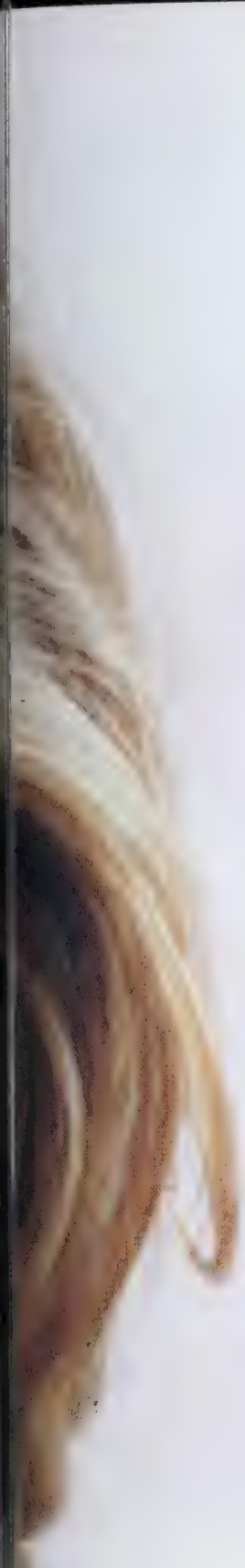
Dream Houses on a Colorado Ranch, Mississippi Plantation, Caribbean Island

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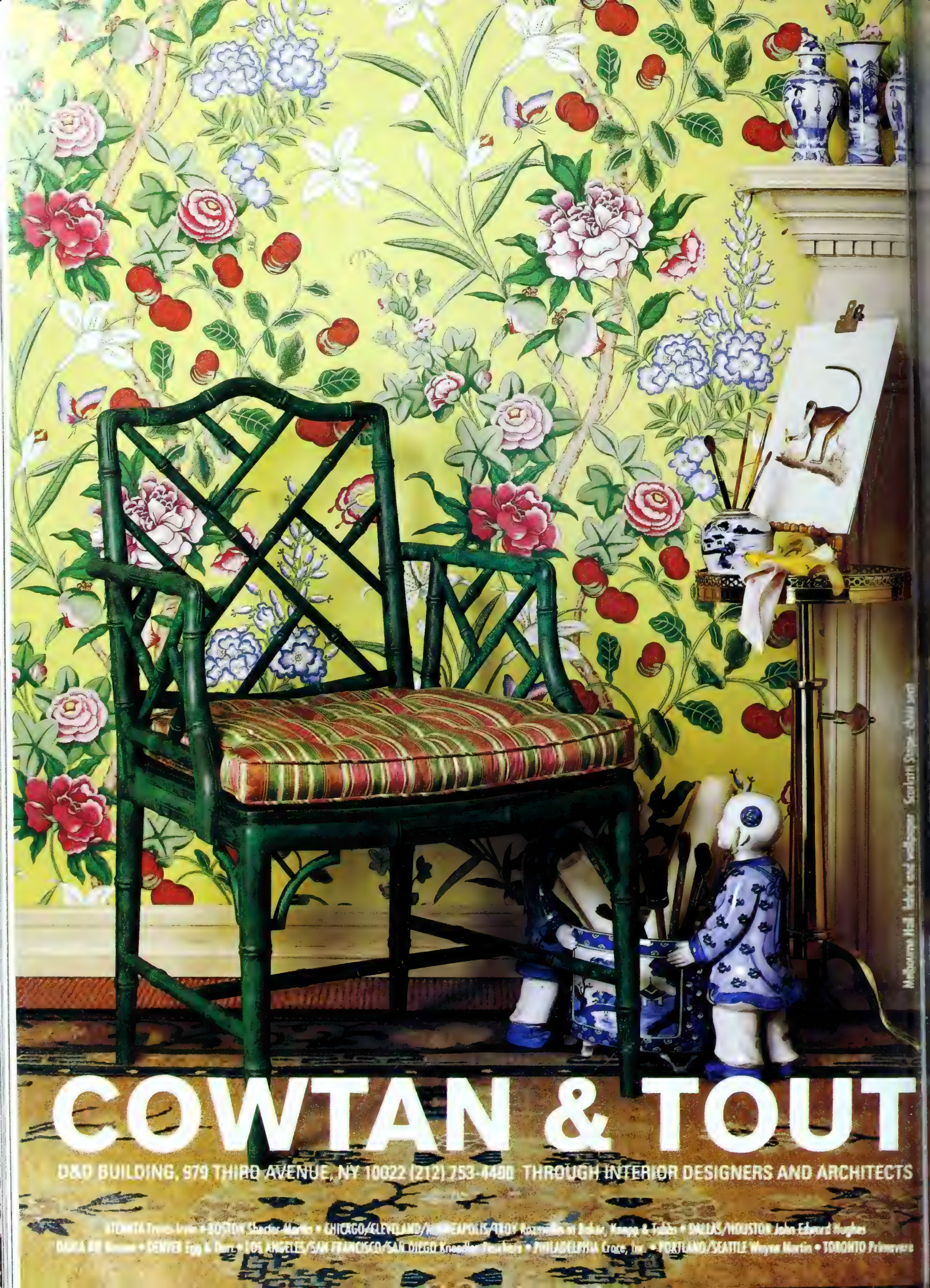
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M. F. K. Fisher, 1908–1992

NOVEMBER

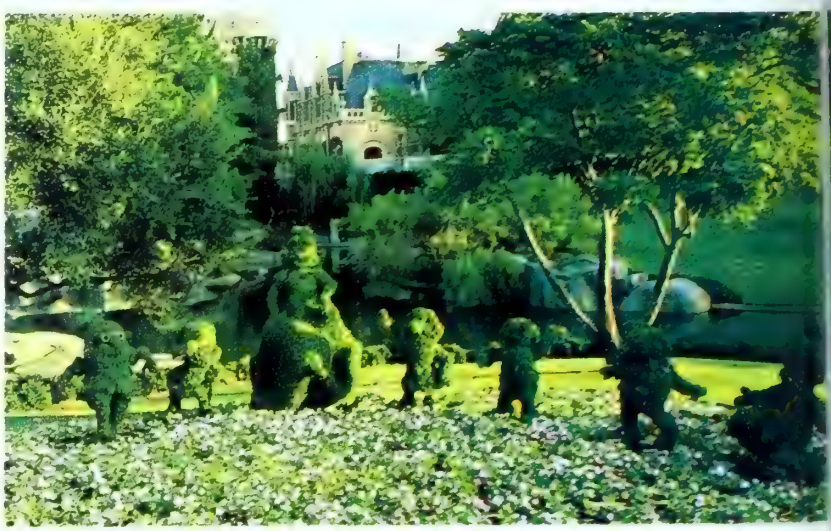




Linens with an edge, top. Page 196. Above: A cranberry clafoutis fit for breakfast. Page 110.

HG

Timney-Fowler's vivid neoclassical prints at Go Silk, above. Page 118. Below: Disney World's story-telling topiaries. Page 68.



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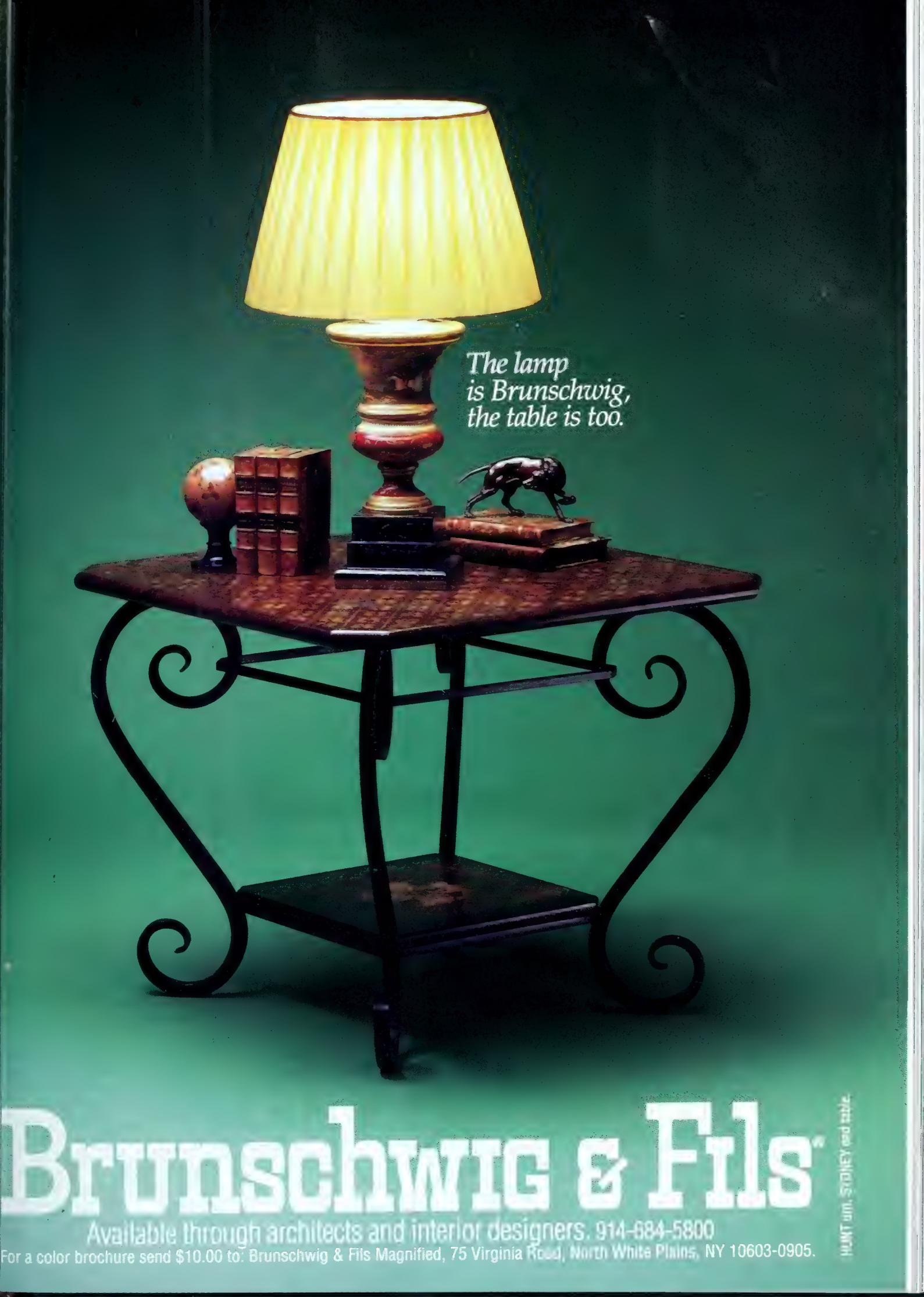
Gregor von Rezzori's novels include *Memoirs of an Anti-Semite*, *The Snows of Yesteryear*, and *The Orient Express*, published last month by Knopf. For HG he describes American art historian Milton Gendel's rooms in a Roman palazzo. "I admire Milton's ability to live graciously amid the hubbub of Rome," says Rezzori, who himself lives in a farmhouse in Tuscany with his wife, Beatrice Monti della Corte, an HG consulting editor.



Gabriella De Ferrari has held posts as assistant director of the Fogg Art Museum at Harvard and director of the Institute of Contemporary Art in Boston before moving to New York. In this issue she writes about the "domestic galleries" François Catroux created in a Park Avenue apartment for a couple with an eclectic art collection. The author of *A Cloud on Sand*, Ferrari is at work on her next novel.


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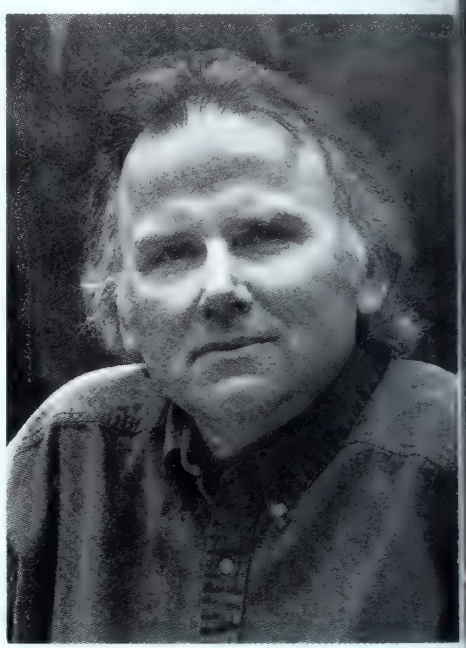
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Contributors Notes



Nancy Richardson inaugurates her column "On Taste" with an essay about the evolution of antiques as decorative elements. A former *House & Garden* editor and a partner in Ursus Press, a new art book publisher in Manhattan, Richardson has assembled a vast library on the history of taste—a subject she will explore regularly in HG.



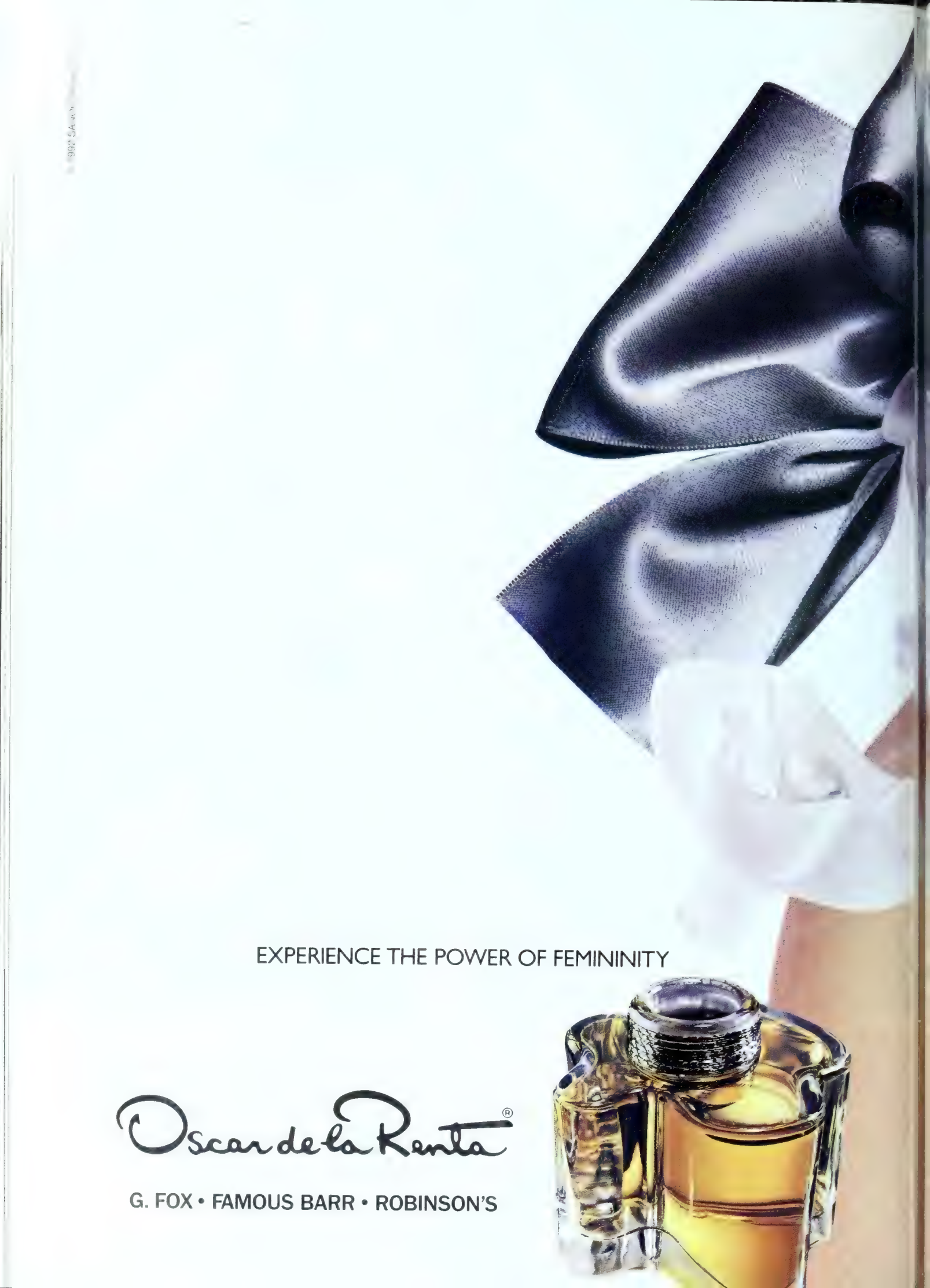
John Thorne and his wife, Matt, produce a newsletter called *Simple Cooking* out of their kitchen in a former fishing cabin in Steuben, Maine. For the "Food" column he writes about his fall specialty, cranberry clafoutis—"a very custardy popover or a puffy crisp-edged custard." Thorne's *Outlaw Cook* was just published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux. He is assembling a collection of American recipes for his next book, *Serious Pig*.



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HG REPORTS ON THE NEW AND THE NOTEWORTHY By Eric Berthold



"I appropriate images from old-master paintings and tell new stories with them," says Nicholas Gilman (*right*) of the unique screens he paints in his SoHo studio. Vegetables from a Spanish still life take on a graphic monumentality on a four-panel screen (*above*). Another combines a traditional French medallion design with hands from Velázquez. Trained as a figurative artist, Gilman works in oils, usually on wood, in formats ranging from tabletop triptychs to seven-foot-high screens with as many as eight panels. (Nicholas Gilman, 285 West Broadway, Suite 410, New York, NY 10013; 212-274-1576)



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Faux Gothic Trompe l'oeil artist Faith Crowell has a brush with New York society in *Trick of the Eye* (*left*), a novel by Jane Stanton Hitchcock (Dutton, $19).

Notes



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Mirror, Mirror Cartoon classics inspire Aris Paganakis's Vanity Affair (*below*) at Entrée Libre, NYC (212) 431-5279.



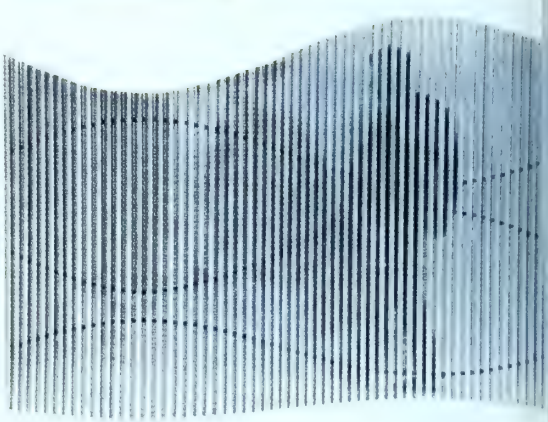
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OPEN HOUSE HG editor in chief Nancy Novogrod will speak on Oct. 26 at the Litchfield County Designer Showhouse, Roxbury, Conn., which is open Oct. 4–Nov. 1. Call (203) 753-0381.

View for a Room Voyages d'Anthénor (*below*) is among the antique French wallpaper panels available from Carolle Thibaut-Pomerantz, (212) 759-6048 by appt.





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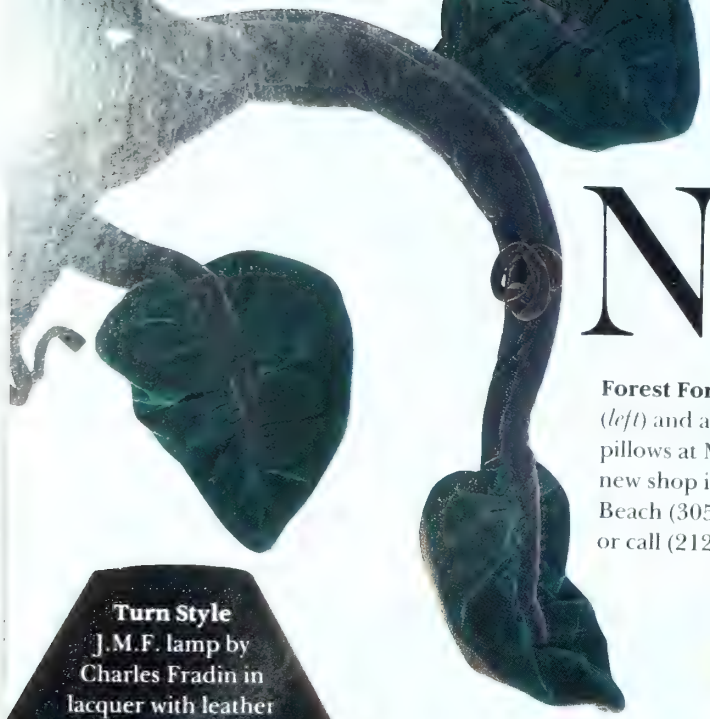
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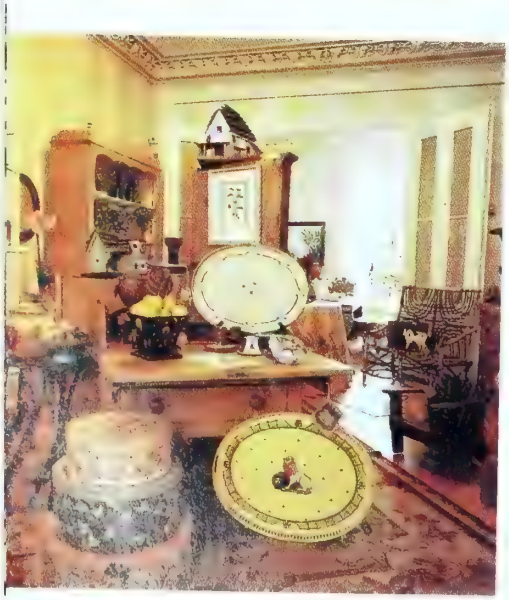




Mikado Moderne Screen by Keichū, c. 1920, from Liza Hyde, NYC (212) 752-3581, is at the Armory for the Modernism Show, Nov. 19–22. For show information (212) 777-5218.



Book Value New editions worth a look: *The Forgotten Orchids of Alexandre Brun* by Phillip Cribb (Grove, $75); *Barn* by Elric Endersby, Alexander Greenwood, and David Larkin (Houghton Mifflin, $50); *Opulent Textiles: The Schumacher Collection* by Richard E. Slavin III (Crown, $50); *In Artists' Homes* by Roberta Kimmel (Clarkson Potter, $40); *L.A. Inside Out* by Paddy Calistro and Betty Goodwin (Viking, $40).



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The Genealogy of Antiques

The decorative allure of age has a long and distinguished history

BY NANCY RICHARDSON

The use of old objects and furnishings in contemporary settings is as much a cultural habit as a style of decoration. The eclectic approach mixes decorative arts and ideas from several periods. The historicist approach attempts to re-create a single period. The most modern approach is perhaps the oldest: the use of anything visually affecting, not caring whether it's called art or furniture, simply as something beautiful to look at. This was how the Renaissance viewed the ancient past, and it is the origin of our use of the word "antique." In 1450 antiques meant Greek and Roman sculpture. Contemporary art done in the spirit of classical antiquity was described as "after the antique." A connoisseur—a humanist, artist, or cleric, or, more typically, a prince or his wife—collected both old and new art as a matter of the greatest pride. The finest, not the largest, of these treasures were displayed in a small refined study, or studiolo, itself a work of art intended to show the owner's erudition and cultural aspirations.

A studiolo could be thirty years in the making. In the case of Mantegna's patron Isabella d'Este, it started out as a fashionable exercise—something that went with her rank and education—and ended up a tour de force of collecting and artistic patronage. Isabella's inventory memorialized the most valued objects of the early High Renaissance. The princely cabinet of the baroque, the eighteenth-century French equivalent hung with small seventeenth-century Dutch pictures, and the English antiquarian's study or library in the manner of Sir John Soane were all successors to the Renaissance studiolo. Long after the fact, the Renaissance reverence for the classical past was to remain an absolute standard against which all art was measured. The idea of the antique—not just the admiration of ancient sculpture, but a taste for fragments and architecture in ruins—became the dusty, still, yet romantic world of antiquarians. The word "antique," however, became an umbrella term for anything old.

From 1600 on, certain prized possessions were handed down from generation to generation, and sometimes sold at auction. The best things from the seventeenth century—Flemish tapestries, big state beds, large Dutch ebony cupboards set with pieces of oriental porcelain, Japanese lacquer cabinets mounted on English carved giltwood bases, Italian cabinets inlaid with pietre dure panels, or French cabinets like fantasy temples—were desirable antiques for eighteenth-century collectors. A seventeenth-century cabinet was thought to be especially handsome in a room with Dutch pictures of the same period and a set of "modern" chairs.

It was in the eighteenth century that furniture both at court and in the large town houses of a prosperous bourgeoisie developed beyond the simple generic types that had been the rule for two hundred years. Tens of new kinds of seat furniture—light, elegant, and comfortable—replaced massive rectilinear armchairs, sofas, and stools. This explosion of ideas was reflected in every other aspect of decoration, from paneling to porcelain and metalwork. Even before the end of the century, furnishings made under the ancien régime were becoming the antiques that would be popular for the *next* two hundred years. The English led the way.

As early as 1786, the prince regent and his friend Lord Hertford developed a passion for black boullework: both the kind made for Louis XIV in Boulle's workshops and the equally beautiful late eighteenth century models made by Levasseur and Weisweiler, who recombined elements of old Boulle cabinets. The prince and Hertford also bought quantities of eighteenth-century porcelain, gilt-bronze ornaments, and chimneypieces. The prince's rebuilding and redecoration of Carlton House went on for thirty years. It was a scandal for a hundred reasons. It was also the first highly successful, well-documented case of a rich man with *(Continued on page 58)*

Classical marbles crowd the London library of collector Charles Towneley, shown at right with fellow antiquarians in a portrait by Zoffany, 1781–83. In reality, much of the sculpture was arranged throughout the house.



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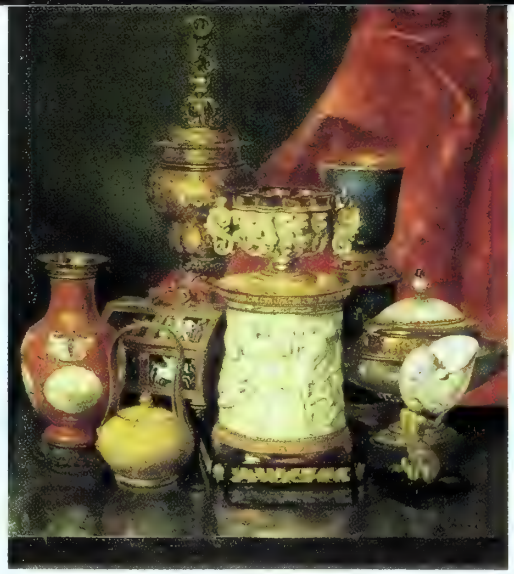
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great taste who wanted to incorporate what he had collected into an elaborate scheme of decoration. He owned the finest old furniture, but his use of it was visual, not pedantic. His placement of the old pieces wasn't like the eighteenth century's nor was he wedded to the idea of pairs and sets. Carlton House wasn't meant to be a museum, it was just meant to take your breath away.

The prince may have liked the furniture of the ancien régime because it was royal, but he certainly didn't like it just because it was old. Nor did he use English furniture, new or inherited, unless it worked with his schemes. Nothing was done at Carlton House in the spirit of duty. His taste was not like country house taste with its accumulations and inherited furniture. The prince's attitudes were neither really English nor totally French. They were international, sophisticated, and personal. Except for the magnitude of his possessions and the size of his house, his use of antiques as decorative or fantasy objects in a contemporary setting was close to our own. What we would add that the prince did not is a sense of upholstered comfort. That was to be the contribution of the Victorians and their counterparts throughout Europe.





An eclectic 1844 still life of treasures at William Beckford's house near Bath, above left, displays a romantic taste for antiques as objets d'art. Above right: England's prince regent placed 18th-century French furniture in a neoclassical sitting room at Carlton House, 1819.





Fabric-clad walls and ceiling, above left, unify the mixture of antiques and modern pieces in a Paris dressing room depicted by watercolorist F. E. Villeret, 1848. Above right: In his New York dining room, decorator Ogden Codman combined Louis XVI originals with copies, 1912.

In Paris by mid century, fashionable interiors affected a bourgeois coziness in which neither antiques nor new furniture matched. What visual coherence there was came from vivid-colored, strong-patterned walls, whether papered, upholstered, or curtained. In 1848 François-Étienne Villeret did three watercolor views of a Parisian collector's quarters. These rooms are densely furnished. The antiques appear to have been chosen for their character or charm rather than their importance. There are sconces, mirrors, candelabra, and chandeliers that seem to be from different periods in the eighteenth century and not all French—some may have been later copies. Each interior has a piece of black boulle. The new upholstered furniture is all different sizes and shapes. The charm of these rooms is their intimacy. They also represent rich taste, of course, but it is low-keyed rather than pompous. More often the taste of nineteenth-century bankers and industrialists was less confident. Diaries and letters of the Second Empire are full of dinner parties given in settings described as overstuffed, overprovenanced, and parvenu.

Englishmen led the way in collecting French eighteenth-century furnishings as antiques

The empress Eugénie personified the continuing taste for Bourbon furniture, and for her, royal associations were key. She sought to have furniture of the highest renown even in small private rooms. A watercolor by Fournier of her dressing room at Saint-Cloud shows a variety of Louis XVI chairs along with modern ones that were buttoned, tufted, and upholstered over springs. (She refitted period bergères with springs to make them more comfortable.) There is a writing table by Riesener from the Petit Trianon and two low cabinets in rosewood by Wassmus in the style of Riesener. In her study the records indicate a Louis XV desk from the Pavillon Marsan at the Louvre and some extraordinary black furniture by Carlin (for Louis XV's daughters, Mesdames de France,


Most things can be carried off in style.
Liz claiborne
HANDBAGS

at the château de Bellevue).

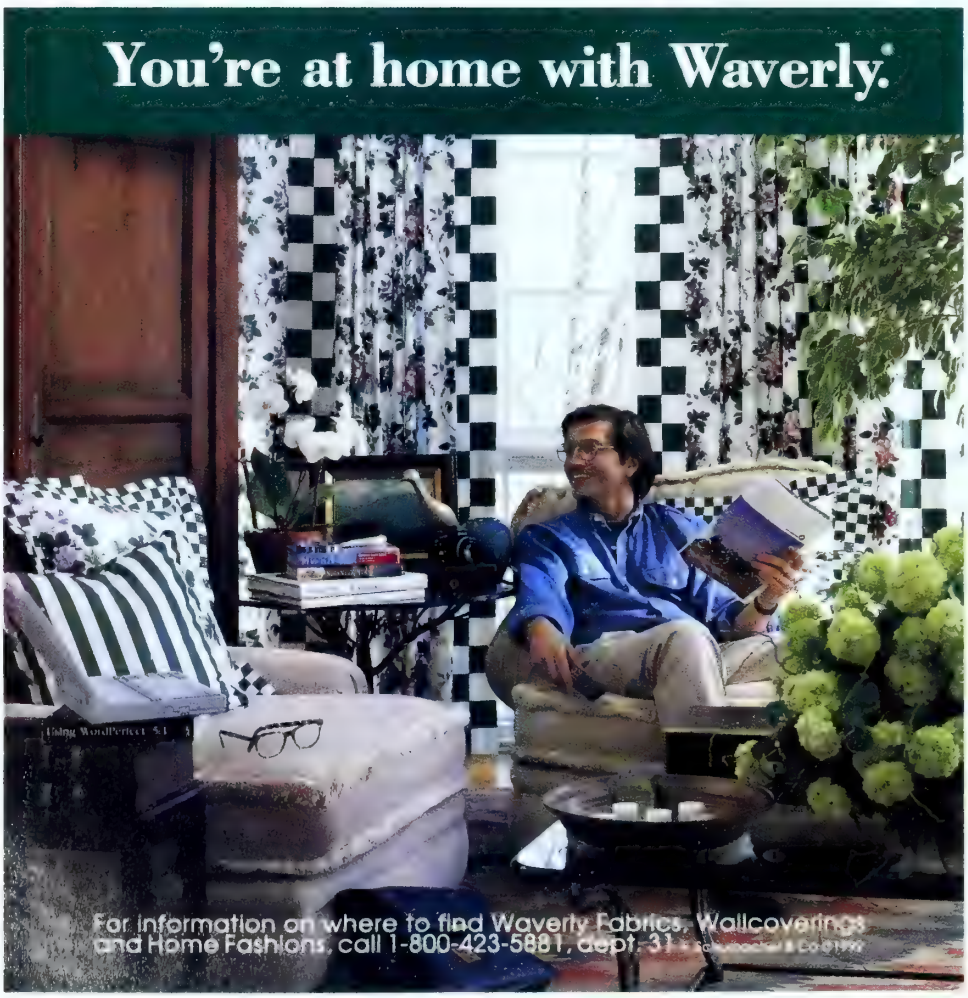
Napoleon III's sister, the princess Mathilde, had one of the most beautiful houses in Paris. A painting of her salon by Charles Giraud shows her receiving in the evening, fire burning, candles ablaze. The princess preferred copies of Louis XV chairs, saying that they were better made than the originals. A mantel clock, torchères, and porcelain jars, however, were all eighteenth century. Her circle included the Goncourt brothers, the head of the Louvre, and other curators who advised her on making a collection of pictures. Both the princess Mathilde and the empress Eugénie made a point of knowing the history of art and furnishings as a social exercise. The salons of these two hostesses had to be arranged with fine things—guests, objets d'art, and pictures—all with important provenances. The purpose of their collecting was the creation of a luxurious, overwhelming setting in which to receive fashionable society. They must have achieved just that. No novelist of the period who described this world (think of Proust) could dismiss the visual impact of these interiors or the curiously demoralizing effect.



Green Wedgwood and American antiques painted to match line a room at Beauport, Henry Davis Sleeper's 1920s colonial revival house in Gloucester, Massachusetts.

By contrast, the next generation—on both sides of the Atlantic—took the collecting of art and antiques so seriously that a house wasn't a success unless it was a museum. The honor after dinner was to be taken for a "look round the house." This was the moment when rich Americans increasingly dominated the field of European art and antiques. Long before the turn of the century the Rothschilds had joined the old guard, in Henry James's view. With an intimate knowledge of Rothschild households as well as those of the oldest English families, James found it hard to understand why Americans didn't want to become cultured in the process of their collecting. And for a lifetime he examined the way that possessions seemed to gain or lose their impact according to the mentality of the owner and the aptness of the setting.

If James was fascinated by the human problems created by great wealth, the children of the tycoon generation had them bred in the bone. Their reaction to their parents' lives produced a sea change in taste. The farmhouse, the gatehouse, the old barn, and the mill all got remodeled in the twenties and thirties. The "new" antiques were American, not





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The "new" antiques of the 1920s were American: store signs, quilts, and pewter

European. It was the era of weather vanes, store signs, carved eagles, hand-painted wallpaper, quilts, painted chests, and pewter. In the twenties everyone went antiquing. The fun was to be had not on New Bond Street but at country auctions off the beaten track. These were the years of the formation of societies for preserving local antiquities. Many benefactors founded small history museums and filled them with artifacts from the preindustrial past. The most famous were Henry Ford's Greenfield Village, Electra Havemeyer Webb's Shelburne Museum, Henry Francis du Pont's Winterthur, and, above all, the entire colonial town John D. Rockefeller reinvented at Williamsburg.

The twenties and thirties were the high point of the infatuation with Americana, American period design, and the house museum with the period room approximating authentic period decor. Collectors bought not just furniture but whole houses and shipped them to large city museums where they were installed in bits and pieces in new galleries. Panelings were cut down, missing material was imagined and reproduced or something comparable from the period introduced. Country house decoration followed suit. The decades before World War II found decorators in a curatorial mood. "It's absolutely period" was the highest compliment. After the war the idea of chic replaced the idea of history. European furniture was brought out again, but stripped of old paint and gilding and covered in chintz rather than damask or velvet, thus transforming "old-fashioned" pieces into something modern.

In the tradition of Edith Wharton and Ogden Codman, American decorating firms like Parish-Hadley came into existence on a wave of good taste defined as suitability and understatement. These decorators served the long-stemmed East Coast beauties of the fifties and sixties in a spirit of mutual understanding. Perfectionism in the details, but not fancy looking. The message this generation took from modernism was the suppression of clutter and the classic appeal of beige or white rooms. They avoided the "grand meuble" approach to European antiques. They liked the wrong side of rich fabrics, but cotton linings and mattress ticking even more. They were adamant in their belief that if a room is richly dressed, the owner should not be. Like Mrs. Wharton, they were accused of being perfectionist in the narrow sense of the word.

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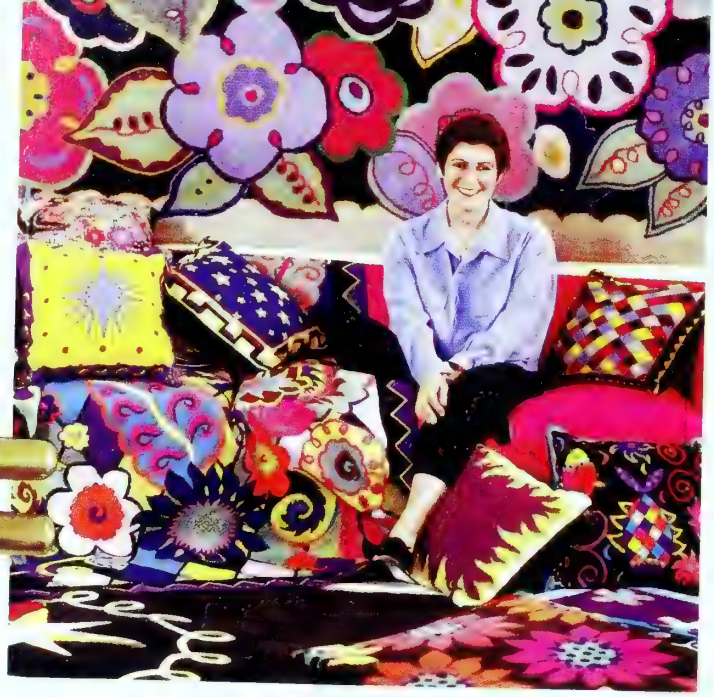
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Vanderhurd, left, takes a seat in her studio amid bright new designs, including miniature floor rugs, needlepoint cushions, and the hand-tufted Fifi carpet, which hangs on the wall. Below: Three new dhurries from her Magic Carpets line. Details see Resources.



Fast on Her Feet *Christine Vanderhurd leaps from hand-tufting into new techniques and textures*

I design rugs the way I cook," says Christine Vanderhurd. "I never follow a recipe; ideas come to me as I work." Someone who realized early on that she wanted to be "a textile designer, not a teacher or a nurse," Vanderhurd has been gathering ideas related to her craft since she was a child exploring in her parents' London antiques shop."Growing up with antiques—sixteenth- and seventeenth-century tapestries and paintings—was incredibly influential," she says. "I want my work to have the same kind of longevity."

Perhaps that's why Vanderhurd has always steered clear of pastels, neons, and other color trends, sticking instead to a palette of 128 hues, which she mixes in such adventurous combinations that she is known as much for her use of color as for her exuberant patterns of fish, flowers, and looping doodles. Initially a fabric designer, she switched her focus to hand-tufted rugs in 1982, after leaving London for New York with her husband, gallery owner David Hurd, and their two young children.

The success of her rugs has recently enabled Vanderhurd to establish her own atelier—a welcome change from the kitchen table where she worked for nearly two decades. It has also allowed her to broaden her repertoire. In the past year alone she has introduced vibrant needlepoint cushion covers and tapestry fabrics made in China; exceptionally detailed dhurrie, hand-knotted, and hand-tufted rugs whose production she oversaw in India; and a mirror and drinking glass engraved with a calligraphy-inspired motif. At her studio Vanderhurd sells her designs and takes custom orders—and surrounds herself with mountains of swatches, wool samples, and sketches. "I'm a very messy worker," she says, "with very neat results." ▲

BY HEATHER SMITH MACISAAC



Vanderhurd's Tra La La mirror and drinking glasses and Shangri-La carpet, above. Below: Her needlepoint Sea Frolics. Left: A garland of wool samples.





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It's a Small World After All





Disney's gardeners create a horticultural microcosm

BY DENISE OTIS



Walt Disney's aspirations for his Florida property were utopian. So are those of his successors. As Katy Moss Warner, the general manager of Walt Disney World Parks Horticulture, puts it, "We have extracted what people consider to be wonderful experiences and tried to put them all together. We want the gardens to be as wonderful as the most wonderful of garden experiences, if we can." That's no mean challenge. But Warner's energy is astonishing, her enthusiasm contagious. Her responsibilities are complex, requiring sensitivity to people as well as plants, and her background seems custom-designed. She grew up helping to care for a Fletcher Steele–designed garden, has a degree in landscape architecture from the University of Arizona, and attended the Longwood Program for Public Horticultural Administration. Disney landscaping has to be ornamental plus. It must screen out unenchanting necessities like transformers and delivery trucks, separate one view from the next, provide transition between views, and tell stories and set stages to transport guests into another time or place or culture.

"How do you tell stories with plants? We represent cultural traditions—the Japanese garden, the Norwegian sod roof, the pots in the Italian plaza—and we try to give a feeling for natural environments," Warner explains. "But how much can we use in Florida that's authentic in Norway? And when we can't use what's authentic, how do we maintain the charm and integrity of a garden and still represent Norway? We try to give the effect with a mixture of authentic plants and look-alikes that we can grow, and not rely on artificial plants. We tell fantasy stories with topiary figures, fountains, and lights. For futuristic fantasies we shear plants into architectural forms and use flowers in geometric patterns. I hope the future doesn't look like that, but it's dramatic, it makes people think about the way we're using plants."

Guests may be forgiven for sometimes doubting the reality of the landscape, the maintenance is so unbelievably meticulous. That's intentional: "We want our park to be a nice place to be. It is clean. It is green. The green of plants has a serenity, a magic that little else can offer. We want birds singing and butterflies and the sense that

In Tomorrowland, top left, podocarpus standards rocket from color blocks of coleus. Top right: Shear precision—velvet lawn, topiary trees and swan. Above: Mickey as living logo, in chrysanthemums.

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Mickey directs, left, in creeping fig. Above: Loquat trees and kale in Epcot's Morocco.

Park landscapes tell stories or help transport guests into another time or culture

life is good. When people sense that things are right with the world, they take care of the world. That's where good maintenance prevents vandalism." The theme parks could serve as a laboratory for gardening in urbanized areas: with 50,000–80,000 visitors daily the paths and plants, lakes and canals can be as stressed as big city parks.

The central Florida climate may be great for year-round tourism, but to the gardener it presents difficulties: extreme summer heat and humidity, overgenerous rainfall interrupted by occasional droughts, warm winters with recurring killing freezes. Fungus and insects thrive. The 30,000-acre property, of which a bit less than a quarter has been developed, is forty percent swamp and most of the "soil" is pure sand and muck. But Warner and her team seem to take all these challenges as opportunities for creativity. The Parks Horticulture team is large, about 350 people—150 more under different management care for the resort areas—and includes specialists in pest control and irrigation, pruning and plant evaluation, topiary and tree-moving, outdoor and indoor plants, education and special effects for movies and conventions. The 120-acre nursery with its tree farm and greenhouses functions mostly as a warehouse for plants bought from commercial growers. The team grows only what is unobtainable commercially, like native and topiary trees. They work closely with finance people—"we must run as a business"—and landscape architects in the organization. And in the Disney "imagineering" tradition, designers with a variety of backgrounds—graphics, engineering, set or environmental design—may be pooled into a project team.

Experimentation never ceases. Instant landscaping is a specialty. It is unacceptable to tell a paying guest that a garden will only look right in five years. "At Epcot's Chinese pavilion you can see some tricks that make a new garden feel old: moss growing on the rocks, trees with downturned branches, mature trees and shrubs, overgrown grass." The need for mature trees has led to innovative techniques for moving large specimens, which in turn make it possible to save and reuse trees from areas undergoing development. Disney arborists excel in aesthetic pruning—Epcot is a dictionary of pruning techniques—a rare skill in the modern world. Computerized scheduling allows trees, flowerbeds, and even whole gardens to be planted or changed overnight. "An important function of the nursery is to test plants, to test cultivars," a program intended, Warner says, to find plant material "that is more authentic thematically, hardier, with better bloom, better color, more disease resistance. Our success with the tabebuias, trees from South America that burst into yellow or lavender bloom and really light up the landscape in February and March, has made them popular all over central Florida. Our pest control group is dedicated to reducing the use of harsh pesticides, both by cultural methods and alternative controls. They are constantly scouting for effective natural predators and have discovered many on the property, among them, minute pirate bugs, mealybug destroyers, and certain predatory mites that in hot weather reproduce twice as fast as the spider mites that they prey on. These they collect and move to sites where they need them."



Hanging baskets keep flower color at eye level and reflect seasonal planting themes.

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For an entertainment company like Disney to sho such environmental concern may seem surprising, b the commitment appears to have been there from t outset: over 7,500 acres comprising several differe ecosystems were set aside as a conservation area, never t be developed. For preservation's sake it's open only to r searchers, but guests can follow a swamp trail in the Fo Wilderness Resort. Much roadside planting is native and superb full-grown native trees—dahoon holly, li uidambar, laurel oak—are found throughout the pro erty. Experiments with recycled water and composte sewage sludge from a wastewater treatment plant nea the nursery are ongoing and promising.

Disney horticulturists are eager and organized t share their findings and their expertise. They have a lo to share, with as great a diversity of plants as a typical bo tanic garden. Trees, shrubs, and many flowers are la beled. Many of the gardeners know the names an characteristics of the cultivars in the beds they are work ing on. Computers and librarians at Epcot Outreach wil answer questions. There are half-day seminars for adult and for children and intensive three-day programs fo landscape professionals. Warner is particularly interest ed in communicating the joy of gardening to children. "The future of the environment depends on involving children as early as possible in growing and appreciating plants, yet the worst landscaped institutions in this country are the public schools." Recently Disney volunteers landscaped a local schoolyard using recycled materials and techniques they have learned for creating an economical, environmentally sound landscape.

"I've become conscious of the things that speak most loudly to people about plants," Warner says. "Flowers are powerful because they are colorful. But can we do something more striking than flowerbeds? People are not very familiar with the possibilities of hanging baskets. They are surprised to see begonias growing in big round balls. Also, when the park is crowded, flowerbeds are blocked out. Hanging baskets bring the flowers up to eye level. For the chrysanthemum show in November we push a single type of plant to its limit in the garden and use it in unusual ways—floaters, columns, standards—but in one color, yellow. This really packs a punch.

"But can any plant compete with Mickey Mouse? Or can we do something horticulturally that will grab people with the same intensity? Well, we can represent Mickey in plants. We were known for inventive topiary, but when we started doing Disney characters, topiary became a much stronger draw. We tried to have them active—Goofy isn't just standing there, he looks as if he were going to charge. Then we added flower color like the pink tutus on the dancing hippos—we can keep begonias on a topiary for two years. This year we animated Mickey and Minnie. If the first plant that children—or adults—notice is a Mickey Mouse topiary, that's just fine, because maybe the second plant they'll notice will be a tree—or the Amazon jungle." ▲

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Michael O'Donoghue, top, surveys a collection he says "J. Paul Getty would envy." Above: *Torii Arch*, his first paint-by-number. Right: *Paris in the Spring*. Below: *Pinkie with an Attitude*.



A Head for Numbers



One connoisseur defends the art of everyman

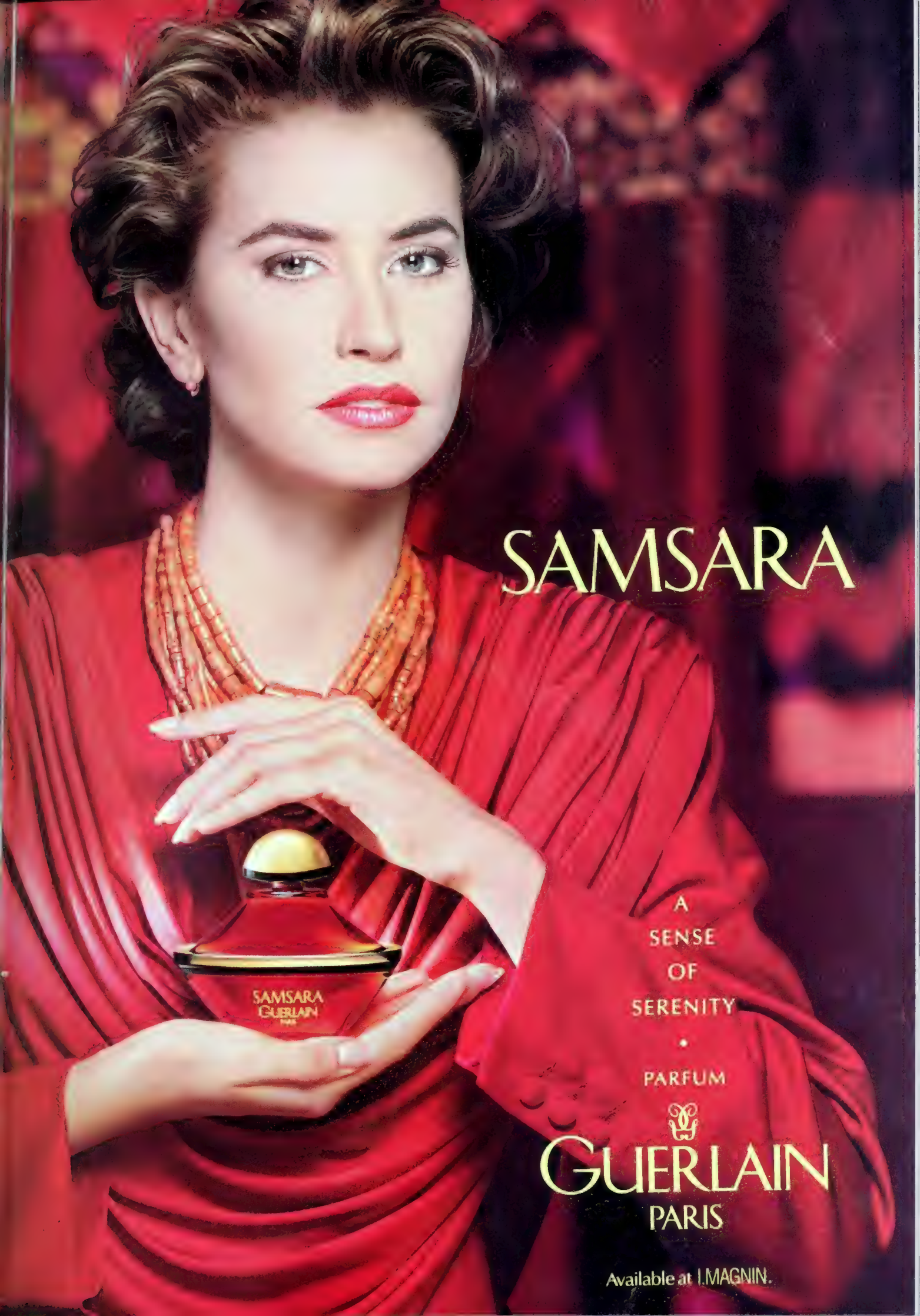
BY MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE

THERE WAS A TIME LONG AGO, BACK, SAY, WHEN JOHN Keats was around, a thing of beauty lasted, oh, I don't know, hundreds and hundreds of years sometimes, possibly even *forever*! Now a thing of beauty is a joy for a month or two and then you have to get a new thing of beauty. You have to change them like dirty sheets. Over the past four decades we've seen art come and go—everything from action painting to chaotic pluralism—but the paint-by-number school remains, timeless and enduring, still cranking out those pictures of saucer-eyed kittens tangled in yarn and clipper ships slicing through twilight-tinged seas.

The concept was born in the late forties when Max Klein, owner of the Palmer Paint Co. of Detroit, Michigan, teamed up with artist Dan Robbins. Under the name Craft Master they brought out the first paint-by-number kits, and by 1954, twelve million had been sold. Would-be artists were led to the easel with lurid copy such as this, penned by Klein himself, for a painting called *The Bullfighter*: "*Stand aside you weaklings!!* . . . for here the Red on your paint brush turns magically into flowing blood as the climax of Matador versus Bull draws near. As your numbered colors bring life and drama to your canvas, the excitement of the moment is without parallel for here is tension, lust, and fury." At the height of the craze, the Palmer Paint Co. was turning out 50,000 kits a day. "Every man a Rembrandt!" they promised.

So-called real painters despised this fad, railing against "number paintings" with that special contempt fifties liberals saved for Muzak, Cool Whip, and pink Christmas trees. "I don't know what America is coming to when thousands of people, many of them adults are willing to be regimented into brushing paint on a jig-saw miscellany of dictated shapes," mused a reader in a letter to *American Artist* in 1953, adding, "Can't you rescue some of these souls—or should I say 'morons'?"

Are these seemingly harmless paintings—which are, after all, nothing more than assembly line French impressionism—as soulless and dehumanizing as critics claim they are? Definitely. And so is driving a Hyundai as


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opposed to a Bugatti. Welcome to America. I maintain that 1950s paint-by-numbers mirror the hopes and dreams of this country more accurately than any museum retrospective covering the same period. What better metaphor for life under Joseph McCarthy's rigid witch-hunting regime than a style of painting in which you had to stay carefully within the lines? And if the pictures were a little shallow, a little sugary, our hopes and dreams were a little shallow and sugary. If we had dreamed of things more ennobling than kittens snagged in yarn—if we had asked the clerk at the hobby shop for visions of ineffable joy, Homeric glory, brooding pathos, spiritual odysseys, gripping insights, brutish desire, Olympian majesty, searing passions, epic struggles, arabesques of rapture and shame, indeed a spe trum of all human experience—the the folks at Craft Master would hav been only too glad to oblige. But a we asked the clerk was whether h also had the kittens on velvet.

I should mention that I just colle these things, I don't paint them. Lif is hard enough without doing pain by-numbers. So why, you ask, did choose to collect these rather tha Roseville pottery or refrigerato magnets? In the early eighties I wa living in Hollywood with a woma who, for purposes of accuracy, I wil identify only as Hitler's daughter When we split up, she kept the house and I moved into my writer's bunga low on the now-defunct Zoetrope movie lot. Living alone on a deserted back lot may sound romantic—it cer tainly looked Felliniesque littered with the derelict sets from Francis Ford Coppola's *One from the Heart*— but actually it was strange and hell ish. In a pathetic attempt to brighten my room, I visited a thrift store and invested a quarter in my first paint-by-number, a tranquil study of a Japanese torii gate, cherry blossoms blooming in the foreground. The next week at a garage sale I picked up a sunny seascape for a dime. I had acquired two genuine oil paintings—both framed, incidentally—for a total of thirty-five cents. And when I hung them, they did brighten the place up. I decided to buy more.

Now, ten years later, I live in Manhattan and own over two hundred paint-by-numbers. With storage room running out, I decided to show my collection at the Bridgewater/Lustberg Gallery in SoHo. The gallery was a natural choice because its co-owner Paul Bridgewater had produced the first abstract paint-by-number kits in 1979. I called the exhibit "The Fortieth Anniversary of Paint-by-Number Paintings" and added a line lifted from the cornflakes people—"See them again for the first time." The opening was a great success. Someone in the crowd, I forget who, observed, "A masterpiece is just 10,000 brushstrokes." Oh, I remember who it was now. It was me. ▲

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Family Resemblance





Pepe, Hal, and Thomas Messel, above, in the kitchen at Bradley Court, above left, their Tudor manor in Gloucestershire. Details see Resources.

Like his uncle Oliver, Thomas Messel combines an eye for history with a flair for drama

BY PATRICK KINMONTH





Thomas's carved and gilded Cardinal's chair, far left, and mirrored cartouche, left.

Thomas Messel, designer and dreamer, makes new things for people who like old things. His fanciful furniture and accessories are in the theatrical tradition of his uncle, the great British set designer Oliver Messel. Oliver could turn a few pipe cleaners into jewelry fit for Cleopatra or conjure the world of Sleeping Beauty from scraps of tinsel and gauze, but Thomas's designs are made of stronger stuff. In a converted carriage house and stable on the grounds of Bradley Court, his Tudor manor in Gloucestershire, he works with a team of carvers, gilders, painters, and alchemists well versed in the ways of lacquer and gesso, patina and polish. The setup allows him the luxury of being able to create to order a mirrored sconce emblazoned with his client's entwined initials in a rococo cartouche or six hundred stenciled and lacquered place mats—a request from the Sultan of Oman.

Nothing Thomas makes is quite what it seems. His well-known Library Collection features an ice bucket, side table, and matchbox, all constructed from what look like old leather-bound books. For those who wish to disguise modern life in a charming painted Venetian commode he will oblige. You never need to see your fridge or TV again. Or your paperwork for that matter—Thomas's current best-selling design is a filing cabinet disguised as a Regency bookcase.

At Bradley Court, built in 1559 from the rubble of an ancient fort, Thomas, his wife, Pepe, a landscape painter, and their young son, Hal, live surrounded by family treasures, Thomas's innovations, and Pepe's gardens—"my living still lifes," she calls them—which masterfully balance seventeenth-century formality with arts and crafts–style herbaceous plantings. The Messels found the house ten years ago with the help of Thomas's cousin Lord Snowdon, whose mother was Oliver's sister. "We invited ourselves to tea with the owners, friends of Snowdon's, to ask if they knew of any property in the district that might be for sale," recalls Thomas. "To our surprise they said we could have Bradley."

Once installed, they made a few



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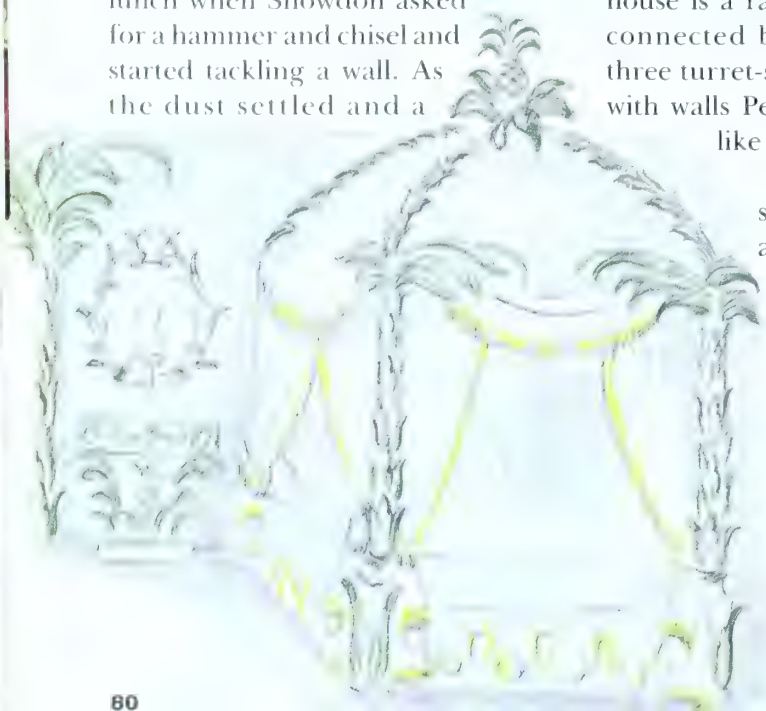


Bradley Court's 17th-century Italian mantel, above left, lined with Thomas's japanned candlesticks. Above: The Gothick bed and table Thomas created for a new villa in Regent's Park. Left: The carriage house workroom at Bradley Court.

For those who wish to disguise modern life in a painted Venetian commode, Messel will oblige

changes, principally demolition of the Victorian laundry and larder that masked the form of the original structure, otherwise little altered since the addition in 1790 of a well-proportioned drawing room. The kitchen took shape one day after lunch when Snowdon asked for a hammer and chisel and started tackling a wall. As the dust settled and a good ten feet of space had been gained, he said, "I've been wanting to do that for years." The taking down of walls continued and now the house is a rambling suite of rooms connected by spacious halls and three turret-staircases of Bath stone with walls Pepe has treated to look like aged parchment.

"I rely on Pepe's great sense of color for guidance in my work," says Thomas. "She sets the palette, I focus on the design." He also relies on Oliver's example. Having restored all of the exotica in the Messel suites at the Dorchester Hotel in London, Thomas has turned to a Messel repertoire of pineapples, palm trees, and seashells for furniture commissioned by a client on Mustique. And his uncle would thoroughly approve of the Gothick and Italianate designs he recently completed for Quinlan Terry's new villas in Regent's Park. For a drawing room, he replicated every detail of Pugin's richly carved rosewood banquet chairs made for Windsor Castle. And for a master bedroom, he created a vaulted four-poster—all barley twists and gold balls—even more elaborate and statuesque than the seventeenth-century model that inspired it. Meanwhile, back at Bradley Court, he is busy filling orders for filing cabinets, collaborating with Pepe on a new line of painted Queen Anne mirrors, and searching for more antiques to bring back to life. ♠



Thomas's palm and pineapple festooned design for a house on Mustique.

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Tending the Landscape

A fertile mix of country life and prudent development is the soul of a New York State land trust

BY WILLIAM BRYANT LOGAN

In a positive version of the domino theory, neighbors in one valley have put more than 3,000 acres under conservation easement.

Out riding one afternoon in the country near Millbrook, New York, Mary Babcock looked back across a small valley and saw a new house sticking out like a boil on the crest of a hill. "What is that ugly house doing over there?" she demanded of her friend Farnham Collins, the chairman of the board of the Dutchess Land Conservancy. He hesitated. Finally, he answered, "Mary, it's yours."

Shortly thereafter Babcock placed a conservation easement on her 213-acre spread and painted her new house a soft gray green that blends with the trees. "If I'd known what I know now," she says, "I might not have put the house there." Under the terms of the easement, no more than three additional houses can ever be built on this land, and their locations are mapped out to fit in "building envelopes," that is, locations where they will impede neither farmers' work in the hayfields nor the views of neighbors and ordinary passersby.

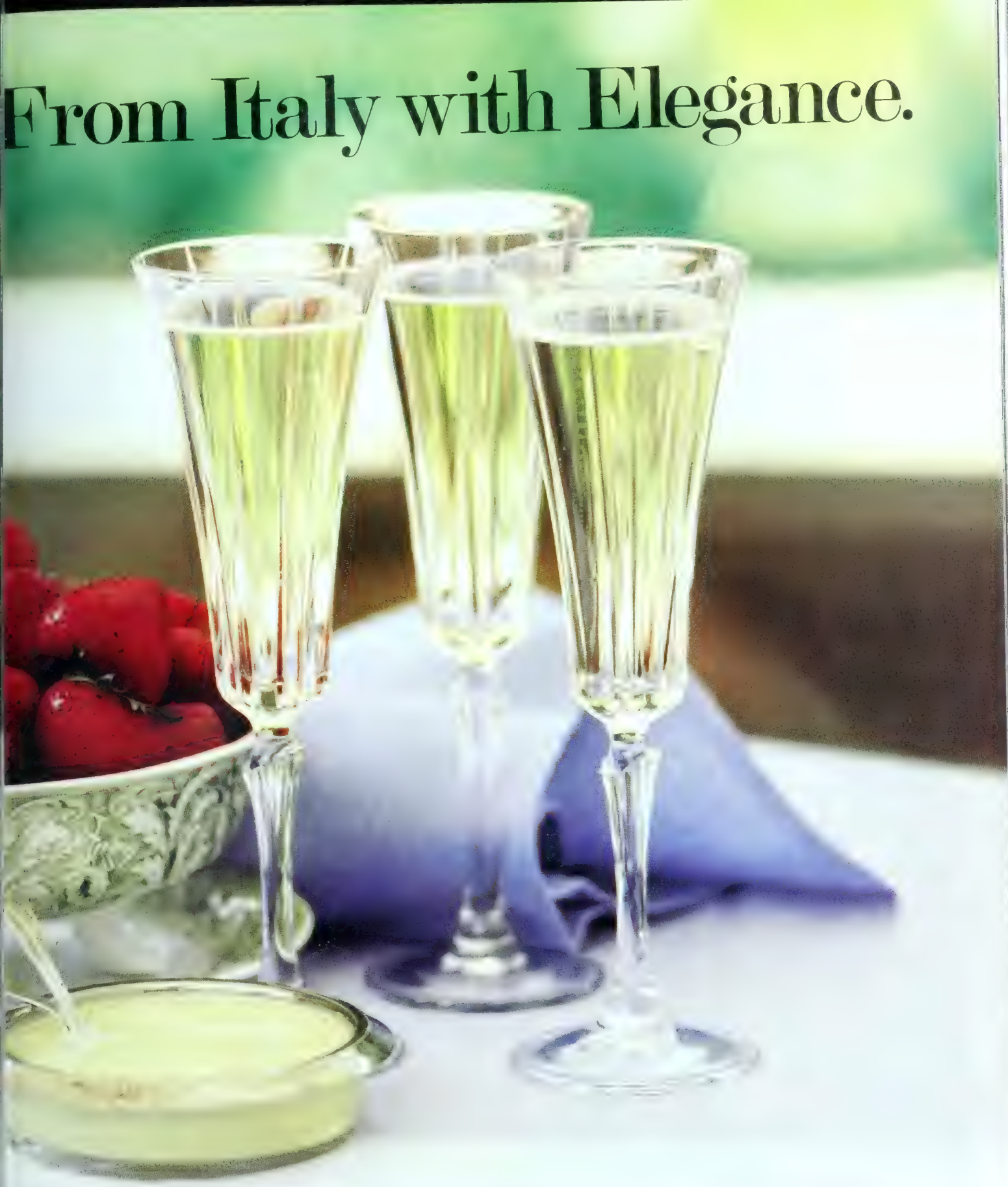
"We plan our kitchens," says Babcock, "but we have never planned the big picture." Through the work of the Dutchess Land Conservancy—and more than nine hundred like-minded land trusts that have sprung up around the nation, about four hundred of them in the past decade—all that is changing. Indeed, the picture from the Babcock place is as beautiful as any to be found within ninety miles of a major city. Hay and corn seem to flow around the bends of the contour-plowed fields; horses, sheep, and cattle graze; there is even a vineyard and a herd of fallow deer being raised for New York's epicurean tables. Not a subdivision to be seen.

Benign neglect is not what has kept this area looking like the land that time forgot. The 3,100 contiguous acres of preserved farmland and woodlots in this upland valley consist of a patchwork of nine different farms, each protected by a conservation easement that forever limits development. "With traditional zoning, you simply set minimum standards for development, so the landscape comes to look like the zoning laws," says DLC executive director Ira Stern, sketching the plan of a cookie-cutter suburb in the air with his finger. "But we have a very strong land ethic here. Our decisions are based on the needs of the land."

The ink was scarcely dry on the conservancy's articles of incorporation in 1984 when it faced its first challenge. A developer had bought 500 acres of hilltop land that had been farmed for many years by the actor James Cagney and was on the verge of acquiring 200 acres of prime bottomland. The developer's plans included at least thirty dwellings and what one neighbor described as a "condominium for horses."

The conservancy had to act fast, before there was nothing left to conserve. Ten people—some of them DLC board members, others just neighbors—formed North Dutchess Properties "to purchase land that was under siege," in the words of Everett Cook, president of the real estate company and a DLC board member. The

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company subsequently resold th farms, but with a string attached: conservation easement that allowe the land to be bought and sold no mally so long as no more than fou teen houses—one for every fift acres—were placed on it, foreve The company donated the easemer to the conservancy, which therel gained the right to monitor and e force its provisions.

"We are interested in a viable, liv able landscape," asserts Stern, "not museum." The conservancy is nc opposed to development per se. I fact, the novelty and genius of a con servation easement is that it can fo cus and guide development instea of simply forbidding it. "As I see it, says Glenn Hoagland, past directo of the conservancy and now directo of the citizen action program at the Open Space Institute, based in Ossi ning, New York, "our land ethic means that we work within the constraints of the natural landscape, both for appropriate housing and for sustainable agriculture." That the two can go together was demonstrated when the DLC bought and resold 78 acres of a struggling dairy farm and found a buyer for another 49 acres. All 127 acres were put under a conservation easement limiting development to three houses, and the good farmland was leased back to the dairymen for free.

However they are written, good easements need good neighbors. Unlike many conservation efforts, a successful land trust is the product of local people cooperating to preserve open areas, wetlands, watersheds, and the like. In theory, it works like dominoes: two neighbors agree to put their land under conservation easements, then the neighbors' neighbors agree, and so on, until whole areas are protected. On a map in the DLC office in Stanfordville, tides of green and orange flow across property lines, indicating contiguous properties that are now under easement, more than 4,800 acres in all. Other colors mark land held by the public, by organizations like the American Farmland Trust, or under



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"There are no losers, rich or poor. Farmers, hunters, cross-country skiers—everybody benefits"

rivate deed restrictions. Wherever ıe map is white, the planners know hey have work to do.

Faith and John Tompkins had ved for forty-three years on their 8-acre farm in northern Dutchess ounty, but when a developer acuired a neighboring 100-acre tract nd planned to plop twenty houses n it, they woke up to the fragility of heir own property. Neighbor, vintner, and conservancy board member ohn Dyson bought the land from he developer and promptly put it nder conservation easement. The Tompkinses quickly followed suit. "We didn't hesitate," says Faith Tompkins. "We owe it to the community to preserve this place as it is." Under the terms of their easement, nly one other house can ever be uilt on the property.

Sometimes neighbors need gentle persuasion. Collins currently has his wn land under an easement that is being held in escrow while he negotiates with the owners of adjoining properties. If they will agree to put their land under easement too, he suggests, the easement on his own property will be recorded, and thus be made permanent.

The more land that is preserved, the more important it becomes to take care of the rest, because a beautiful landscape permanently protected makes adjoining properties particularly attractive to developers. "I've got good neighbors all around," says Addison Berkey of his hay and straw farm, "but in that quadrant over there, I need to know what they are planning. I want to make sure they don't spoil my effort by putting up a row of houses on my border."

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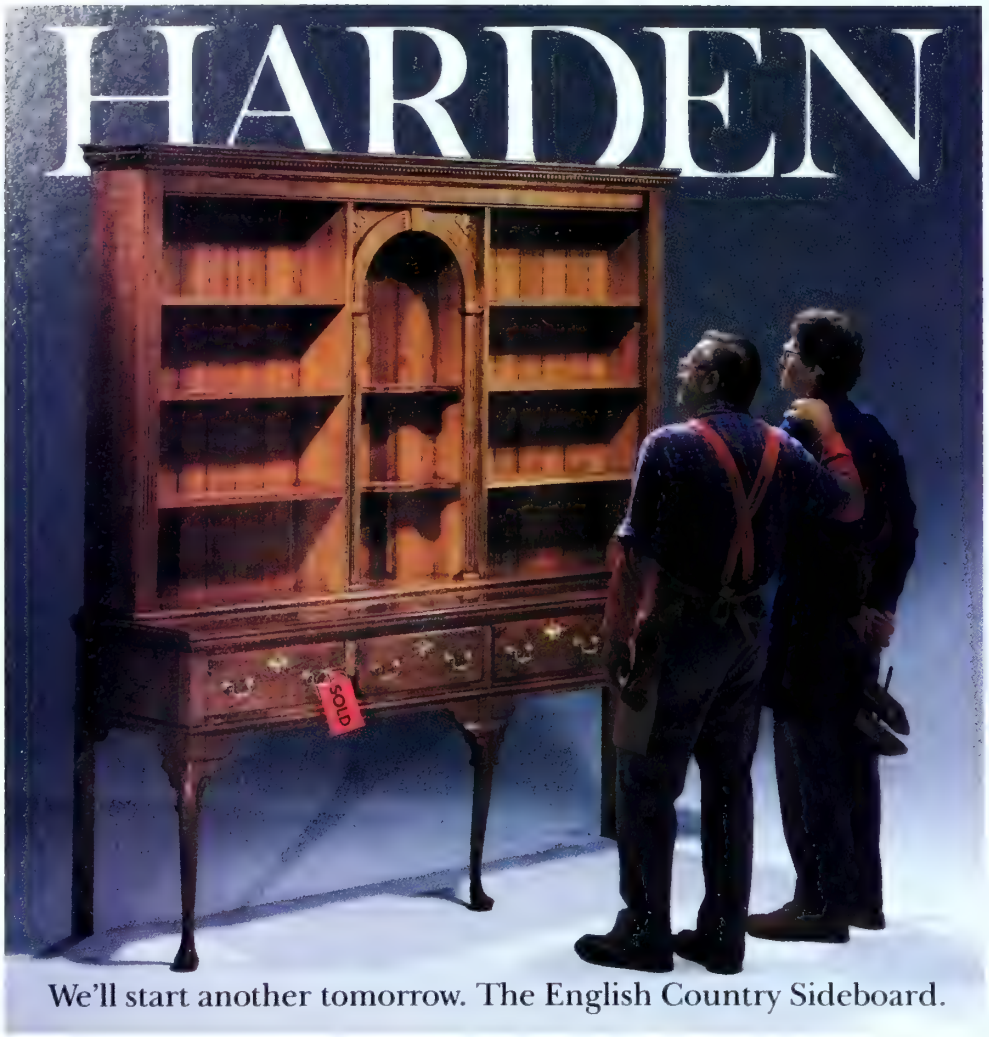
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Though "viewsheds" are impo tant to these new conservationis good scenery is only the sign o healthy landscape. "There are n losers, rich or poor," says Collin "Farmers, hunters, cross-count skiers—everybody benefits."

So too do the tiny unincorporat hamlets that still dot the county landscape. Mabbettsville, for i stance, is the sort of place that is n supposed to exist anymore. It h one general store, a town swimmin pool, a gas station, a bowling alley, drive-in hamburger stand, a garde center, and a one-man iron foundr Right behind town the fields begi rolling away in the sinuous lines strip-cropped hillsides.

Nowadays the conservancy target both town and country for preserva tion. When Ira Stern and Farnhar Collins drive a visitor among th tight fold of a narrow valley, they ad mire not only the maple woodland that crowd the fields and the beave dam and lodge in a small pond, bu also the buildings of the little town it self. Recently the DLC has applie for grants to protect and enhance the hamlets and to promote cluster de velopment in Bangall and Stanford ville. "We want to see tight vibrant hamlets," says land planner Rebecca Thornton, "not scattered roadside strip development." More Mabbetts villes, fewer malls.

Even if all the neighbors close ranks, it may seem that one small or ganization can do little about the big picture. But the web of neighbors is growing from the hamlet, to the val ley, to the region; the conservancy has already spawned sister land trusts elsewhere in Dutchess County. And Stern does not draw the line there. "I look at DLC as part of a team working all up and down the Atlantic flyway," he says, "from Can ada to the Caribbean." ▲

For information on land trusts: American Farmland Trust, 1920 N St. NW, Suite 400, Washington, DC 20036; (202) 659-5170. Land Trust Alliance, 900 17th St. NW, Suite 410, Washington, DC 20006; (202) 785-1410. The Trust for Public Land, 116 New Montgomery St., 4th Fl., San Francisco, CA 94105; (415) 495-4014.


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Welded Bliss

Joel Otterson fuses fragments of domestic life into sculpture

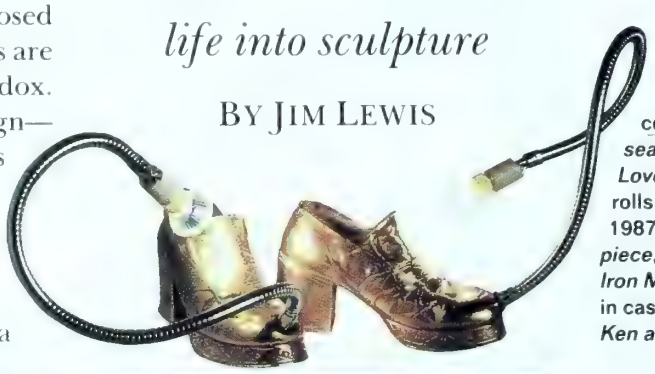
BY JIM LEWIS

An assistant of Joel Otterson's tells of showing up to meet the artist for the first time and finding him standing in the middle of his studio holding a chain saw above a sacrificial Chippendale table. The victim, it turned out, was a reproduction, and by the time Otterson was done it had been grafted onto a few other knockoff tables and fitted out with a manhole cover, a propane tank fueling an eternal flame, some metal pipes and joints, and several sets of casters. The outcome, called simply *The Table*, was among the first of Otterson's furniture works; it was followed by an enormous rolling service-bedecked display called *The Coffeetable Museum*, as well as *Teapot Museum* and *The Hot Rod, Rock-N-Roll, Microwave, TV Dinner Table*, which is probably easier to imagine than it is to describe (bear in mind that the televisions and the microwave are plugged in).

Furniture, of course, is supposed to be functional, but these pieces are functional to the point of paradox. Otterson takes the values of design—use, comfort, style—and makes them metastasize, split, and recombine, until the results work so well that it seems just working can't be all they're for.

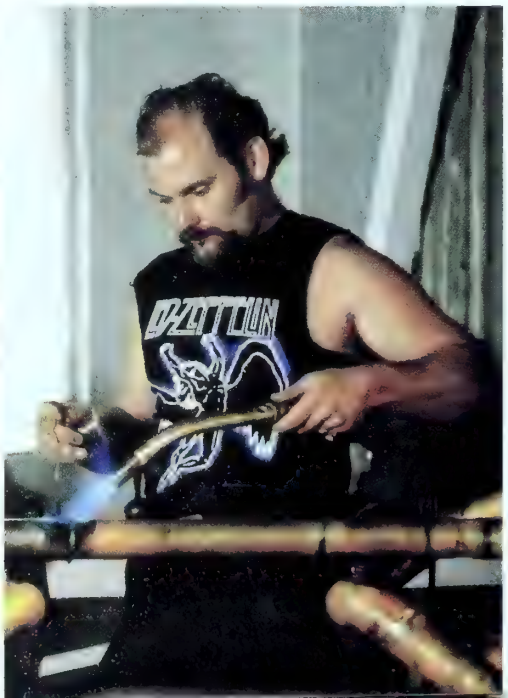
In fact it isn't. The artist was a founding member of the school friendly conceptualism th sprang up out of New York's E Village in the early eighties a migrated down to SoHo a f years later, and the furn ture—if it's properly called—is an outgrowth more sculptural intentio At first Otterson made me molecules and rampant DN strands out of pipes and join spiraling upward from circul bases composed of free weight sinks, and hubcaps. A simulta neous series consisted of baseba bats, stretched or joined togethe and balanced to make tall, surpri ingly elegant and organic column on top of which were placed pan-cu tural jetsam, from a Nehi Blu Creme soda bottle to an African to tem. Collected in the "projects" roo at the Museum of Modern Art i 1987, the two groups of work be came a forest of sculptures, an hom age to the museum as Wonderland given their odd consonance with th Brancusis on MOMA's second floor

Legend has it that Barnet Newman once defined sculp

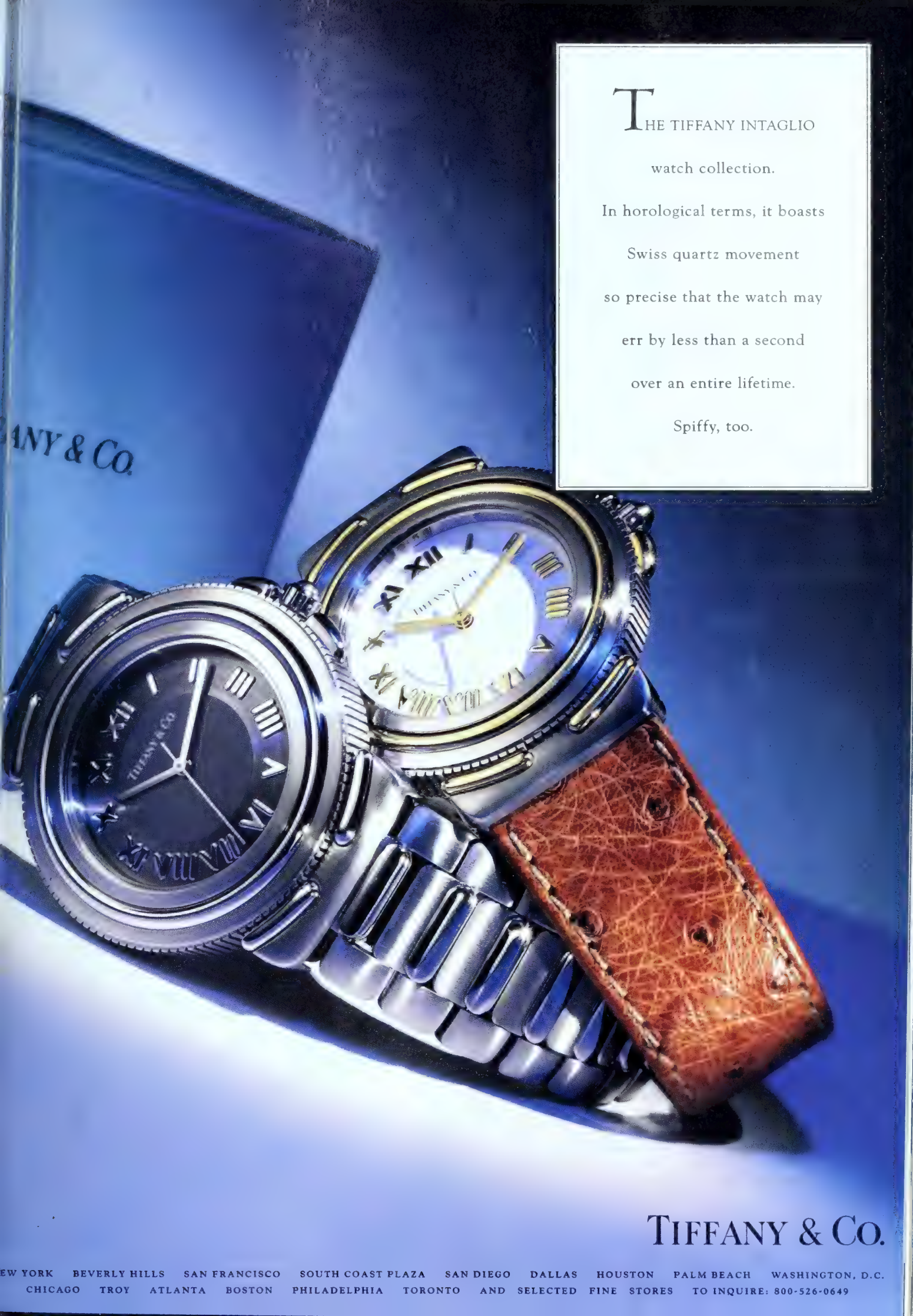


Torch in hand, Joel Otterson, below center, solders *Spider Bathtub Loveseat*, 1992. Top: *Compact Disc Stereo Loveseats (Hot Wheels)*, 1988, rocks and rolls on rubber casters. Left: *Gold Shoes*, 1987. Below left: *Muscle Man Fruit Centerpiece*, 1992. Below: The armless *Venus, The Iron Maiden* and *GI Joe Candelabra*, both in cast iron, stand with brass *Wet 'n Wild Ken and Barbie Fireplace Chenets*, all 1992.








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"I want sculpture to be aggressive," says Joel Otterson. "It's there to affect how we eat, drink, talk, read, and watch TV"

ture as what you bump into whe backing away from a painting for better look. Otterson eventually de cided he wanted none of that: "I'm not going to make things for the cor ner." A trip to the Cimitero Monu mentale in Milan in 1986 and a remark by a terminally ill friend gave him a clearer sense of purpose. "I want to integrate sculpture into our lives, and I want it to be aggressive," he says. "It's there to affect how we eat, drink, talk, read, and watch TV."

You can ask the chickens whether it works: 1988 brought *The Cage*, an enormous pair of high-rise hen houses, complete with live egg-laying leghorns. Five thousand copper bronze, and brass fittings went into the coops (the average suburban house has about one hundred); it was a feat of maniacal engineering, a vision of glorious comical excess.

The furniture pieces that followed are equally over the top, but the materials that go into them have meanings of their own, albeit seldom seen in an art context. The platform shoes that serve as a base for his pair of candelabras make them look as if they've walked off the set of some seventies remake of Cocteau's *Beauty and the Beast*. And the *Heavy Metal Service*, with its rock logos on Royal Albert porcelain, honors the proliferation of nth-generation rock bands (Cinderella, Poison, Skid Row), something Otterson takes almost seriously. "Rock and roll is one of the most important inventions of the second half of the twentieth century," he says. "It's a truly international language. I've always liked the way kids



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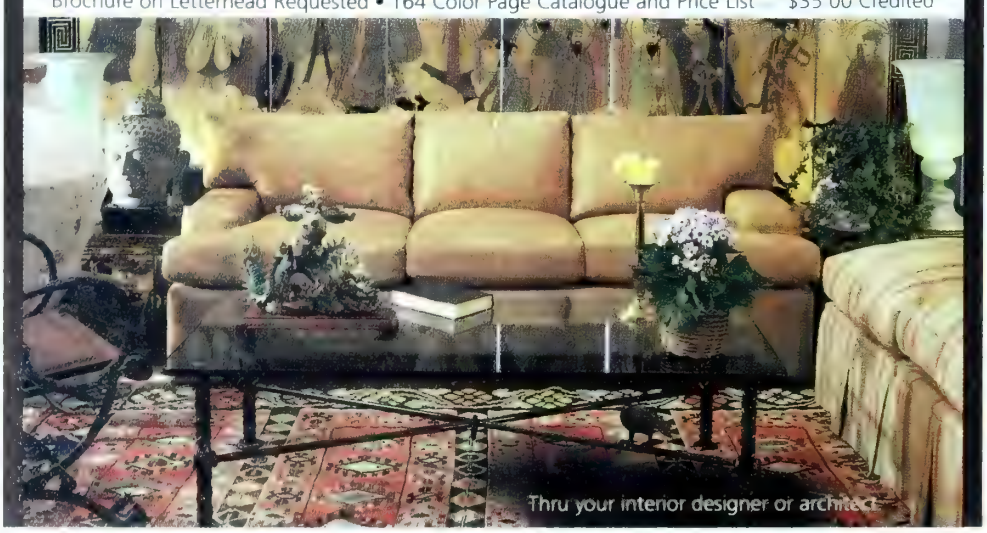
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doodle band logos on high sch
math books. This is just the same,
cept I'm doodling on Grandm
good china, making heirlooms
heavy metal parents to pass on
their kids."

The attraction of domestic desi
is that it can support such liveline
Otterson's work is at home in t
world, and a worldly part of t
home. Hence his notorious *Disc*
Bed, a Craftmatic adjustable b
mounted on rockers and fitted wi
spandex sheets with a sound an
light system—including a mirr
ball—built in; the giant gorgeou
pitch-black *Afro-Cushion*, in th
shape of the African continent; an
The States of Sleep (Bed from Hell
which took the shape of the Unite
States with rock and roll and bee
company logos sewn onto the su
face. These pieces are at once par
dies and celebrations of laziness, o
our desire to have all pleasures at ou
fingertips. Moreover, Otterson in
sists that they're made to be used: "
want people to feel free to sleep o
my beds, to spill turkey juice on th
tables, to watch the TVs."

If Otterson's work has been les
visible than that of his conceptualis
cohorts, it's in large part because o
the time and expense involved i
fabrication. Though he's exhibite
regularly, there's simply not enoug
of the work to go around, so he'
been something of an artist's artis
for the past few years. But a recen
arts fellowship in Wisconsin at the
Kohler fixture factory gave him the
freedom and materials for a new line
of work, now at Jay Gorney Modern
Art in New York (through Nov. 7).
True to form, it is a full installation,
including daybeds and chairs made
of upholstered bathtubs, a pair of
cast-iron and brass Ken and Barbie
doll andirons, centerpieces, Dead
Rock Star porcelain dinner plates,
and even wallpaper designed by the
artist. Standing amid it all will be a
seven-foot cast-iron mannequin, a
latter-day Venus. She is, Otterson
jokes, a "real iron maiden, the lady of
the house." One imagines no less of a
lady would do. ▲

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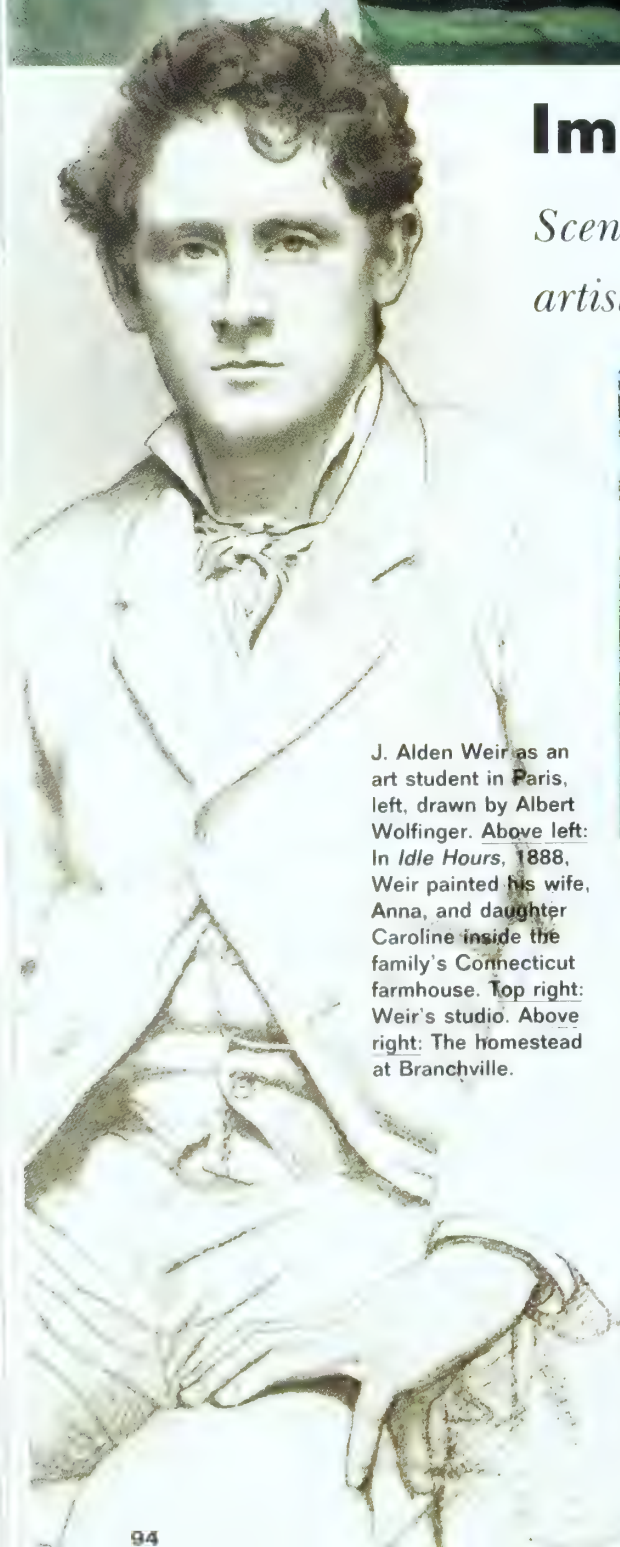
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J. Alden Weir as an art student in Paris, left, drawn by Albert Wolfinger. Above left: In *Idle Hours*, 1888, Weir painted his wife, Anna, and daughter Caroline inside the family's Connecticut farmhouse. Top right: Weir's studio. Above right: The homestead at Branchville.

Impressions of a House

Scenes from the canvases of J. Alden Weir survive at the artist's New England farm BY PAUL HOCHMAN



To Édouard Manet in 1881, the American impressionist J. Alden Weir was an impetuous twenty-nine-year-old upstart storming into Paris studios to pick out canvases for American collectors. To curators at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Weir was a human divining rod wandering across France, stopping only for buried masterpieces—Manet's *Boy with a Sword* now hangs on the walls of the Met. To John Singer Sargent, who sailed 3,000 miles to chase fireflies in Weir's backyard, the artist lived the "finest life I have ever seen." Now, a century later, Weir's farm in Connecticut has been designated a National Historic Site. Interpreted on canvas and paper hundreds of times by Weir and his friends John Sargent, Childe Hassam, John Twachtman, and Albert Pinkham Ryder, Weir Farm is also Connecticut's first National Historic Site and the first anywhere to commemorate an American painter.

It's certainly the only park ever traded for a work of art. In 1882, when Weir was just back from Europe, collector Erwin Davis is said to have offered his farm in Branchville near Wilton in exchange for a painting plus ten dollars. The deal went smoothly. "Mr. Davis, judging by [the farm's] rocks, thought he had the better of the artist, and Weir, judging by the inexhaustible beauty of woods, fields, hills, pond...and stone walls...knew that he had the better of the man of business," wrote Weir's friend C. E. S. Wood. A glimpse inside Weir's rustic studio—still in use by resident artist Sperry Andrews—or a stroll beside the pond he built with money he'd won in a Boston Art Club contest leaves no doubt about Weir's judgment.

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But he would have been amused at the idea of his place being called a National Historic Site. "This is not the Grand Canyon," says Connecticut senator Joseph Lieberman. "This is not Yellowstone. The dimensions are very human and very approachable." The same is true of Weir's canvases. Unlike the paintings of the Hudson River School, with their idealized frontier grandeur, which surrounded Weir as a young man, his own work focuses on a more intimate landscape—the home.

The portrait *In the Living Room,* for example, depicts Weir's wife, Anna, as she sits near the farmhouse's leaded windows. The windows and the Queen Anne secretary to Anna's left remain just as Weir painted them; visitors can literally walk into a work of art. And in his landscape *The Laundry, Branchville,* Weir avoids the big sky of the Hudson River School, concentrating instead on his backyard, his linen hanging out to dry, and his studio. The studio now looks almost exactly as it did in the 1890s: barn-red outside and stacked to the rafters inside with painters' knickknacks. There is a wood-burning stove (Weir's), a speckled easel (Sperry Andrews's), an army of empty picture frames, and a cast-iron printing press probably used by Weir's son-in-law, sculptor Mahonri Young.

At the studio door, tacked to the frame, a reproduction of Weir's *The Silhouette* mimics the barn outside. The only element missing from the view is Weir's foreground subject, his second wife, Ella. *The Silhouette* is one of the few paintings in which it's easy to determine the exact place Weir stood when he painted. One reason, explains his grandson Charles Burlingham, Jr., was that Weir often fine-tuned the landscape with his brush. He called this "hollyhocking": if the yard required floral enhancement, he would paint it in. In essence, Weir was one of America's first environmentalists—his paintings not only preserved the landscape they preserved a way of looking at it. What appealed to Weir's audience then—and what appeals to us now—is the importance he placed on homebound beauty and the value he gave to an American landscape free of bombast and commerce.

In 1922, three years after Weir's death, one of the painter's best friends and devoted patrons, Duncan Phillips, wrote, "If the value of art is measured according to its expressional power, then the art of Weir is very great even if it is not entirely easy of access. It is the pure gold deep in the earth which we must

Weir's homestead is the only farm ever traded for a work of art



Family linen is hung near the house and studio in *The Laundry, Branchville,* c. 1894, above. Right: *Feeding the Chickens,* c. 1890.



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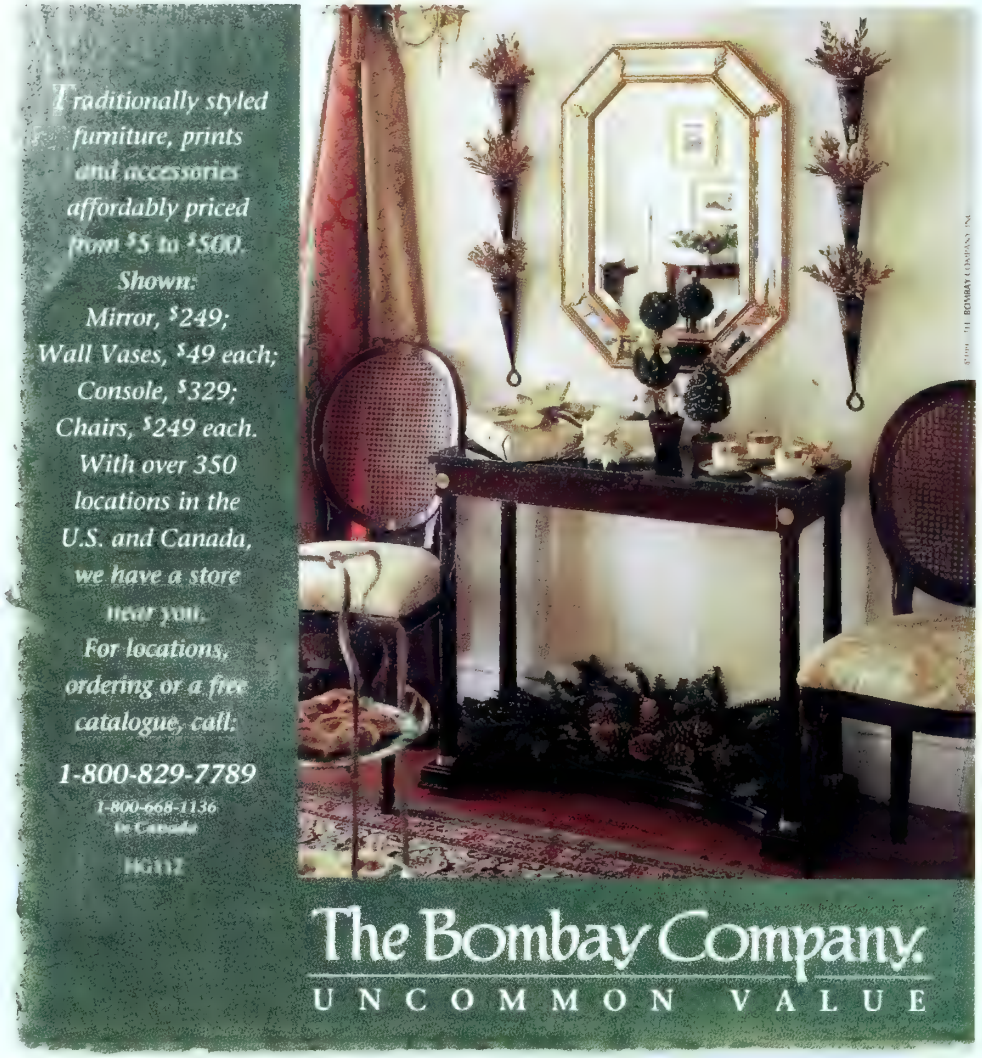
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dig to find, not the cheap gilding o
the gaudy surface of commercial o
naments." Even on fishing trips, "
called another friend, Harald d
Raasloff, Weir saw art before he sa
trout. Raasloff would implore We
to stop making collages with the fis
ing flies and "would finally preva
upon him. . . . But there was always
subtle shading in his voice and a stra
gleam in his eye. . . . Sure enough
the next time I took up his fly-book,
was greeted by the same riot of color
the same artistic arrangement, bu
alas! the same chaos, while Weir
with a smile of utter and complet
guilelessness . . . would admit tha
somehow he liked the color scheme.

Weir's tolerance for disorder i
life did not admit a haphazard tech
nique in his work. Doreen Bolger
former curator at the Metropolitan
Museum, notes that Weir's canvases
have a lot going on beneath their
breezy intimacy. So did Weir. Al-
though he had moments of great
technical freedom, he often left the
fields or the living room and went to
the studio, where he would compose
a formal drawing on canvas, and
then work over it—a sort of time-
lapse impressionism. When Weir re-
turned to the fields, he was back to
his search. After an unsuccessful
fishing trip, Raasloff recalls that
"while regretting that it was only
chub he had caught, [Weir] said,
'. . . I thought they were two trout,
really, and played them for trout, so
what's the odds, and the pool certain-
ly is lovely; let's sit down and take a
good look at it.' "

Today, observers may wait min-
utes before a Weir painting sinks in,
but their patience is rewarded with
the heat of the day, the stillness of the
pond, and, sometimes, the voices of
visiting painters in the back rooms.
Like wood that warms the man twice,
once in the splitting and once in the
burning, his work preserves the land
twice: once in his painting and once
in our slowing to see it. It is a warm
and slow-burning fire indeed. ▲

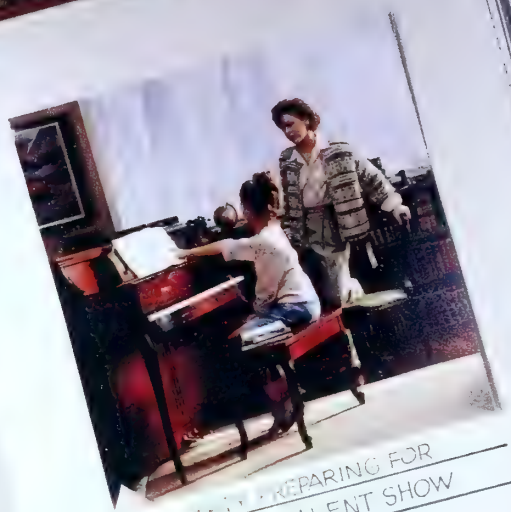
For visitors information: Weir Farm National Historic Site, Branchville, CT 06897; (203) 834-1896.



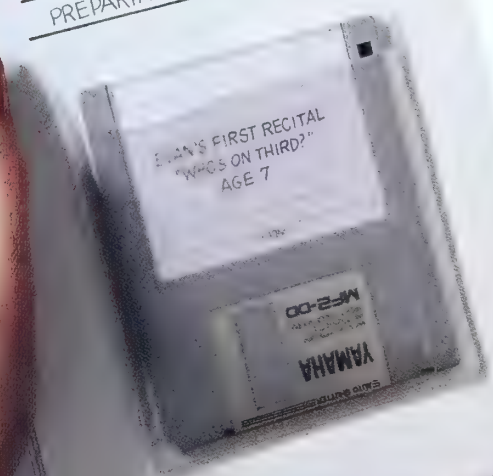




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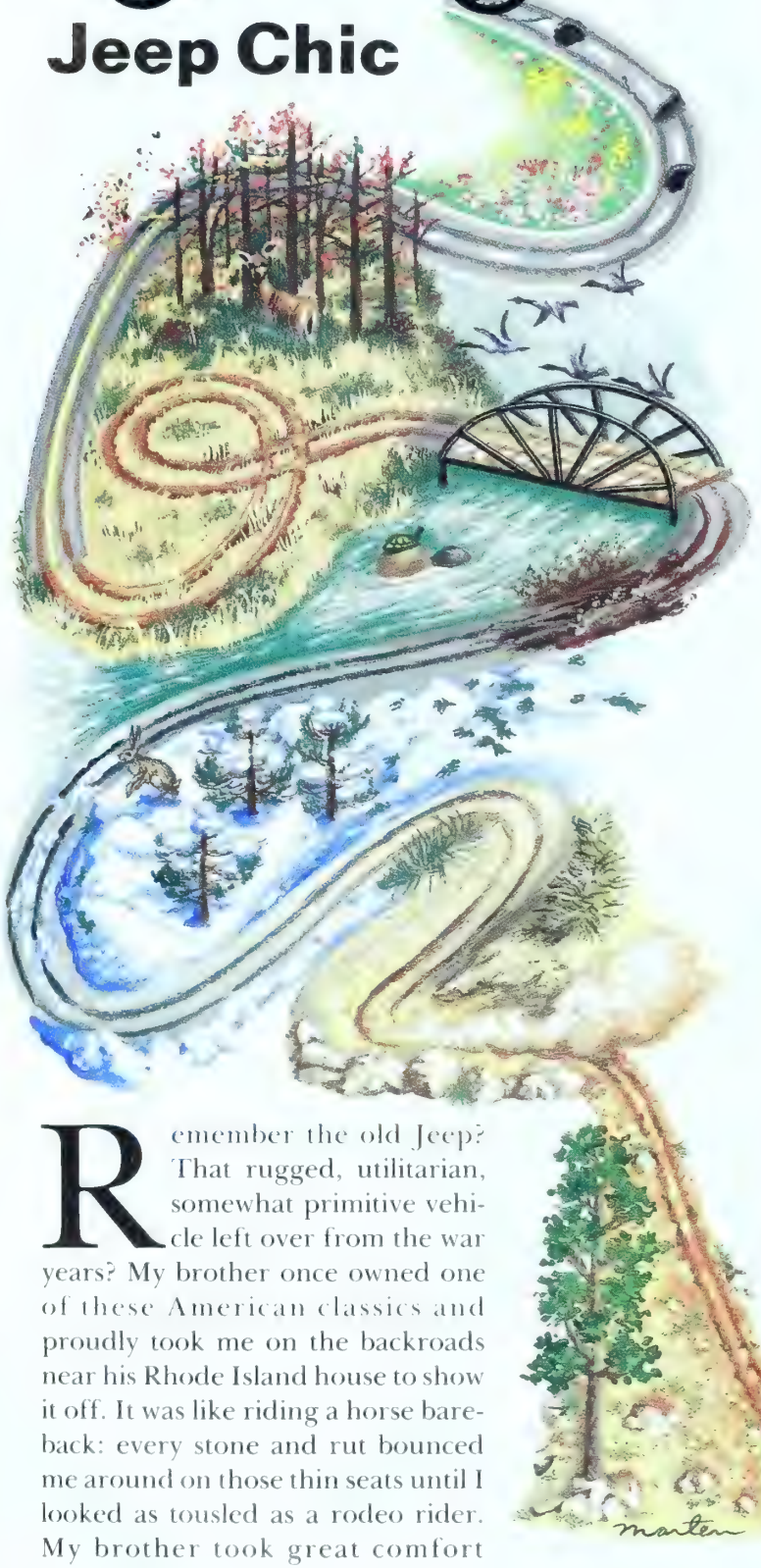
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Jeep Chic



Dirt devils and city slickers will feel equally at home behind the wheel

BY ERIC BERTHOLD

Remember the old Jeep? That rugged, utilitarian, somewhat primitive vehicle left over from the war years? My brother once owned one of these American classics and proudly took me on the backroads near his Rhode Island house to show it off. It was like riding a horse bareback: every stone and rut bounced me around on those thin seats until I looked as tousled as a rodeo rider. My brother took great comfort knowing he could go just about anywhere in his Jeep. For me, however, comfort was out of the question.

Knowing full well that Jeep had changed, I was still surprised when I picked up my 1993 Jeep Grand Cherokee Laredo test model in Detroit. This is a car thought, not a sport utility vehicle, or SUV, as today's jgon goes. It has all the appointments of the new breed Japanese luxury car: form-fitting seats, leather-wrapp steering wheel, stereo, power everything, and comput options. "We want to set a new standard close to some the best sports sedans on the market," explains Chrysl vice president François J. Castaing, "while continuing improve upon the traditional off-road Jeep virtues toughness and durability."

Those off-road virtues are what I set out to test as soo as I escaped from the eyes of Chrysler into remote are of Michigan. My first stop was an unmarked dirt roa spotted with melting snow, potholes, and ravines and n a soul in sight. Strapped in and feeling confident, aimed for any and every obstruction, including a thre foot snow mound. I even attempted a couple of 360s- something, I decided, better left for real dirt devils. Th power and traction of the four-wheel drive took m through it all with precision and never a loss of control.

The Laredo model I was driving is equipped wit Command-Trac, which is two-wheel drive with a simpl upshift to four-wheel drive for the wilds, although I pre ferred 4WD even in town. The Grand Cherokee Limite has Quadra-Trac, 4WD at all times, and the basic mode comes with Selec-Trac, 4WD with downshift to 2WD. A three allow the driver to shift to low range, useful fo crawling down steep inclines or through thick sand.

Leaving a trail of mud, I zoomed back onto the high way to test the horsepower of the car's electronically fuel injected four-liter I-6 engine (a V-8 will be available thi fall). Acceleration was peppy and visibility excellent With the speed control set and music playing, the ride was smooth and quiet. Chrysler credits this to its unibody construction and Quadra-Coil suspension system, which allows each wheel to negotiate the road independently. Aside from my high perch, I might have been behind the wheel of a sports sedan.

I kept looking to see whether people were checking out this new Jeep hybrid, then realized it was camouflaged by mud. Too bad they couldn't see the softer lines, rounded contouring, wraparound front headlights, and integrated bumpers that give it a less trucklike image. Jeep's trademark vertical slotted grille is still there, but it's now angled to allow a clearer view of the road ahead.

As SUVs become ever more fashionable for families, safety is becoming a selling point. Jeep is the only SUV offering driver-side airbags, four-wheel antilock brakes, and a rearview mirror that automatically reduces glare at night. At $20,884 for the Laredo model and $28,440 for the Limited, Jeeps are competitive among SUVs and less expensive than the sports sedans they emulate. And just try driving one of those sedans through a muddy trench. ▲

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The Way to Go in Martinique

For the quiet side of the island, turn right from the airport

BY RICHARD BERNSTEIN





The main roads from the airport on this lush tropical island lead to luxury hotels and Caribbean beaches, which is not surprising given that that's where most people go. Just to be different, you might turn right at the airport exit instead of left, following the less conspicuous signs to Le Robert, a ramshackle town on the less posh, more windswept Atlantic Ocean side of Martinique. You have a famous example to follow. The first western tourist to Martinique, an Italian named Christopher Columbus, landed on the Atlantic coast in 1502 on his fourth transoceanic voyage. Columbus must have noted the beauty of the place, the way the tropical forest stretched up the sides of stirring volcanic peaks and down to the edge of the surf-pounded shore. But pressed for time, he didn't linger.

You may want to stay longer, particularly if you go to a little jewel of a hotel up in the hills above the ocean: Habitation Lagrange, named for the French family that built it as part of a sugar and banana plantation some two hundred years ago. The hotel, artfully remodeled before its opening last December, is not on the beach, and at up to $300 a day it may be the most expensive place on the island. But this elegant mansion makes visitors feel a bit like colonial planters—like Jean-Paul Belmondo and Catherine Deneuve in *The Mississippi Mermaid*, perhaps. The place harks back, after all, to a time when Martinique was an agricultural outpost for empire builders and adventurers, not a vacationland for denizens of Club Med.

I got there in a rental car, following the winding coastal road north from Le Robert, keeping the sparkling Atlantic on my right. At the big sign marked "Écrevisses Vivantes," live crayfish, I turned left. The road here is like a corrugated washboard; my teeth vibrated as I drove along, a fast-moving stream on one side and a series of ascending crayfish ponds on the other. Then, just after the ruins of the former Lagrange rum distillery, I took another left onto a road even rougher than the one before. The main house of the Habitation Lagrange, all ocher walls and wide verandas silhouetted against the sky, loomed up in front of me.

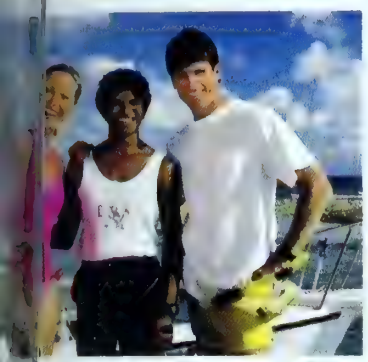
Habitation Lagrange is the most recent addition to a short list of former plantations and manor houses on the Atlantic coast of Martinique that have been converted





Habitation Lagrange, above and right, retains the character of a West Indian planter's private retreat. Even more secluded are villas on the islets of Oscar, left, and Thierry, above right.

From the first moment we dove into the crystal clear waters of The Cayman Islands, we knew that everything here was friendly.



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9. LEVI STRAUSS & CO. WOMENSWEAR: [illegible] Levi's® Womenswear retailer, call (800) DOCKERS.

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32. DONGHIA FURNITURE/TEXTILES: Carnevale, an intriguing cotton print alive with celestial spirit and drama, has a subtle texture created by the ribbed ground cloth. Available in three colorways. Sample, $2.00

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36. FITZ AND FLOYD: Look to the distinctive designs of the Fitz and Floyd Fine China and Hand-Painted Giftware Collections for value, variety, and versatility in dinnerware, serveware, and decorative accessories. Free brochure

37. FIVESTAR: A complete line of professional-style gas ranges, cooktops, and range hoods specifically designed for home use. Send for your free brochure.

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39. FRANKE, INC.: Full-color catalog, *The International Collection*, features a variety of stainless-steel and quartz-composite sinks to suit any kitchen beautifully. Includes faucets and color-coordinated accessories plus Elements, a line of contemporary undermounts. $3.00.

40. GAGGENAU: Our latest catalog showcases the new Gaggenau ventilation system with electronic variable-height adjustment and the new stainless cooking center. $5.00.

41. GE: We give you "The Freedom to Imagine" your custom kitchen with built-in appliances. Catalog, $7.50.

42. CYNTHIA GIBSON, INC.: For information on Cynthia Gibson fabric, wallcoverings, and home furnishing products, as well as a list of sources, please call (800) 272-2766. Free brochure.

43. GISBERT RENTMEISTER: Offering a wide selection of European chenilles and wool tapestries. For the nearest showroom, call (800) 245-6028. Sample, $5.00

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56. KNOLL STUDIO: The Gehry Collection Cross Check Chair. One of seven ground-breaking bentwood designs by world-renowned architect Frank Gehry. For more information, circle number 56 for a free brochure.

57. KRAVET FABRICS: Introducing the English Floral Garden Collection, printed fabrics inspired by Britain's famous lush gardens. Send for three stationery notecards made from the fabrics. $3.00

58. KREISS COLLECTION: Fine furniture and accessories for the style of your life. Only Kreiss designs and manufactures furniture that looks and feels this good. For more information, call (800) 735-7347. Catalog, $10.00.

59. LA BARGE: Presenting the Alexandrine Collection of handcrafted French provincial furniture and accessories in a full-color 52-page catalog. Name of nearest dealer included. $6.00

60. LEE JOFA: Importing the finest documentary fabrics for America's classic residences. Send for a full-color rendering of the newest offering. Available through interior designers. Free.

61. LEVOLOR: [illegible] Levolor's contemporary Mark I mini-blinds, woods, [illegible]

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101. FILIPPO BERIO: *The Low Cholesterol Olive Oil Cookbook* contains 300 pages of valuable health information and hundreds of mouth-watering recipes. $5.45 (includes postage).

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104. NORDICTRACK: The original cross-country ski exerciser provides the world's best total body and cardiovascular workout. Seven in-home models are available and range in price from $299 to $1,299. For more information, please call (800) 328-5888, ext. 635. Free brochure.

105. PLEASANT COMPANY: Created especially for girls ages 7 and up, *The American Girls Collection* is filled with beautiful books, dolls, dresses, and other delights. Free color brochure.

106. SCOTTISH LION IMPORT SHOP: Over 400 tartans are illustrated in this 64-page, full-color catalog of imports from England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, as well as a complete collection of crystal, pottery, woolens, jewelry, books, and music. Catalog, $2.00.

107. SMALL SAXOPHONE INC.: Miniature musical instruments interpreted as jewelry and accessories. Over 50 tiny works of art. Brochure, $5.00 (applied to orders).

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113. HG'S TRAVEL BY DESIGN: HG's exciting biannual travel newsletter exploring the very best in travel from a unique design perspective. This innovative and informative newsletter features exclusive insight on travel from top designers, tips from travel experts, and the latest word on a wide variety of destinations, travel-related services, products, and ideas. By focusing on the synergy between design and world travel, TRAVEL BY DESIGN has become a must-read for the sophisticated traveler. Free.

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115. LEADING HOTELS OF THE WORLD: The 1993 directory contains color photographs, descriptions and rate information for 260 member hotels worldwide. For reservations or a free listing of luxury hotels, contact your travel consultant or call (800) 223-6800.

116. MARTINIQUE: Discover Martinique's special chic—its exquisite cuisine, arts, history, and culture, fine shopping, and tropical rain forest. You'll love this fabled land of blue skies, turquoise waters, and white sand beaches. Color brochures and information on new vacation programs are available. Free.

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into hotels. The biggest is Plantation Leyritz, a sprawling and elegant hostelry surrounded by a working banana and pineapple farm and complete with swimming pool, tennis court, and forty-eight comfortable rooms done up in a variety of creole styles.

These places are not for everybody. They are particularly not for those who require a blue green lagoon, scuba diving, windsurfing, catamarans, and Jet Skis, all a few steps from their modern hotel room doors. What the old plantation hotels offer instead is quiet grace, the sense of an exclusive hideaway. Jean-Louis de Lucy, who bought the seventeen-room Habitation Lagrange a few years ago, told me he has hesitated to put a sign on the road pointing the way to the hotel: he doesn't want the place to lose its private character.

I stayed for a couple of days at Lagrange, which has an oval swimming pool, a tennis court, and tasty creole (and somewhat less impressive French) cuisine served on a terrace by a tropical garden. Mostly, however, I used the hotel as a jumping-off point for excursions to several beaches within a half-hour drive. One day I went up to Grand' Rivière, a fishing village on the northern tip of Martinique; from there a paved track leads into the verdant hills that overhang the shore and eventually, after a walk of two to three hours, down to the Caribbean side of the island.

For dinner one night I ventured inland to Le Colibri, a restaurant run by Marie-Josèphe Palladino. Sitting in a well-lighted room with views of the ocean shimmering in the moonlight, I sampled half of Palladino's remarkable menu—stuffed crabs, sea urchin on giant clamshells, steamed crayfish served beneath bouquets of tropical flowers. There was a fricassee of conch, a roast pigeon oozing a mysterious spicy, dark, ambrosial substance; there was white wine and red wine from France, fruit salad, and coconut flan. When I got back, slightly tipsy, to Habitation Lagrange, I stood on the wooden bridge to the tennis court and watched the moonlight filtering through the mango trees. Then, rejecting air conditioning, I slept with my double French doors open to the moist breeze (miraculously, no mosquitoes roiled my sleep) and the roar of the cicadas beyond the terrace.

Jean-Louis offers an alternative to Lagrange, even farther from the madding crowd. On my first morning in Martinique he took me to two small islands off the Atlantic coast, Thierry and Oscar, where he owns weather-beaten nineteenth-century villas that he rents to small groups. We went by boat from Le Robert, out past scrubby atolls and just beyond the limits of the bay. The islands, known as Les Îlets de l'Impératrice, are quiet and isolated. We passed Thierry and docked at Oscar, then climbed up a series of stone steps to a grassy promontory overlooking the cobalt and turquoise ocean. In the gardens, hummingbirds were taking dainty sips from the ardent orifices of the hibiscus. The two-story villa itself is of dark-stained wood with wide verandas, large pleasant whitewashed rooms, and wicker furniture. There is a staff of three: a cook, a housekeeper, and a boatman who takes guests windsurfing, waterskiing, scuba diving, or swimming off the coral reef that rings Martinique. There is also a small black-sand beach on the far end of the island where the local people sometimes have weekend picnics. All of it, including meals, comes for roughly $200 per person per day.

The villa on Oscar was rented out the day I was there, so I didn't spend the night. But I stood on the balcony and contemplated that vague line on the horizon where the sea meets the sky, knowing that it was someplace out there that Columbus's wooden ship had made its first appearance 490 years ago. He got there before me, that is true, but he probably didn't have as much fun. ▲

Visitors information: For Habitation Lagrange and Les Îlets de l'Impératrice, (800) 633 7411; for Plantation Leyritz, (800) 366 1510; for Le Colibri, Morne-des-Esses, Martinique (596) 66 91 95.

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Dessert for Breakfast

Clafoutis, once thought only to end a meal, now begins the day

BY JOHN THORNE

It is the first week of autumn, and my wife, Matt, a
I are down on our hands and knees in a bould
strewn Maine field that overlooks the tidal estu
ies at the end of Pigeon Hill Bay. This place i
short walk down the dirt road that runs past our hou
and Matt came here in late summer to pick blueberri
There are, in fact, a few wizened blueberries still to
found, the few never uncovered by the pickers or t
birds. But we're here for wild mountain cranberries.

The midmorning sky is that pure translucent blue th
in Maine portends the arrival of cold weather, but it is n
yet cold, even though a brisk wind blows in off the wat
It brings with it what I think are seabird calls, but th
realize are the sounds of children playing in the far
yard down the road. I also realize, my eyes coming to re
on Matt's bent back, that I am running on idle, lookir
about and listening, not picking. With a sigh, I bend ov
and find my hat on the ground. Its bottom is scattered-
but far from covered—with tiny crimson berries.

Wild mountain cranbe
ries. Despite their colo
they aren't all that easy
find. This is partly becaus
the blueberry leaves ar
turning a brilliant scarl
themselves, and partly b
cause the leaves of the tin
cranberry bushes are a
deeply and intensely gree
as holly. As conflicting pr
mary colors do, these vivi
reds and greens struggle t
cancel each other out. Yo
see their individual bright
ness clearly only when yo
hold them separately i
your hand.

I shift and notice with
chagrin that some equally
visible crimson stains have appeared on the knees of my
pants. As a boy I was a berrying fool; at forty-eight the
thrill of the hunt has pretty much evaporated. Still, n
one hereabouts has yet thought of selling wild cranber-
ries in pint cartons by the roadside; if we want to eat
them, we have to pick them. Fortunately, all we need is a
modest amount to make next morning's breakfast. We're
going to have a cranberry clafoutis.

Clafoutis (more and more spelled "clafouti" these
days, perhaps because the "s" makes the word look plural
to American eyes) is usually considered a dessert. Origi-
nating in the Limousin region of France, it is traditional-
ly made by filling the bottom of a buttered baking dish
with stemmed unpitted black cherries, covering them

Peaches, plums, and cherries, top left, and freshly picked berries, left, suit a breakfast clafoutis. Above left: Cranberry clafoutis on a spongeware platter. Baskets, table, enamel cup, and platter from Richard Mulligan–Sunset Cottage, L.A. Details see Resources.

BAILEYS
ORIGINAL IRISH CREAM

Raking leaves wasn't exactly the way I wanted to spend Sunday afternoon. But after Linda brought out the Baileys and coffee, I warmed up to the idea immediately.





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with a batter, and baking the mixture in an oven. The result is a custardy, slightly puffed, lightly browned confection, dotted with soft fresh fruit. It is eaten warm or cool, dusted with confectioners' sugar.

According to the new *Larousse Gastronomique*, the Académie Française originally defined clafoutis as "a sort of fruit flan." This drew protests from the good citizens of Limoges which forced the academy to redefine it as "a cake with black cherries." Neither definition is very helpful. A clafoutis is neither a flan nor a cake—nor for that matter is it a pancake, as American cookbooks sometimes claim. You come closest if you think of it as a very custardy popover or a puffy crisp-edged custard.

I should mention here that food writers often appropriate the name and the idea of fresh fruit baked in a custardy batter to work out fantasy clafoutis that have only a tenuous connection to the real thing. For example, in *The Way to Cook* Julia Child makes a "pear clafouti" by setting poached pears in a custard-filled prebaked pastry shell and glazing the result with apricot jam. Jacques Pépin's "blackberry clafoutis" in *The Art of Cooking* is a mixture of beaten eggs, blackberry purée, slivered almonds, and raspberry brandy baked in a cream cheese dough.

There are many other examples, but they have not yet managed to corrupt the original clafoutis, which remains, as Child herself calls it, "a puddinglike peasanty dish" put together out of a few good simple things. As its honest self, it is humbler, less polished, less sharply focused than, say, a cherry pie, yet it is not so amorphous as a cherry pudding. It is the French equivalent of an apple pan dowdy or a blueberry grunt, which is to say that the identity of a clafoutis is partly fixed and partly a product of circumstance.

This fruitful confusion ties all the disparate threads of this piece together: the autumn Maine morning, the wild mountain cranberries, the good citizens of Limoges, the disarray of definitions. It explains the trajectory of circumstances that first brought the clafoutis into our kitchen and the reason it persuaded us to keep it there, unlike the many other equally good-tasting dishes that were made, enjoyed, and then forgotten. Because it isn't by accident that a dish finds a place—a permanent place—in any particular kitchen.

I got interested in the clafoutis because of cherries. I love them, and when they're in season, I yearn to do something with them other than eat them out of hand. Sweet cherries don't bake all that well, at least in pies; cook them too much and they begin to taste like prunes. I thought that the quicker-cooking clafoutis might capture that unique meaty sweetness before it slipped away.

> You come closest if you think of clafoutis as a very custardy popover

I had just met Matt when that thought occurred to me, and the clafoutis was one of the first dishes we worked on together. We simplified the traditional version to accommodate a temperamental stove and limited batterie de cuisine by heating the butter in my cast-iron skillet, rolling the cherries around in it until they were glossy all over, and then pouring the batter over them. The skillet was put straight into the oven for twenty minutes. This was easy to do and the results were, well, good.

Time passed. I moved to Maine; Matt moved up with me; we got married. It has taken us a lot longer to merge our two cuisines than our furniture, but we began to notice early on that we were eating fewer desserts and getting more enjoyment from baking something together for breakfast. We began to wonder if our clafoutis wouldn't make a delicious not-too-caloric morning meal.

The batter of a clafoutis resembles that of a popover, with this important difference: you can change the proportions of the clafoutis batter quite a bit and still produce a clafoutis. For instance, Anne Willan makes a clafoutis Limousin in *French Regional Cooking* that proportionally calls for half as much flour, almost twice as much milk, and one third again as many eggs (plus two additional yolks) as the standard formula in *Mastering the Art of French Cooking*. Willan makes a very rich and custardy clafoutis, indeed.

Our original research into clafoutis recipes had impressed us with their adaptability, even though we had followed the traditional method rather closely. Now, to make it leaner and less sweet, we reduced the amount of sugar, eliminated butter from the batter, and substituted low-fat milk for whole. We also replaced the usual vanilla and liquor (typically cognac, kirsch, or rum) with lemon zest to give what was now a breakfast dish an uncomplicated morning freshness. Finally we replaced the cast-iron frying pan with a nonstick skillet.

During all this we had no more intention of making a dietetic dish than we do when we make our cornbread with buttermilk and without sugar. You can make a richer, sweeter cornbread if your taste runs in that direction, but a lean one may be more traditional and just as good. Our clafoutis remained a clafoutis, but it was more *our* clafoutis. And something else was about to happen that would heighten this feeling of possession.

By then it was early summer; the first local fruits and vegetables were arriving at the farm stands. Most people don't think of Maine as plum- or peach-raising country, and rightly so. But these fruits do grow here; I can still remember the intensely luscious aroma of a pint-size carton of tiny plums for sale at Mount View Fruit and Berry Farm in Thorndyke. If cherries make a good clafoutis, we thought, why not these?

We began to work the fruits in: first plums, then raspberries, blueberries, and, later still, apples and cranberries. Our success prompted us to take a more considered look at



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In its new headquarters Go Silk showcases Timney-Fowler print style





The greening of Go Silk. Clockwise from top left: Floating walls of compressed wood shavings in the hall of Go Silk's new headquarters by Tod Williams and Billie Tsien; shirts and scarves from Timney-Fowler for Go Silk's fall collection; Timney-Fowler prints in the showroom; Gabriela and Jerry Hirsch of Go Silk. Details see Resources.

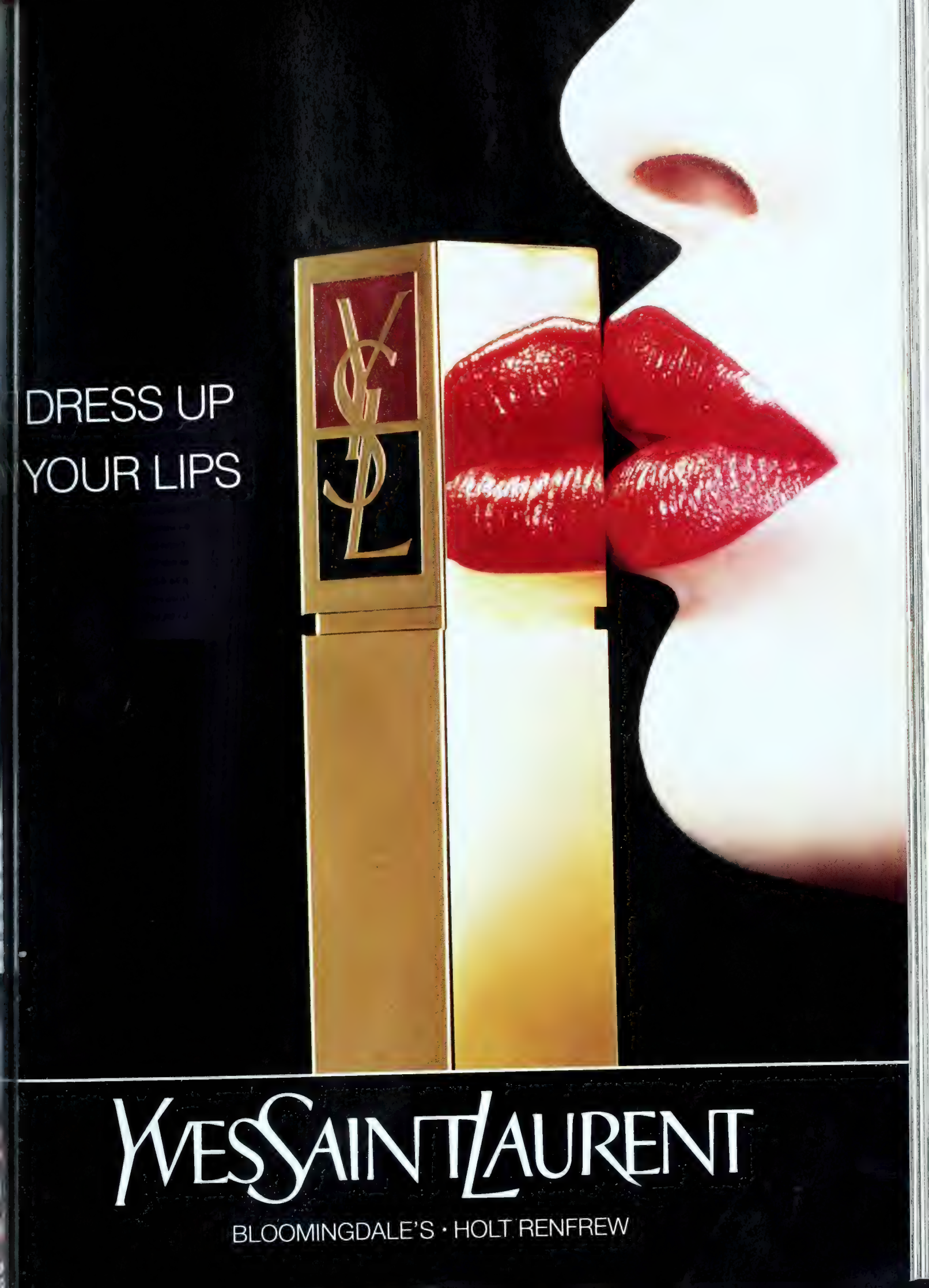


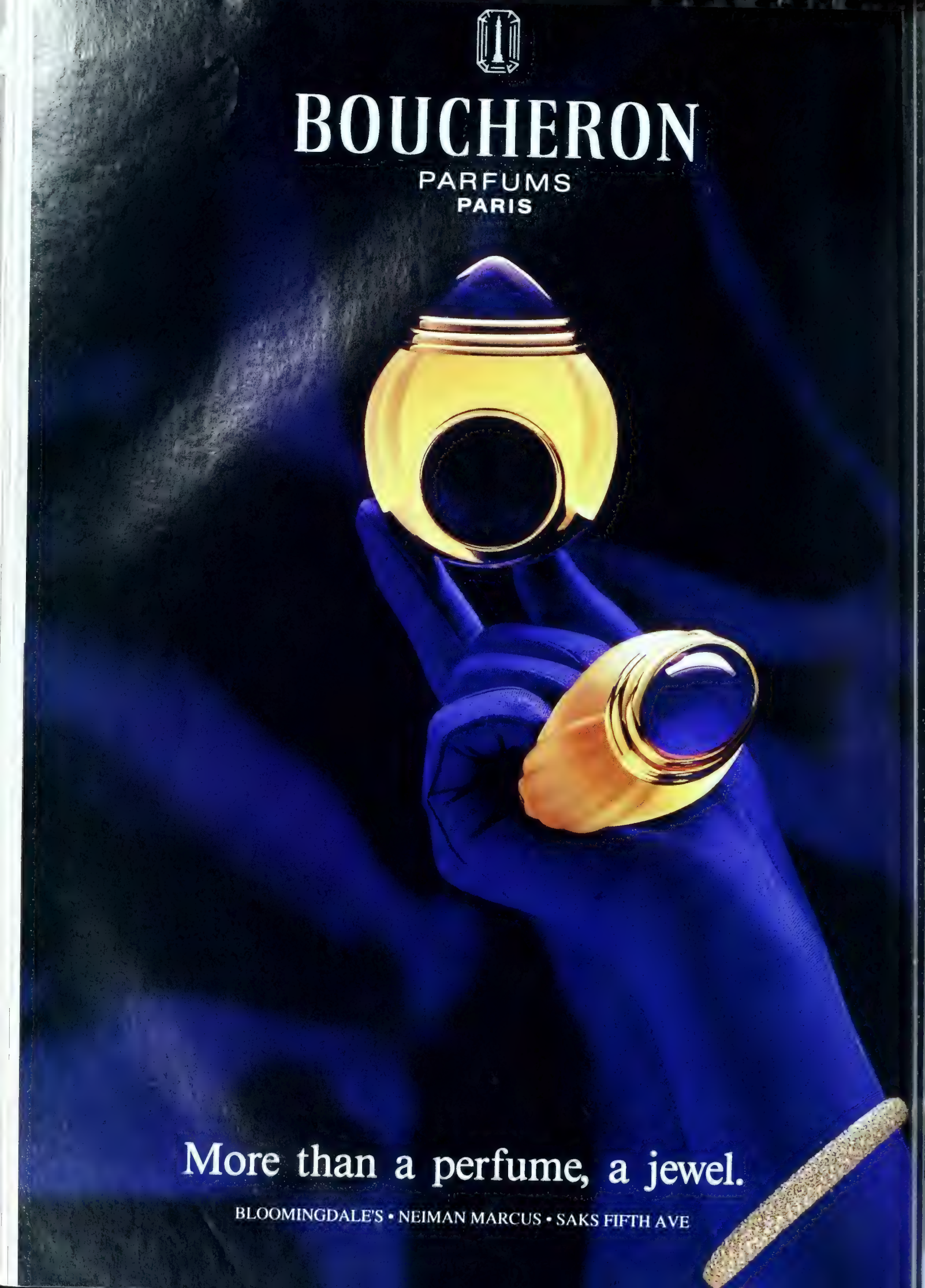


GO SILK SENT RIPPLES THROUGH THE FASHION INDUSTRY NINE YEARS AGO when it pioneered sportswear in washed and washable silk. Thanks to Go Silk president Jerry Hirsch, creative director Gabriela Hirsch, and vice president John Badum, this soft yet durable fabric, inspired by World War II parachute silk, now rivals denim for weekend comfort. More recently, the ebullient Badum introduced the Hirsches to British textile impresarios Sue Timney and Grahame Fowler. The result is a soon-to-be-expanded Timney-Fowler for Go Silk line of shirts and scarves printed with the duo's vivid neoclassical designs. This year's fall collection was launched in Go Silk's new Seventh Avenue headquarters, a serene contemporary space designed by architects Tod Williams and Billie Tsien. Working almost exclusively with recycled products, they sheathed the hall in floating silver-leaf sheets of compressed wood shavings, partitioned the rooms with burgundy panels of the same material, and tiled the floors with maroon squares of reconstituted rubber. "It's as ecologically responsible as the clothes are wearable," says Gabriela.



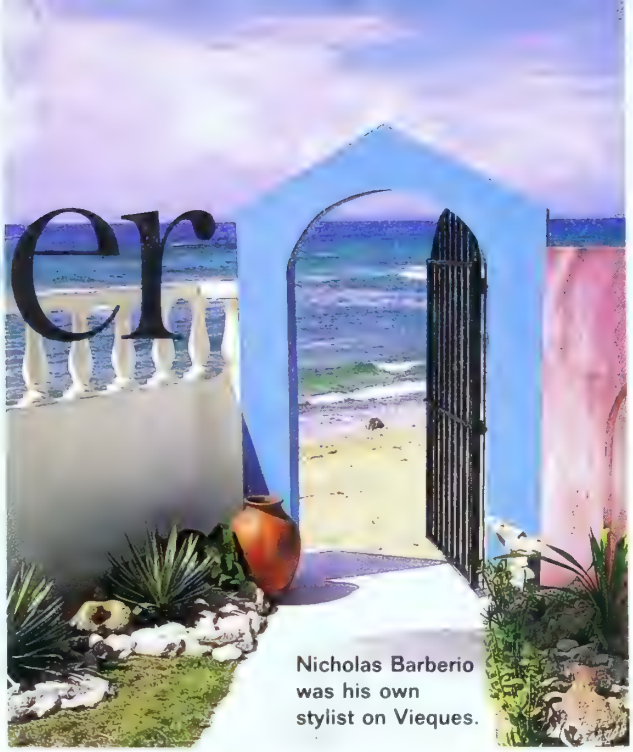
BY WENDY GOODMAN


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Editor's Page

November



Nicholas Barberio was his own stylist on Vieques.

"YOU WOULDN'T HIRE a decorator, would you?" I remember the tone of disbelief with which the elegant Mrs. C., our friend Eleanor's mother, asked the question a number of years ago. Since that time, Mrs. C. has sadly departed, leaving an interesting legacy from a decorating point of view: an extraordinary stone house in Connecticut that was shown in a leading decorating magazine (without a single touch of a professional hand), one daughter who is a licensed decorator, and another daughter (our friend) who inherited a healthy share of her mother's wonderful Virginia furniture and her remarkable flair. Not all of us have an instinct for creating memorable rooms as part of our chromosome package, and thus we happily submit to the ministrations of experts—and often come away with a heightened sense of balance, form, and furniture. In this issue we feature the results of collaborations between accomplished designers and individuals of marked visual sophistication. Vicente Wolf was blessed with clients Michael and Ruth Burke, who have a passion for historic preservation and a wonderful Natchez, Mississippi, house they entrusted to his respectful modernist touch. Bob Currie and designer Carlos Falchi are longtime friends with a similar aesthetic, which led them to favor the same surprising chartreuse for a room in the Falchis' duplex. Barbara Barry shared a fascination for the American West with Lisa Specht and Ron Rogers and translated it into a cowboy's dream of a ranch in the mountains of Colorado. With a nod to Mrs. C.'s decorating-as-human-nature, we present art historian Milton Gendel's apartment in a Renaissance palazzo in Rome with its worldly assortment of art and objects—and its fully visible late twentieth century computer. Then there's stylist Nicholas Barberio and his hideaway on an island off Puerto Rico. In our new feature, Design Analysis, decorator Greg Jordan lets us in on how he puts a room together. In answer to Mrs. C.'s question, yes, I would hire and have hired a decorator—with pleasure—but I know there are many roads, including private ones, to rooms with a distinctive style.

In their Natchez house the Burkes collaborated with designer Vicente Wolf. Details see Resources.



Mary Novogrod

EDITOR IN CHIEF

For "clarity and unity," Vicente Wolf used the same natural linen, Schumacher sisal, and pure white paint in the adjoining front parlor and library, furnished with a Regency table, his own club chair and sofa for Henredon, and a Georgian-style armchair from Henredon's Historic Natchez Collection. Pillow fabrics from Manuel Canovas. *Opposite:* Live oaks shelter the 1848 plantation house. Details see Resources.



Natchez Revival

A plantation house decorated by Vicente Wolf glows with the aura of tradition. By Mimi Read

Photographs by Langdon Clay

Produced by Anne Foxley



NATCHEZ, MISSISSIPPI, IS A LAND OF HULKING GHOSTLY ANTEBELLUM mansions, archaic manners, and droll aristocrats. Poised on high bluffs over a misty stretch of the Mississippi River, it is also green, dramatically pretty, and, most of all, remote.

Northerners who make their way to Natchez (population 19,460) typically are tourists gleaning the area's considerable surface beauty during weekend excursions hazed in mint juleps and mosquito netting. Precious few, however, take the time to explore this Newport of the Old South at length. And almost none decide to establish roots in out-of-the-way little Natchez.

But Michael and Ruth Burke, two New Yorkers who make it a rule to combine their careers with their shared penchant for exploration, discovered some compelling reasons to stay. First they did some business: Michael, who orchestrates licensing deals for furniture and accessories manufacturers, museums, and designers, arrived for a quick tour in 1977 and spotted in parlors and porches around town pristine planter's chairs, large-scale damasks, and peach-bordered porcelain ripe for reproduction. Soon he had launched the Historic Natchez Collection, a gathering of handsome eighteenth- and nineteenth-century southern designs, now being re-created by





Wolf's Edwardian-style ottoman, bench à la Louis XVI, and classic upholstered pieces—all for Henredon—are gathered in the front parlor before his Henredon mirror hung at a slant to "reflect the furniture and draw the eye back into the room." Cashmere throw from Pratesi. *Above left:* Owners and half-time southerners Michael and Ruth Burke. *Left:* For the center hall, Wolf used gilded restaurant bases to form a trio of tables.



"We wanted to show traditionalists that old houses don't have to get caught in a time warp," says Wolf



Henredon, Schumacher, Mottahedeh, and others. Two years ago both Michael and Ruth, a former marketing executive with Bill Blass who now collaborates with her husband, realized they wanted to do more than "sell the Natchez lifestyle," as Michael puts it. "Why should we stay in New York when all we need for our business is a phone and a nearby airport?" he reasoned. Ruth agreed, and with the purchase of Richland, an 1848 Greek revival plantation house on a hundred pastoral acres, they became part-time southerners.

Manhattan-based designer Vicente Wolf was immediately summoned to Natchez to help pull the house together. He was enchanted with the Burkes' property from the moment he entered the long drive, a processional stretch bordered by magnolias, camellias, and live oaks dangling Spanish moss. Conferring with architectural historians Ron and Mimi Miller of the Historic Natchez Foundation, Wolf preserved the generous central hall configuration of the structure as well as period details, such as the mahogany finish on the doors. He also lined much of the downstairs with sisal, which is, he says, "just like the grass matting used for centuries on plantations." But the traditional Natchez stately house look—a style that leans in the direction of rococo revival settees stuffed with horsehair, threadbare oriental rugs, and curtains fit for Versailles—was not what the Burkes or Wolf had in mind. "We wanted to show traditionalists that old houses can be treated respectfully without getting caught in a time warp," says Wolf.

In place of the existing pastel pinks and blues, they painted the walls undiluted white. And instead of fusty Victoriana, they furnished the rooms with a clean mix of the Burkes' Anglo-Indian and English antiques, selections from the Historic Natchez Collection, and an array of Wolf's own tailored modernist furniture for Henredon—a group of versatile designs that sprang from a licensing agreement brokered, naturally, by Michael Burke.

"The idea was to keep everything neutral so as not to detract from the pure architecture of the house," explains Ruth, who, on a recent Sunday, floated into her front parlor balancing a plate of ham biscuits, another of deviled eggs, and a tray of iced tea glasses, as if she had taken graciousness lessons from the locals. "Vicente used the same white in every room, the same gilt-edged mahogany frames on all the mirrors and the same paper bag–colored linen on all of the chairs and sofas." Indeed the house now wears the decorative equivalent of a flawless Armani uniform. As Wolf sees it, the design is "like a diamond ring worn spinned around: the gems are there, but they're not hitting you over the head." ▲

The lofty all-white dining room showcases a collection of 18th-century Italian architectural engravings that echo the classical lines of the house. Gothic chairs, one English, the other American, surround the glass-topped table. *Above left:* In the library Wolf paired his Henredon mahogany-framed mirrors with twin Anglo-Indian chests and Chinese jars. The faience urn is French, c. 1820.

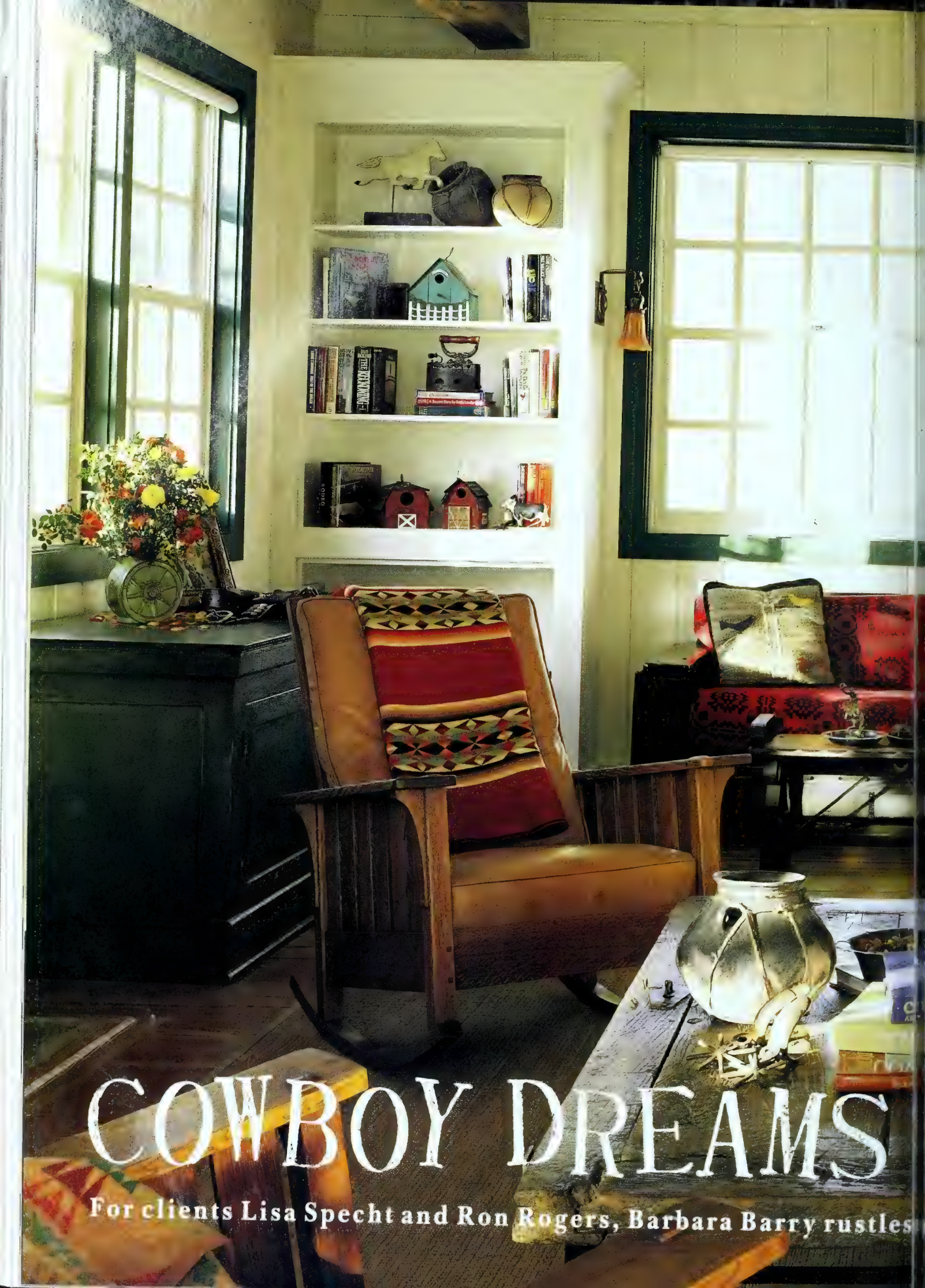








olf's linen-covered sleigh bed for Hentredon and his gilded table
at at one end of the master bedroom. Bed linens from Anichini.
posite top left: At another end of the room, a bust of Marie
toinette rests before a mirror by Wolf. *Opposite bottom left:* A
er-lined table in a curtained dressing room niche. *Top right:* In
shower room an Anglo-Indian rack holds towels in front of a
board with a cypress finish. *Right:* The dressing room features
image tub, a fireplace, and framed sketches by Bill Blass.



COWBOY DREAMS

For clients Lisa Specht and Ron Rogers, Barbara Barry rustles



In the living room a leather-covered Stickley rocker faces a table made from a Mexican door and a sofa in blanket fabric from the Ralph Lauren Home Collection. The sofa and chair near the bookcases and the red glass-shaded lamp are early 20th century Monterey pieces. *Inset:* Lisa Specht and Ron Rogers nurse a calf from their herd. Details see Resources.

e western atmosphere. By Carol Wolper

Photographs by Tim Street-Porter



Bronzed child's cowboy
antique checkerboards,
Remington horseman to
place built with moss ro
the ranch. The fire scre
based on a Thomas Mo
design. *Opposite, clockw*
top left: Elk Mountain ri
behind the new house,
left, and the foreman's
The antler chandelier a
the kitchen table was
made. In the mudroom,
rest on an old church p





FOR A CITY SLICKER, THE DRIVE PAST HORSES AND elk grazing against a backdrop of Colorado mountains and sky might conjure up visions of the Ponderosa. A rancher's eye would take in the well-maintained buck-and-pole fences built to keep in the livestock or, in the local lingo, "turn any cow." Urban romantic and country pragmatist alike would feel welcome at the end of the road, on the 640-acre spread called Spring Creek Ranch. There Ron Rogers, owner of Rogers & Associates, a Los Angeles public relations and marketing firm, and his wife, Lisa Specht, a partner in a prestigious law firm and a television legal commentator, have built a rural retreat that combines farmhouse coziness with cowboy ruggedness.

Unlike many of his peers, Rogers is no Johnny-come-lately to the great outdoors. Growing up in Hollywood's entertainment world didn't prevent him from dreaming of a simpler life. He spent hours reading *Field & Stream*, and by the time he was fifteen he was buying and selling horses. The chaps and spurs he wore as a sixteen-year-old riding in his first rodeo now hang inside the entrance to the house at Spring Creek. For city-bred Specht, whose hectic workdays often take her from meetings at her office to taping sessions for spots on the *Home* show to speaking engagements at political functions, the joys of life on a ranch came as a surprise. She had always felt most at home in a streamlined contemporary environment—in L.A. she and Rogers live in white-on-white rooms—and never imagined she would want to sur-



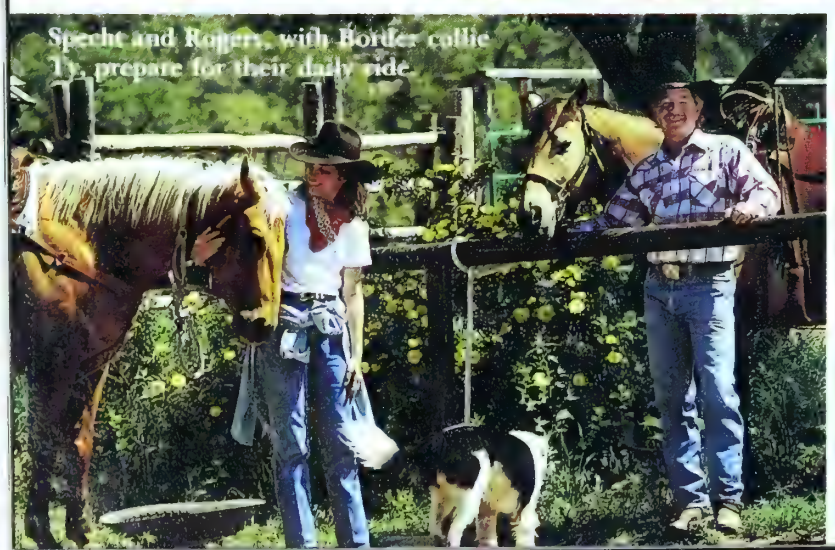




Lace curtains filter light onto the four-poster in the master bedroom.



Specht and Rogers, with Border collie Ty, prepare for their daily ride.



round herself with antiques, folk art, and quilts.

When the couple decided to scout for a place in the Rockies, privacy and a creek were at the top of their list. The property they acquired had both, but it took imagination to see the potential in overgrown pastures, a small rundown foreman's house, sheds in various stages of decay, and a cramped log cabin where Specht and Rogers ended up staying while their own house was under construction. Inspiration for the new homestead came from a photograph they found in an old book, a picture of a white clapboard farmhouse with front and back porches. For the design they turned to architect Gary Gilbar. All existing structures were remodeled, a hay barn was built, and a tack room was installed in a WPA supply shed brought to Spring Creek on a flatbed truck.

Meanwhile, Rogers set about buying horses, pigs, chickens, a "starter set" of cattle, and a bull named Sweetpea. Specht turned her attention to design. With the help of decorator Barbara Barry, she took on the challenge of creating warm inviting rooms that "look like they've been here for a hundred years—and are going to be here for a hundred more." Rogers insisted on "having a place where you can wear dirty jeans and boots and put your feet up and not worry about it." Everyone agreed that the best plan was to take the traditional farmhouse as a model and redefine it: ceilings higher, kitchen brighter, windows larger to let in the "high country" sunshine.

This redefinition also translated into a gentle eclecticism. The living room combines Stickley rockers, an old-fashioned sofa updated with Ralph Lauren blanket fabric, a well-worn Mexican door turned into a coffee table, a onetime chicken incubator reworked into an end table, a fire screen based on a Thomas Molesworth design but reinterpreted by a local craftsman, a few choice Monterey pieces, and a frontier-era shotgun over the fireplace. Specht explored swap meets, thrift shops, and antiques stores in California and Colorado to come up with the right ranch accessories.

Among her favorite finds are the bronzed child's cowboy boots, inscribed "To Uncle Joe from Chickie," which she uses as bookends, and the mural-size cowboy painting that for years hung in a bar in Salinas. A collection of rag dolls is displayed in one of the guest bedrooms and an array of rolling pins hangs from a kitchen cupboard—an homage to the domestic side of ranching. "Every room in this house is about small moments," says Barry, "life on an intimate scale that acts as a counterpoint to the background drama of the Rockies."

The success of these interiors comes down to a balance of coziness and open space that avoids clutter as well as still-life austerity. The desire for balance also led to a shift of mood between the ground floor and the second level. As you ascend, hard angles and wood surfaces give way to curves and softer textures, providing what Barry describes as the "pampering one needs after an active day outdoors." Garnet-colored carpeting with a subtle floral pattern, used everywhere *(Continued on page 198)*





In the living room of [illegible] Duplex, François Catroux [illegible] paintings, among them a larg surrealist work by Wifredo La a decorative scheme built aro motifs borrowed from antiqui [illegible] that ranges from chairs and o by Catroux to an 18th-centur by Camille Pissarro [illegible]



Harmony in a Greek Key

French decorator François Catroux creates a classical frame for an eclectic collection. By Gabriella De Ferrari

Photographs by Michael Mundy Produced by Jacqueline Gonnet



IN THE ENTRY HALL, BELOW A VIEW OF ANCIENT Rome by Pierre-Antoine Demachy, red-figure Greek vases flanked by towering Etruscan jars line a French Empire console in the Egyptian style. To one side, an eighteenth-century bust of Louis XIV stands in a well-proportioned stairwell hung with architectural capriccio paintings by such masters as Hubert Robert and Giovanni Paolo Pannini. At the far end of the hall a doorway into the living room frames a large abstract canvas by Cuban modernist Wifredo Lam, next to a late Picasso.

The historical range of these glimpses and the subtle play of period styles and their interpretations and reinterpretations—all against a ground of striped wallpaper in pale warm colors—provide an apt introduction to this elegant Park Avenue duplex apartment by Parisian decorator François Catroux.

Like galleries in a museum, each of the main rooms on the first floor displays one significant period and historical style. "We started with an impressive collection of paintings that I arranged by theme," says Catroux. "It is a vast collection. We decided to divide it and use a different aspect for each room"—modern paintings in the living room, seascapes in the library, seventeenth-century Dutch still lifes and landscapes in the dining room.

What ties these distinct rooms together is an educated taste, a flair for unexpected juxtapositions, and a high degree of craftsmanship on the part of the contractor, Steven Heller of Cardinal Properties, and Parisian decorative artist Laurent Beuffe, whose team of painters devoted nearly three months to the project. Here the a does not simply embellish the interiors but provides th foundation for the overall design. Conversely, the decorative scheme—which relies, Catroux explains, on a fe fabrics treated in different ways and on the "architectural parti pris of lots of Adam moldings, panels, cornices doorways, and pediments, which for me is typical ol New York"—provides a vivid context for the art.

In the dining room, Dutch paintings of a domesti scale and intimate character hang in their simple dar frames against panels of trompe l'oeil tortoiseshell, ebo ny, ivory, and rosewood. The faux painting by Beuff and his crew was inspired in part by the important seven teenth-century Italian inlaid cabinet against one wall an in part, says Catroux, by his research into Dutch interior of the period. Eighteenth-century Portuguese painte chairs with chinoiserie, an austere English Regency tabl

Three Lam paintings hang over a sofa, *above*. A team of artists led by Laurent Beuffe painted the trompe l'oeil frieze and dad and stenciled designs on the sisal carpet. Catroux designed the two coffee tables, mounting 17th-century tops on curved bronze legs. *Opposite, clockwise from top left:* Carpeaux's terra-cotta *The Bather in the Shell* near a door opening into the antique pine library. A 17th-century Italian ebony, tortoiseshell, and ivory cabinet in the dining room. Two Légers above a chair from the Château de Compiègne and an 18th-century Levasseur commode. Picasso's *Femme au chapeau*, 1962.

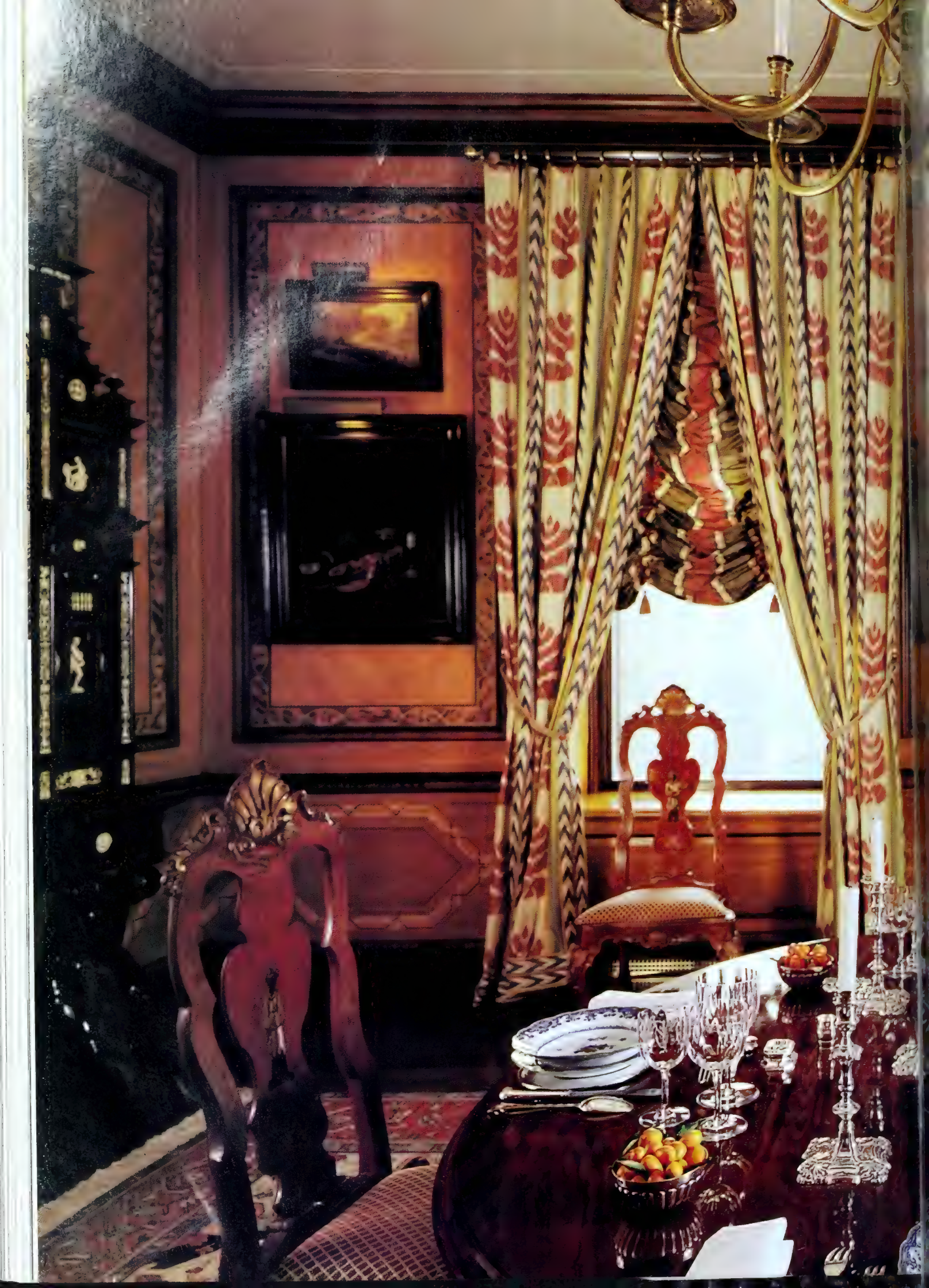




"We started with an impressive collection of paintings," says Catroux







Like galleries in a museum, each of the main rooms on the first floor displays one significant period and historical style



A superlative display of faux bois painting envelops the dining room, where Catroux has arranged the owners' 17th-century Dutch landscapes and still lifes. Portuguese painted chairs surround the English Regency dining table, which is set with 18th-century porcelain and Georgian silver.

set with eighteenth-century blue and white Compagnie des Indes porcelain and Georgian silver, and a Persian rug complete the richly detailed effect.

The living room, in contrast, is spacious and light, with large windows and yellow walls. Here Catroux has taken clues from the original Adam-style ceiling and mantel and elaborated on the Greek motifs used on the imposing coffee table. Around the doors into the library, Heller's carpenters built neoclassical moldings and entablatures, following detailed drawings prepared by New York architect Boris Baranovich. Around the top of the walls Beuffe's painters created a faux marble border and neoclassical frieze, and around the bottom a trompe l'oeil dado that alternates bosses with geometric motifs related to the Greek key fret on the coffee table. On the floor is a refreshing sisal carpet on which Beuffe stenciled a border based on the room's egg and dart moldings and a central medallion and palmettes reminiscent of the table legs and the original plaster reliefs on the ceiling.



These classical references set up an interesting tension with the loose abstractions of the modern paintings on the walls. The primitive organic forms of six Wifredo Lam canvases—a rare group to find in private hands in New York—are complemented by a late Picasso head, a Dali, a charming Magritte of a bicycle, two dynamic Légers, and a small picture by the Brazilian artist Cândido Portinari. Framed in traditional gilded and ebonized wood, these paintings are placed in such a way that their strength contributes to the whole scheme.

Catroux himself designed most of the chairs and sofas and had them upholstered in French silks. For the curtains and one sofa he used a gray blue silk with bands of stripes in colors close to those in the trompe l'oeil decoration; these same striped bands are appliquéd on the cushions of the oversize ottomans to emphasize their simple forms. The third major fabric, a stylized floral on a pair of armchairs, combines with the graphic carpet to add a playful note to the room.

In the next room a complete antique English pine library purchased from T. Crowther & Son in London was installed by Crowther's craftsmen and by Heller's cre who also concealed part of the air conditioning system the dentil molding. The warm wood sets off the owne collection of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Dut and English marine paintings.

Upstairs the space was substantially reconfigured Baranovich during the fourteen-month renovation make way for two dressing rooms, one paneled in m hogany, the other tagonal in plan. In t master bedroom C troux chose to cover t walls with a subtly te tured fabric and t bed, windows, and tw floor-to-ceiling foldi screens with a fancif French document pri of birds and flower swags and urns. On t sofa this arabesque co ton is combined with related pattern on smaller scale. Togethe these fabrics make th room a quiet and int mate retreat from th busy streets outside.

The success of thi apartment reflects seamless aesthetic alli ance between decorato and clients. "I know th owners very well," say Catroux. "They ar good friends of mine and they know m work. It is very important that there is an element o complicity between the client and the decorator; they have to trust you and trust that you understand them."

Like the architectural fantasies of the seventeenth- and eighteenth-century paintings that grace the stairwell and entrance hall, where the artists beguile us by integrating existing architectural monuments and natural elements into an imaginary landscape all their own, so has Catroux integrated his clients' large and varied collections and his own designs into a residence that is at once sensuous and harmonious. ♠

A 19th-century French mahogany console that pays homage to ancient Egypt, *above*, holds antique Greek and Etruscan vases. The painting of imperial Rome by Pierre-Antoine Demachy is one of a group of 17th- and 18th-century architectural fantasies in the entry hall and stairwell, *opposite below*. The 18th-century terra-cotta bust of Louis XIV is from Didier Aaron, NYC. *Opposite above:* In the master bedroom Catroux used a pair of Clarence House prints for the curtains, bed, screen, and sofa and a Manuel Canovas fabric for the walls. The two Louis XVI armchairs are covered in gaufré velvet. Carpet from Stark.





The Reign of Helena Rubinstein

DESPOTS WORTHY OF THEIR TITLE HAVE ALWAYS PRESIDED OVER A TASTE AL THEIR OWN, AND HELENA RUBINSTEIN, EMPRESS O BEAUTY, WAS NO EXCEPTION. IF THE RUBINSTEIN STYLE DID NO

catch on as universally as Louis XV's or Napoleon's, it is because, to quote *Vogue* in 1938, she was "an adventurous soul who deviates from established routes." In other words, her taste veered toward the fantastically idiosyncratic. The scale of her houses—numbering up to seven at a time—the vastness of her collections, and the scope of her empire (all in inverse proportion to her four-foot, ten-inch frame) bring to mind Orson Welles's *Citizen Kane*. While Rubinstein did not utter "rosebud"—or even "rose water"—upon expiring, she did take with her the meaning of Crème Valaze, the enigmatic name of her first face cream, which, as a willful young Polish émigré, she introduced to Australia at the turn of the century. By the end of her life more than six decades later, Rubinstein's original twelve jars of Valaze had proliferated into a line of five hundred products manufactured by a beauty conglomerate employing 30,000 people in one hundred countries. All of which generated a fortune that reportedly made her the richest woman in America.

Endowed with what Henry James has called a "monstrous vitality," Rubinstein worked ceaselessly, slept little, and still had plenty of energy left to fuel her other passions—collecting and decorating. In her autobiography, *My Life for Beauty*, Rubinstein proudly recounts how, with a stroke of Scarlett O'Hara–like resourcefulness, she whipped up curtains for her first salon, in Melbourne, "from the lovely white full-skirted dresses I had brought from Poland." The three rooms looked "light and friendly and attractive." By the time she opened the London branch of her Salons de Beauté Valaze in 1908, the glamorous entrepreneur had traded in "light and friendly" for "warm and passionate." Her husband-to-be, literar patron Edward Titus, had taken her to see the Balle Russes, and there was no turning back. "The electr combinations of purple and magenta, orange and ye low, black and gold" in set designs by Léon Bakst ar Alexandre Benois excited her "beyond measure." A other Ballets Russes enthusiast, Paul Poiret, who dec rated her first Paris salon, also inspired her exot sensibility. Rubinstein (later known simply as Madame t her familiars) was discovering with a vengeance what th philosopher Francis Bacon had proposed long ago there is no beauty without strangeness.

A law unto herself concerning color—and everythin else—Madame became famous for her chromatic tab settings while entertaining her smart new Londo friends. She would lay out a pink dinner service on whic guests ate "an all-pink meal of salmon, followed by sa gnant roast beef, and then strawberry mousse . . . with vin rosé," she wrote in her autobiography. Among th regulars at Rubinstein's color-coordinated dinners wa sculptor Jacob Epstein, who introduced her to Africa art. Bidding at auction, she relied on his eyes and he swelling pocketbook. Out of this friendly collaboratio grew one of the finest col lections of tribal sculptur ever assembled. But he most celebrated collectin coup during the prewa London years was he clean sweep of a compre hensive 1911 Elie Nadel man sculpture exhibition As Lincoln Kirstein wrote, "She did not acquire mere ly one or two heads; she purchased the entire exhi bition outright." Nadel man's suave marble figures became—like her African art—fixtures in all of her residences. Phalanxes of



BY AMY FINE COLLINS



Helena Rubinstein in 1958 proudly displayed the baroque furniture and colossal jewels that beauty potions bought her. *Opposite:* A sequined portrait of Rubinstein by Pavel Tchelitchew hung in her New York penthouse, c. 1938, amid Italian and Indonesian exotica.

them commanded the entrance hall in her New York penthouse, and they showed up in publicity shots, their idealized visages paired with Madame's less regular but equally monumental profile.

Before World War I Rubinstein moved to Paris, where she was taken up by salonnière Misia Natanson, who urged her to commission portraits from avant-garde artists. By the end of her life Rubinstein had sat for over twenty likenesses. "Good for publicity, good investment, good for all the empty walls!" she pronounced. One of the most striking portraits is Marie Laurencin's 1934 canvas of Rubinstein as an Indian maharanee. No doubt the conceit was inspired by the combination of her jet hair, bulbous pearls, and mammoth cabochons flashing like traffic lights on her wrists and fingers. Salvador Dali painted the beauty empress as a feminine Prometheus, chained to a rock by her glittering emerald ropes. But Madame was not as enslaved by her trinkets as the surrealist imagined. Never tidy, she stashed her baubles under her bed in a giant Hattie Carnegie dress box—beneath several old girdles. An assistant later improved upon this method by organizing her booty alphabetically in a filing cabinet—D for diamonds, R for rubies, etc.

Soon after the war, Rubinstein and Edward Titus—whose Black Manikin Press published D. H. Lawrence—built an apartment house in Montparnasse designed by leading modernist architect Bruno Elkouken. "One of the first modern houses in Paris," according to Madame's nephew, Oscar Kolin, it boasted among other



Holding court with her second husband, Prince Gourielli-Tchkonia of Russian Georgia, in their New York living room, c. 1950.



The patron with Paris art stars on her terrace on the Île Saint-Louis.



Dali's daydr... Rubinstein ... Prometheus...

Her style veered between "Byzantium and the flea market"

amenities a 250-seat theater where Titus's playwright friends staged productions. Nearby, at the Dôme café, Modigliani hawked his pictures for a few francs. "I have always preferred buying directly from the artist," proclaimed Rubinstein, whose divining-rod instincts, still intact years later, led her to an unknown Willem de Kooning's studio door. "Titus collected artists," Rubinstein quipped. "I collected art." Unfortunately for her, he also collected mistresses.

By the time Titus left her, Rubinstein had already planned an immense new Paris apartment building on the Île Saint-Louis. The sleek but austere structure, designed by the fashionable art deco architect Louis Süe, blended so gracefully with the neighboring Louis Le Vau houses it won a prize for the best construction of 1937. Patrick O'Higgins, author of the biography *Madame*, described its crowning glory, a spectacular roof garden: "At one end, there was a tiered fountain larger than the average Hollywood swimming pool. At the opposite end, across a hundred yards of marble, a mirrored recess reflected various pieces of statuary through a bower of evergreens." Beneath, "extending as far as the eye could see, was nearly every Parisian landmark known to the world." Dubbed the "most expensive view in Paris," it temporarily cured André *(Continued on page 198)*



The Île Saint-Louis African collection led to a balconied music room.

nd French art, Brüne furniture, and caged Spanish columns in the Park Avenue penthouse.



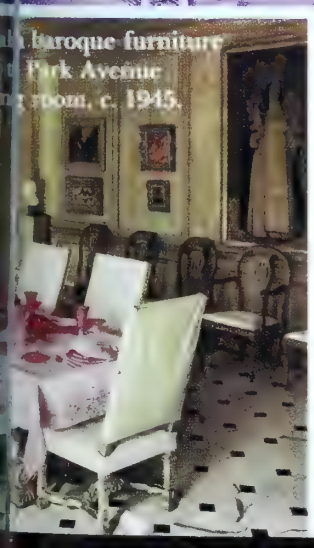
th added walls and mother-of-pearl furniture
h jewel box–style bedroom in Paris, c. 1935.



Rubinstein's London living room, c. 1960,
[illegible] by David Hicks in eye-shadow purples.

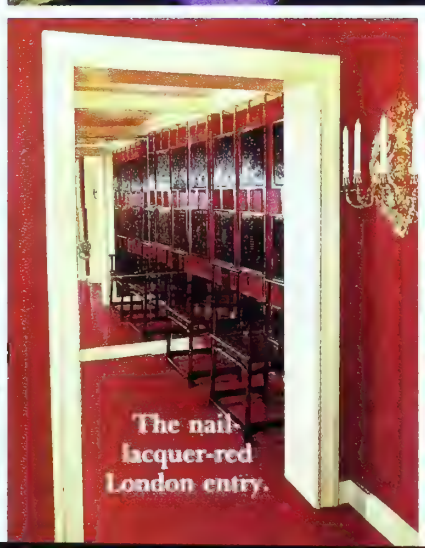


h baroque furniture
Park Avenue
room, c. 1945.

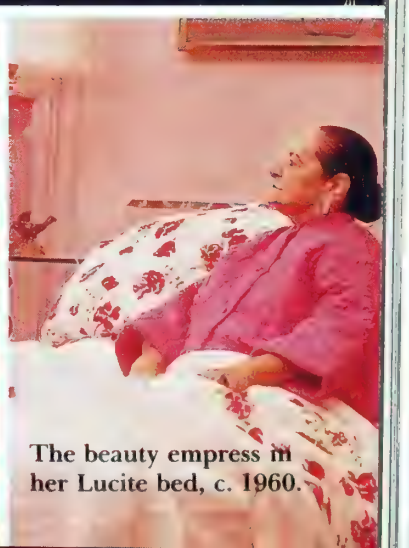


With niece Mala Rubinstein in Moscow, 1959.





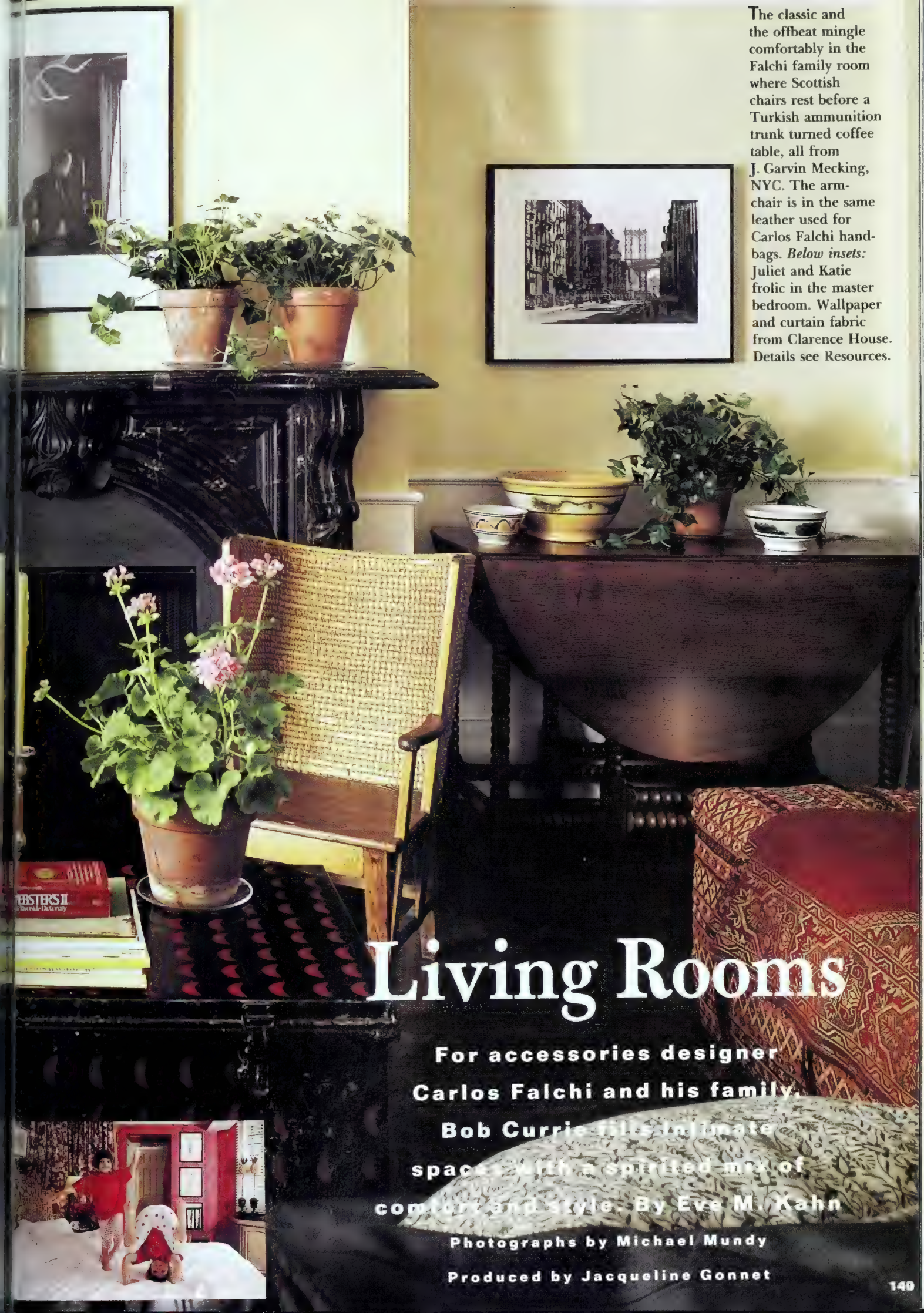
The nail-lacquer-red London entry.



The beauty empress in her Lucite bed, c. 1960.


MADELINE

The classic and the offbeat mingle comfortably in the Falchi family room where Scottish chairs rest before a Turkish ammunition trunk turned coffee table, all from J. Garvin Mecking, NYC. The armchair is in the same leather used for Carlos Falchi handbags. *Below insets:* Juliet and Katie frolic in the master bedroom. Wallpaper and curtain fabric from Clarence House. Details see Resources.



Living Rooms

For accessories designer Carlos Falchi and his family, Bob Currie tills intimate spaces with a spirited mix of comforts and style. By Eve M. Kahn

Photographs by Michael Mundy

Produced by Jacqueline Gonnet

IT'S CALLED WILD VILLA style—designer Carlos Falchi and his wife, Missy, invented the term because their Greenwich Village duplex fit no known design pigeonhole. In theory, the style's mix of colors, textures, and offbeat collections is overwhelming; in person, it makes perfect sense. Touring the Falchis' rooms, you wonder why more people don't plant Anasazi pots, 1920s pocketbooks, and statues of Mickey Mouse on library shelves; why more people don't furnish chartreuse living rooms with twig-brown 1890s curtains, nearly-neon Aubussons, and the most minimal of 1950s black metal tables.

"The rooms are a bit crazy and eccentric, but also comfortable and easy," says their designer, Bob Currie, who worked with his two longtime assistants, Richard Lee and Philip Cozzi. Notes Lee, "We hooked the Falchis' collections together with strong colors so everything sits in its place and nothing jumps out at you."

Brazilian-born, Carlos has designed accessories in New York since 1964, and, as befits his apartment's decor, his hue and texture combinations are just short of outrageous. Wavy stripes of smooth and coarse snakeskin crisscross Falchi wallets; patches of black and white cowhide interrupt crimson satchels. Missy and Carlos work together when they're not tending to their daughters, Katie, eight, and Juliet, six. But they sometimes depart on matters of taste. The self-described "less adventurous buyer" in the family, Missy gravitates toward the classics: her first acquisition, at age fourteen, was an Edward Curtis portrait of a Pueblo girl which hangs in the downstairs



Nothing goes together, and that's what makes it successful," says Bob Currie of the chartreuse living room. Missy Falchi inherited the 1930s boudoir chairs (their bubblegum-pink taffeta now replaced by a Brunschwig wool stripe), which are surrounded by curtains of English aesthetic movement fabric, art nouveau wall sconces from Marvin Alexander, NYC, and a nearly-neon Aubusson carpet found at Doris Leslie Blau, NYC.



Currie's clients surpassed his fondest hopes: offered living room color choices, they pointed unhesitatingly to chartreuse



hall. Carlos, on the other hand, brings home whatever pleases him, be it a bentwood library chair with flowing arms, a Japanese bowl glazed to look like cooled lava, or a Pre-Raphaelite portrait of a mad Ophelia. Missy relegated that picture to a red velvet easel in a bathroom. The ancient Thai clay urns scattered throughout the apartment, however, are her doing, and she and Carlos heartily agree on the busts of F. Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald as satyr and nymph that turned up at a Manhattan salvage store and now flank the dining room fireplace.

Both husband and wife have been friends and fans of Currie's for years—Carlos met him while selling handbags to Bendel's in the sever ties, when Currie was the store's de sign director. Currie has sinc created the spare haunting sets fo Calvin Klein's Obsession commer cials; designed lush backdrops fo the Metropolitan Museum's "Th Age of Napoleon" show; and orches trated dozens of apartments. In ev ery project his trademark whimsy shines through, whether its an unex pected juxtaposition of romantic an minimal styles or a preposterously big vase or globe. "Bob doesn't want you to take his rooms too seriously, he wants you to live in them," says Missy, who has not discouraged her

In the living room, *above,* framed 1851 Italian opera sketches form a willfully irregular pattern above a Victorian chaise from Ann Morris Antiques, NYC. The side chair is English Regency. *Left:* A triple gourd lamp from Marvin Alexander towers over an eccentric lion-paw stool that Carlos purchased years ago at a flea market in Paris.



s of F. Scott and Zelda
erald as satyr and nymph
the dining room mantel
with pots of thriving
love. A Herend tureen
es as a centerpiece under
uis XIII chandelier from
I. Luther, NYC. The
-century Italian chairs are
Clarence House stripe.

daughters from jumping on the beds or bringing the Thai pottery to school for show-and-tell.

When the Falchis found their town house apartment six years ago, its two floors had been chopped into four units. Currie and staff streamlined the space into living room, kitchen, dining room, and library on the parlor floor and bedrooms and a family room at the garden level. The Falchis, in the meantime, shipped almost all of their furniture to their country house on Long Island, keeping only a favorite set of stools with carved swags crowning their gilded lion legs (a Carlos flea market find) and a pair of overstuffed boudoir chairs (heirlooms from Missy's great-aunt) that Currie calls "insane and quite wonderful."

To fill the rest of the apartment, the Falchis and Currie haunted local antiques shops for years. Currie then took months to position each piece—no one can remember how many times the living room chaise moved from wall to wall. Midway through the project, Currie even watched his clients surpass his fondest hopes: when presented with an array of color samples for the living room, both husband and wife pointed unhesitatingly to chartreuse.

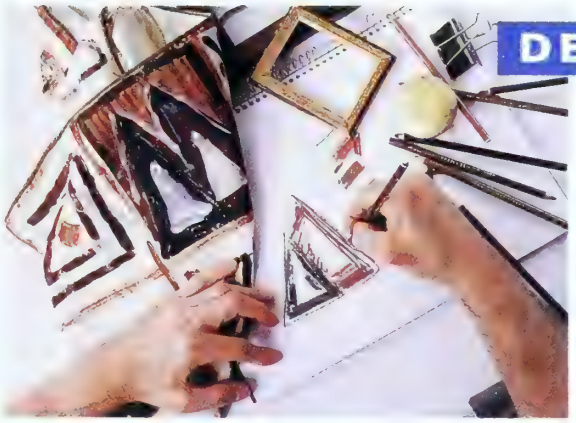
Now infused with Currie wit, the apartment boasts a vintage carpetbag stuffed with foam which serves as a family room bench and floral wallhangings that make the red master bedroom feel like a gypsy caravan. The Falchis love to wander from room to room, here stroking a velvet sofa, there admiring an 1850s sketch of Italian opera costumes so unintended for framing the edges are torn and the images half erased. Says Carlos, patting his belly, "The whole place feels good right here." ♠



Currie outfitted the library with striped wallpaper, trim cherrywood bookshelves, cabinets, and door frames, and a fern-patterned carpet from Stark. The Falchis discreetly mix books with a few of their favorite objects, including a pair of feet-form shoes that were a gift from Pierre Cardin. The vintage William Morris fabric on the Thonet chair came from Cora Ginsburg, NYC.




24.10.62 IX
THE ODYSSEY HOMER
THE FOURTH WAY
100000 YEARS OF DAILY LIFE
LET'S RIDE



ON PAINTED FINISHES "To introduce pattern into the living room, I sketched batik-style designs and my associate, Patrick Moultney, brushed them onto pillows."

The Making of a Room

Decorator Greg Jordan explains how an idea becomes a place to live. By Dana Cowin

Photographs by Michael Mundy

AFTER A FOUR-YEAR STRUGGLE TO FIGURE OUT THE meaning of life, I had a little talk with the universe. 'I need a sign,' I said. 'I've pretty much had it.' The next day, out of the blue, two acquaintances called and asked me to decorate their houses. 'That's it,' I said. 'That's the sign.' " And so twenty-nine-year-old Greg Jordan tied a bandanna around his coming-of-age novel, put aside notions of being a screenwriter, and dedicated himself full-time to decorating.

Although Jordan's decision to join the profession was made literally overnight, his upbringing in a family of uncommonly handy, there's-nothing-we-can't-do people made his choice singularly suitable. By the time he left his home in rural Louisiana for Wabash College in Indiana, his grandmother had taught him how to sew and arrange flowers; his contractor grandfather had hired him on bricklaying crews, road crews, and carpentry crews; and his mother, with her design training, had helped him draw house plans, complete down to the light sockets. Painting and furniture making he taught himself in his family's large backyard workshop.

After college Jordan arrived in New York with his typewriter and paid the rent, at least in part, by pitching in at the decorating firm of Irvine & Fleming, where he unwittingly picked up crucial exposure to the trade. His other talents notwithstanding, he always thought of himself as a writer, a worthy profession, he felt, since it offered him the chance to "change people's lives."

Thanks to those two initial commissions in 1986, Jordan discovered that decorating also enables him to change lives. Hiring him to work on your house means being coaxed to confront the real you, as in successful psychoanalysis. And the results are more a revelation of self in three dimensions than an affirmation of a decorator's signature style. When a client told Jordan she didn't



ON INSPIRATION "The idea for my living room, *opposite*, came to me one night when I was studying a book of Picasso sketches. Blowing up drawings to cover the walls strikes me as a bit audacious, but I also love the idea of art as instant decoration."



ON VERSATILITY "This is an all-purpose room—a living room, dining room, library, guest bedroom all in one. The sofa is actually a twin bed covered with cut velvet and painted pillows. It's the largest piece in the room, and it anchors all the furniture around it. The slipper chair with tartan trim is one of a pair that I love because they're light and versatile: I move them around and sometimes join them to form a sofa. For small dinner parties there's the table covered with a batik cloth that my grandmother's sewing bee quilted for me. If I have more than six guests, the large glass-topped coffee table becomes either a buffet or a low dinner table. With so much else going on in the room, I didn't want my books to take over, so I designed four tapered bookcases that are slanted toward the wall to make them look smaller and painted white on the sides to blend in. A room has to be personal and not decorated for decorating's sake. There's something awfully scary about a place where every sofa and chair is draped with lap blankets puddling to the floor—unless, of course, the owners live in an igloo."

"A lot more decorating happens by accident than most of us like to admit"



ON CURTAINS "I wanted the living room curtains to act like a fourth wall, so I chose wool challis because it's translucent without being too sheer. For a finishing touch the rod is made of bamboo (painted to look scorched because I forgot to order them that way) and the rings are gilded wood. They're connected to the curtains by hardware store brass key chains looped through grommets punched into a cut-velvet header. I stitched that myself, sitting in the middle of the floor with a sewing machine."



ON MANTELS "I continually change the mantel. In the summer it's a sort of living still life of plates, shells, a gilded pear my mother gave me, and eucalyptus branches in Persian vases. Prayer chairs made by Christopher Maier in New Orleans, who modeled them after a French Gothic design I admired at the Metropolitan Museum's Cloisters, are stacked with my favorite books and my as yet unpublished novel, which I tied up with a bandanna. In the winter I clear away everything except the colorful Persian vases so I can enjoy the fire without distraction."

ON COLOR "Here's the inspiration for my brown apartment: I was cleaning out my closets and admiring the textures and patinas of my leather and suede shoes and cowboy boots. I lined them up in the hall and saw how great all the different shades of brown looked together. People say they *hate* brown, but almost everyone who comes to dinner here says how cozy and comfortable the apartment feels, down to the brown and white cotton satin pillows, *below*. Brown is the color of earth—and seeds, after all, grow in soil."





ON HOW TO DRAW LIKE PICASSO "I discovered that to copy a Picasso sketch, you don't have to be an artist; all you have to do is rent an opaque projector. The image is projected onto the wall and traced with a steady hand and a grease pencil. I painted a simple square frame with watered-down acrylics. For the drawings, I started using brown pencil on one side of the room but then ran out, so the other side is black. A lot more decorating happens by accident than most of us like to admit."

know what her favorite color was, he asked to look in her closet. "There it is," he said, surveying her clothes. "You love red!" She agreed and the collaboration began.

Jordan's rooms match his clients' dreams. They all begin with a scene-setting image or idea and are executed with a strong sense of color and craftsmanship. At the moment, for example, he is working on an apartment for a couple whose favorite painting, Van Gogh's *Women Picking Olives* in the Annenberg Collection, sets the tone—literally. "If I'd just thrown Van Gogh colors at them, they'd have gone, 'Ugh, I don't think so,' " says Jordan in his southern drawl. "Instead, I got samples of silks and satins in those bright shades. I put them on a table with a picture of the painting, and the couple adored it." A woman with a "crooked, fantastic East Hampton cottage" told Jordan she longed for window seats that "straddled the indoors and out"—and the decorating scheme just spun out from there.

Even when designing showhouse rooms, he creates imaginary characters and caters to their foibles. This year at Kips Bay he envisioned a "groovy grandmother lucky enough to be entering the second spring of her life" and responded to "her request for a pretty suite in clear strong colors such as turquoise and celadon."

Jordan's technique doesn't change when he's his own client. The theme for his East Side rental, which he describes as a "design laboratory or a stage set for a crazy person," occurred to him one night when he was "studying" *The Sketchbooks of Picasso.* He decided he would use brown grease pencil to draw Picasso replicas on the white walls of his living room with the help of an opaque projector. On the "neutral" brown and ivory herringbone floor he arranged architectural bookcases, lamps, and chairs of his own design—pieces which, thanks to visitor demand, are now sold through his office. To complete the room, Jordan called in his associate Patrick Moultney, a decorative finishes expert, who brushed loose, lively geometric patterns on all the pillows.

"I don't believe in sinking money into things you can't take with you or into places where you don't plan to stay long," says Jordan. Many clients have benefited from this thrifty approach. When Barry and CeCe Kieselstein-Cord asked him to revamp their weekend house in Dallas, Jordan asked them to gather all their old furniture. He then proceeded to paint, stitch, re-cover, and uniformly improve the place using tricks learned back in Louisiana. Observes Jordan, "All the things that were weird about me when I was a little kid have come together in a really nice way." ▲

Jordan's rooms begin wi a scene-setting image or idea and are execute with a strong sense of co and craftsmanship



MORE ON COLOR

"For the fabrics and the wall murals in t Kips Bay suite, I ch uplifting springtime hues. The painted p pillows are inspired by a Raoul Dufy des the green ones by a Indian basket I foun in Aspen. I thought the profusion of col would become chao and saccharine—like falling into a candy dish—unless was set against a simple background. For me that's basic black and white, the proverbial noncolors.

MORE ON INSPIRATION "Designing this 1992 Kips Bay Decorator Show House sitting room suite, *above* and *below left,* I pictured an older woman who is sensuous and a survivor. Except for the antique black japanned pieces, I designed every stick of furniture, and I wanted it all to be curvaceous and seductive. The arched doors and windows were set off with painted outlines that reappear as frames for the murals, which are after Duncan Grant and Vanessa Bell. I charged up the palette a bit tc suggest a feeling of abundance and new possibilities."



MORE ON CURTAINS "The curtains were made of the most beautiful silk crepe, a fabric that is surprisingly inexpensive. On the borders, I stitched silk-satin bindings bought at a bridal store. Installed in an arched doorway, *right,* the material hung gracefully, like an expensive nightgown."



Eternally Roman

In a Renaissance palazzo, Milton Gendel surrounds himself with the glories of his adopted city

By Gregor von Rezzori





Under the coffered ceiling of the sitting room, an English carved wooden lion crouches near 17th-century tempera paintings attributed to Sabatini. On the table at right, books that Milton Gendel has edited are stacked beside a model locomotive, c. 1900.





TRAVELERS WHO have visited Rome more than once during the past few decades may well have gone home with the impression at some things in the Eternal City e indeed eternal: the African sky splaying its ever-changing moods, ectacularly indifferent to the vicis-udes of mankind below; the mad-ening traffic over, around, and rough the grandiose rubble of mil-nnia; and the slightly ironic, slight-sensual smile on the benevolent ce of Milton Gendel. This perma-ently young American seems as in-gral to the image of Rome as the uins of the Forum, the baroque bullience of the Trevi Fountain, or ne cascade of juvenile drifters on ne Spanish Steps. His imperturb-ble good humor soothes the irrita-on that the city's utter vulgarity can provoke in anyone with aesthetic ensitivity—a quality that Milton himself unquestionably possesses.

It is not easy for aesthetically sensi-ive people to live in Rome: her num-berless delights do not quite make up for her violence and contrasts of beauty and baseness. Not even her most exquisite moments—at dusk, for instance, when the eerie fading light makes huge monuments ap-pear to float—amend the disturbing surrealism of a place where angels, club-swinging giants, and martyrs in agony stare down from the façades of crumbling palazzi at the lava flow of vehicles; a place where tourists gape at a stone elephant standing on a stone tortoise in the middle of a fountain, while twin centaurs on a speeding motorbike snatch a wom-an's handbag with acrobatic skill. Only love can motivate the patience to endure the pell-mell of clergymen and pickpockets, politicians and clerks, posh boutiques and tatty rem-nants of Fellini's dolce vita—but Mil-ton Gendel is a loving person.

This is about the only thing every-body knows of him for sure. Most of his innumerable friends would not be able to say whether Milton is a photographer, a journalist, a gentle-man of private means—or all of the above. Some remember his late wife, Judy, a formidable descendant of England's eminent Montagu family, who left him with a daughter, Anna Venetia. Some speak of a son, Sebas-tiano, from a previous marriage. Others admire his present wife, Monica, a graphic artist and scion of the noble Italian houses of Chigi and Incisa. But only a few are familiar with the record of Milton Gendel the art historian, former assistant to Meyer Schapiro, intimate of the art-ists in André Breton's circle, passion-ate photographer, contributor to *Art News,* corresponding editor of *Art in America,* general editor of a twenty-four-volume series on the great monuments of the world, consultant on art and publicity for Olivetti and Alitalia, commissioner of the Venice Biennale, member of the Foreign Press Club of Rome, the Architec-ture Club of London—and inhabit-ant of Rome since 1950.

For many years Milton had a ground-floor flat in a wing of the six-teenth-century Franciscan monas-tery, on the island of Tiberina, stand-ing on the foundations of a tower that once guarded a bridge built in 63 B.C. It was like inhabiting what had been the very core of Rome throughout twenty centuries, so he turned the space into a museum for the vestiges of two thousand years of municipal life. When city authorities decided to convert the building into a public museum, Milton did not need to search for another roof to shelter himself or his collections. He had long maintained an apartment in the Palazzo Costaguti, residence of the marchesi Afan de' Rivera Costa-guti (traditionally among the six aris-tocratic pole-bearers who support the papal canopy over the pontiff's head). Unlike the windows of the Ti-berina Island flat, which are virtually level with the riverbank, those of the palazzo look out onto carved stone cornices and tiled rooftops under the violent sky.

Outside the palazzo in the Piazza Mattei, a Renaissance fountain heaped with gigantic shells, dol-phins, and tortoises held aloft by nudes greets you as a harbinger of the exuberant abundance to be found in Milton's apartment on an upper floor. At that level in most Ro-man houses you would not expect anything other than servants' quar-ters, but what is now Milton's sitting room has a high coffered ceiling, beautifully painted in the seven-teenth century with 168 different birds. One panel boasts what was then an ornithological rarity, the American turkey. The ceiling is the first thing that catches your eye after the curiosities of the entrance hall: a

The historical compendium in Gendel's sitting room, *opposite,* ranges from Greek and Etruscan vases to modern gouaches by Afro and Tancredi above the fire-place. A maquette for a monument to Gendel's former father-in-law and an early Motherwell flank the hearth. The mantel clock was a wedding present from Lady Diana Cooper. *Above:* Among the birds on the 17th-century polychrome ceiling is a turkey from the New World.



Gendel's art, scholarly treasures, and bric-a-brac tell more about



bistro table and chairs, toy cats, a bench covered in a magnificent kilim, a model of a spiral staircase, Milton's GI trunk from World War II, his portrait painted by Calder on the soles of a pair of shoes. The huge temperas attribu' to Lorenzo Sabatini on the wal' the sitting room are so astonishing that you automatically roll your eyes upward—only to discover that the ceiling matches them perfectly. Every object in the room is attuned to the same harmony, in spite of a staggering diversity of type and provenance.

The scholar's treasures, the compulsive collector's finds, the bric-a-brac, and souvenirs tell infinitely more about the man who lives there than a biography or even an intimate diary. Ancient Greek and Etruscan vases, bronzes, marbles, and sixteenth-century paintings and sculptures speak of their owner's taste and learning as clearly as works by Motherwell, Tancredi, and a younger Milton Gendel testify to his involvement in contemporary creation. The statue leaning against the sitting room fireplace is a model for a monument to Milton's former father-in-law, the British statesman Edwin Montagu, which was erected in India. The clock on the mantelpiece was a wedding present from Lady Diana Cooper. This varied display has nothing to do with the usual cultural consumerism that amasses old and new, oriental and occidental, more or less by chance. Passing from room to room, you sense a gargantuan generosity that makes it all overwhelmingly personal—that is, human.

The wealth of paintings, etchings, art deco furniture, Persian carpets, and English embroidery is exceeded only by a vast collection of Risorgimento *(Continued on page 199)*

Much of the study is devoted to objects and paintings associated with Garibaldi and the Risorgimento, but there is always room for Gendel's other pursuits as historian and collector. A Giacometti lamp stands beside the 1845 wall map, which shows Italy before unification, and across the room, a collaborative mixed-media piece by Niki de Saint-Phalle and Tinguely is propped up on a chair.

n a biography or even an intimate diary



In the library Gendel pulled up a c
for G. F. Watts's *Three Furies* next t
art deco table topped with medals a
metal objects. *Opposite:* An Italian
orientalist chair in the master bedro
faces an 18th-century painted wood
head of Mary Magdalen and an offe
dish holding an Etruscan votive bre

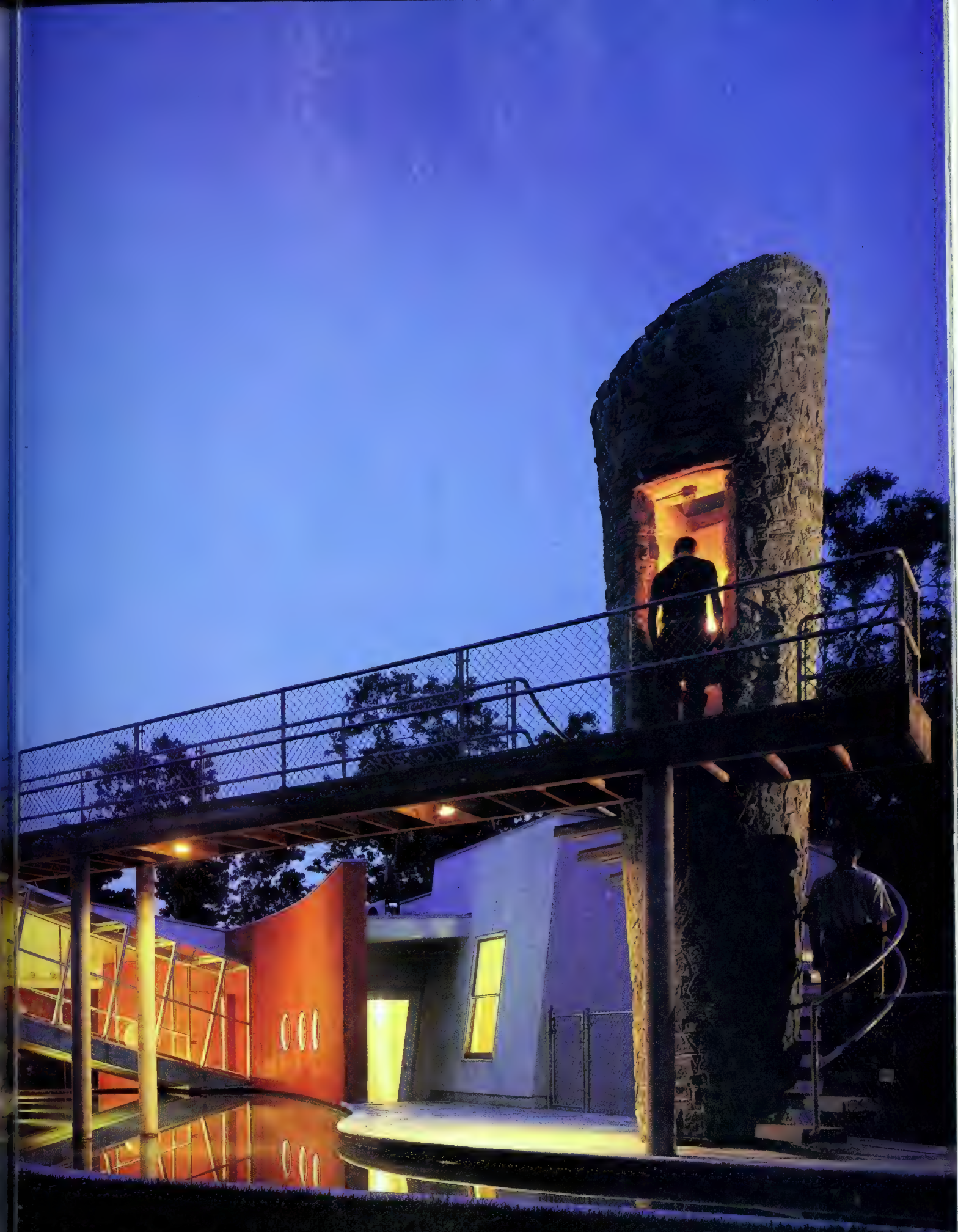




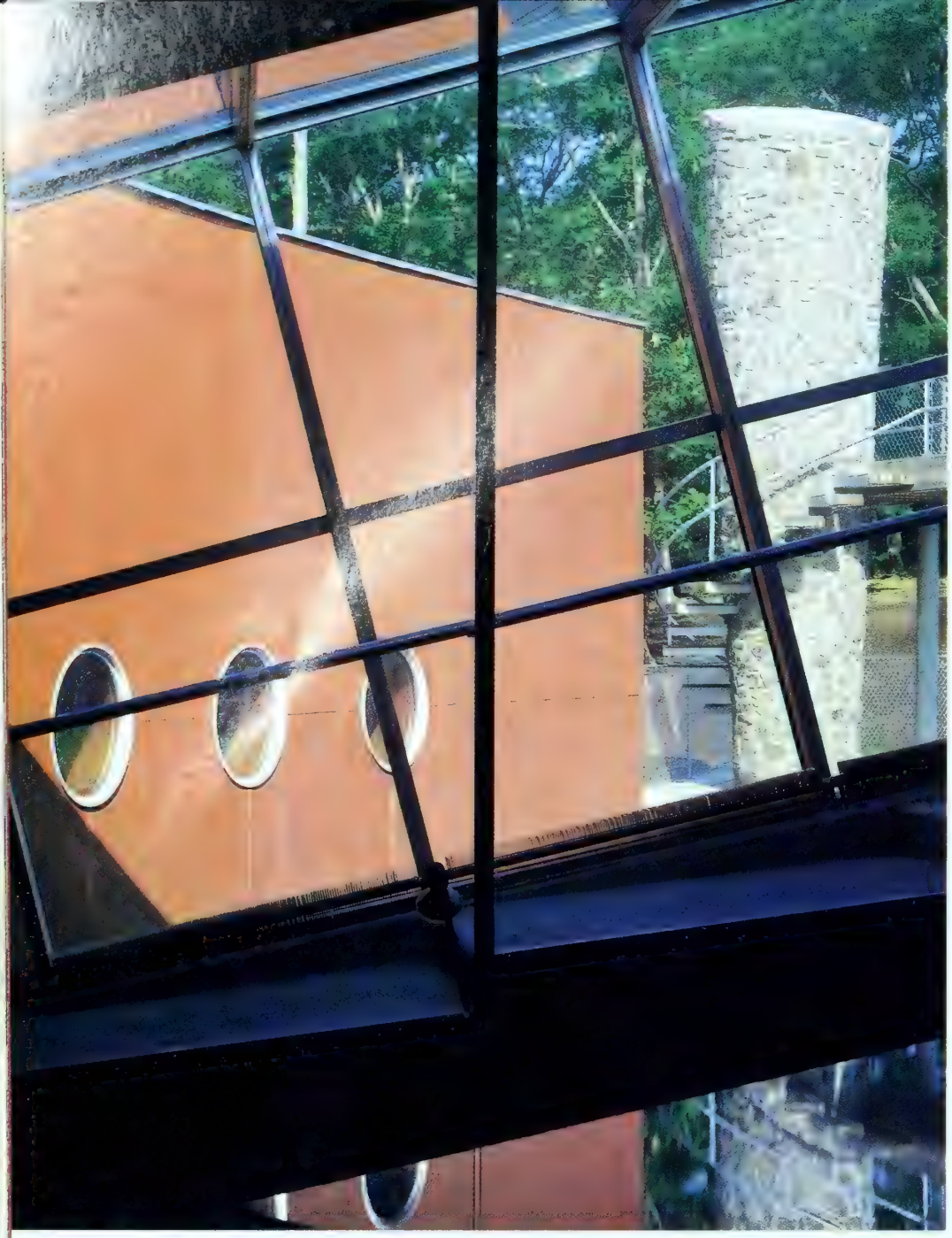
Standing Out in East Hampton

ARCHITECT ALASTAIR STANDING MAKES HIS MARK WITH A DRAMATIC WEEKEND HOUSE FOR AN ARTIST AND HER HUSBAND

BY CHARLES GANDEE Photographs by Scott Frances



ng architect's first house is rarely
ed and Alastair Standing's is no
ion. The British immigrant makes
but with a tip of his hat not only to
ussian constructivists but to the
us fifties as well. *Opposite:* Standing
irror. Details see Resources.





FOR GENERATIONS (
New Yorkers, tl
quaint villages a
picturesque hamle
lacing the southe
shoreline of Long I
land have long bee
looked upon as the release valve th
makes life in the high-pressure b
city bearable, as the two-day pass th
keeps the concrete jungle's ever-res
less prisoners from rioting. Here, i
Southampton and East Hampton, i
Quogue and Amagansett and Sag
ponack, Manhattan's well-heele
and weary trade in their busines
black Lincoln Town Cars for sun
mer-white Jeep Cherokees an
reckless-red Porsche Carreras, ex
change their Hermès briefcases fo
tennis rackets and golf clubs, forsak
their Chanel suits and Armani bla
ers for chinos from J. Crew, pock
T's from the Gap, and rubber boo
from L. L. Bean. The Hamptons, a
the area's communities are collectiv
ly known, is a place, in short, whe
the ladies who lunch at Le Cirque le
down their big hair and risk their $3
manicures in the garden.

The hair-down holiday spirit ex
tends, not a bit surprisingly, to th
domestic accommodations. To em
ploy a perhaps dubious analogy: if
Park Avenue co-op is the residentia
equivalent of marriage—solid, sta
ble, even a bit old-fashioned—
house in the Hamptons is the resi
dential equivalent of an affair, fo
which quite a different set of stan
dards apply—more freewheelin
and self-indulgent, more about fan
tasy than reality.

To architects this sybaritic spiri
has come as very good news indeed,

From the street, *left*, the house rises defiantly above a gentle knoll partially excavated to accommodate a driveway leading directly into the garage, where, *above left*, the view is of a red bowed guest wing with portholes and a stone cone that houses a barbecue pit. *Opposite above:* The living room view explains why Standing elevated the house's public area and inserted the quirky overscale windows. *Opposite below:* Though more traditionally domestic in size, the kitchen window has its own cockeyed charm.

ffering, as it does, a kind of aesthet- license to thrill. By tradition, a ommission in the Hamptons is an pportunity to try something differ- nt, to experiment with a new idea bout design in the laboratory of cean-swept Long Island potato ields. In the late sixties and the sev- nties, for example, then daring oung men Charles Gwathmey and Richard Meier built their seminal works here, abstract minimalist mon- uments to modernism that picked up where Le Corbusier left off. In the eighties a quite different group of ar- hitects raised high the postmodern flag. Robert A. M. Stern, Robert Venturi, and Jaquelin Taylor Rob- ertson, among others, advocated a return to a kind of homey historical style, to employ the lexicon of the last decade, a return to a kind of kinder gentler vernacular of pitched roofs and shingles, of gables and dormers, of porches with wicker rocking chairs, of all things allegedly indige- nous. (Although in *The Bonfire of the Vanities* spirit of the eighties, these "cottages" leaned more to the grand than the grandmotherly.)

Enter the nineties and thirty-three-year-old architect Alastair Standing, a British emigrant to New York whose first building, a year-round weekend house in East Hampton, thumbs its nose at the sleepy eighties trend for familiar comfort with a siren-loud it's-a-new-day wakeup call announcing the arrival of the international avant-garde, the daredevil deconstructivists, as they have been dubbed, who advocate a sort of futurism that appears to have one foot in early-century Russian constructivism, the other foot in the fabulous fifties.

Although Standing is not yet well known outside the architectural vanguard, his credentials are impeccable. After cutting his teeth in the London office of architect Zaha Hadid, the uncontested queen of ultramodernists, he took a look around London and fled. "That was the time when Prince Charles was just getting up a full head of steam," recalls Standing, whose heroes range, rath-







Under a trio of operable skylights, Arne Jacobsen chairs from ICF and a rough-hewn wood table define the dining area.



In the guest wing a pair of yin and yang doors lead on the left to a bedroom, on the right to the pool and backyard.



A curving corridor with a red bowed wall punctuated by portholes and wall-mounted radiators in the guest wing.



In the privacy-is-not-a-priority master suite the bed is separated from the bath by a gridded wall and a screen door.



A prismlike glass ramp leads from the front door in the garage to the second-floor living, dining, and kitchen areas.



A porthole view of the glass ramp that leads to the stainless-steel structure which contains the public rooms of the house.

er predictably, from Rem Koolhaa in Rotterdam to Oscar Niemeyer i Brazil to Frank Gehry and Eric Mos in Los Angeles, a group, in othe words, that has an architectural vi sion very different from the on Prince Charles advocates. So while Standing's colleagues from Lon don's Architectural Association "ended up doing historic preserva tion work because there's nothing else to do there," Standing bided his time in New York until he found a spot in the branch office of kindred-spirit modernists, Miami-based Arquitectonica.

The young architect's break for independence came in 1988, courtesy of his American wife, writer Judith Zimmer, who met artist Stephanie Brody Lederman through a Bowdoin College connection. As fate would have it, Lederman and her investment banker husband, Jerry, just happened to have property in the Hamptons, but no architect. Zimmer didn't dally. The end result of the fortuitous meeting was that Standing was not only presented with his first commission, he was also able to connect with yet another Hamptons tradition, that of artists sponsoring progressive architecture. The best example dates back to 1946, when Pierre Chareau built a remarkable cinder block Quonset hut, since destroyed, for Robert Motherwell.

The big idea, as architects like to say, behind the Lederman house is a giant stucco boomerang that Standing drew after his first visit to the site and explains as responsive to the odd triangular wedge of wooded land. In addition to creating an enclosed courtyard for the backyard swimming pool nestled between its outstretched arms, the boomerang form presents a relatively private, almost discreet face to the street. Almost discreet because Standing bisects his boomerang with a flame-red curving wall that emerges on the public façade as a giant fin to mark the entry, which, rather perversely, is situated inside the garage hollowed out of the boomerang's core. "It's a fact of life," says *(Continued on page 204)*



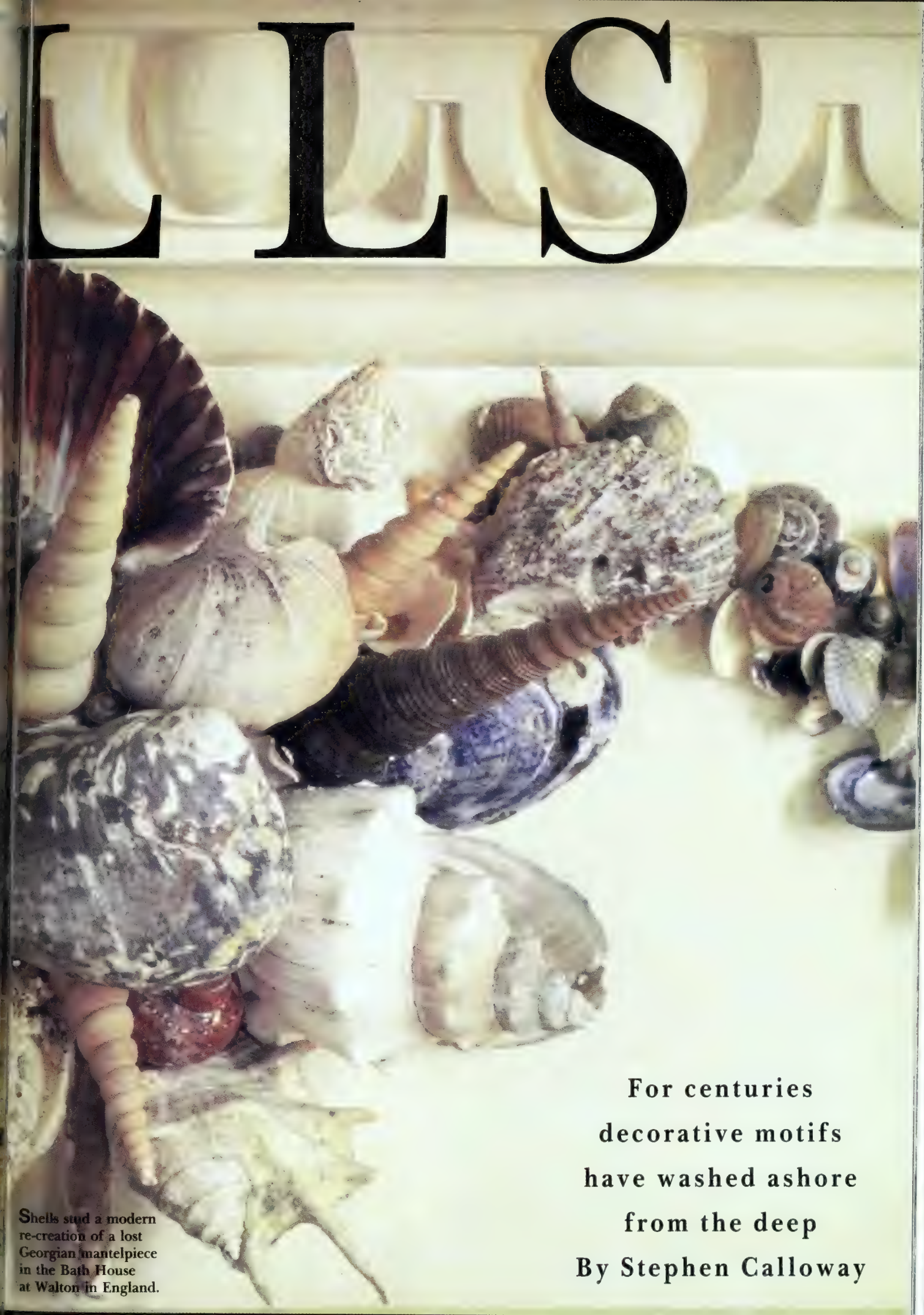


nel built of
two-by-fours
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ceiling, *right*,
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ove, where it
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ne tower that
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SHE



SHELLS



Shells stud a modern re-creation of a lost Georgian mantelpiece in the Bath House at Walton in England.

For centuries decorative motifs have washed ashore from the deep

By Stephen Calloway



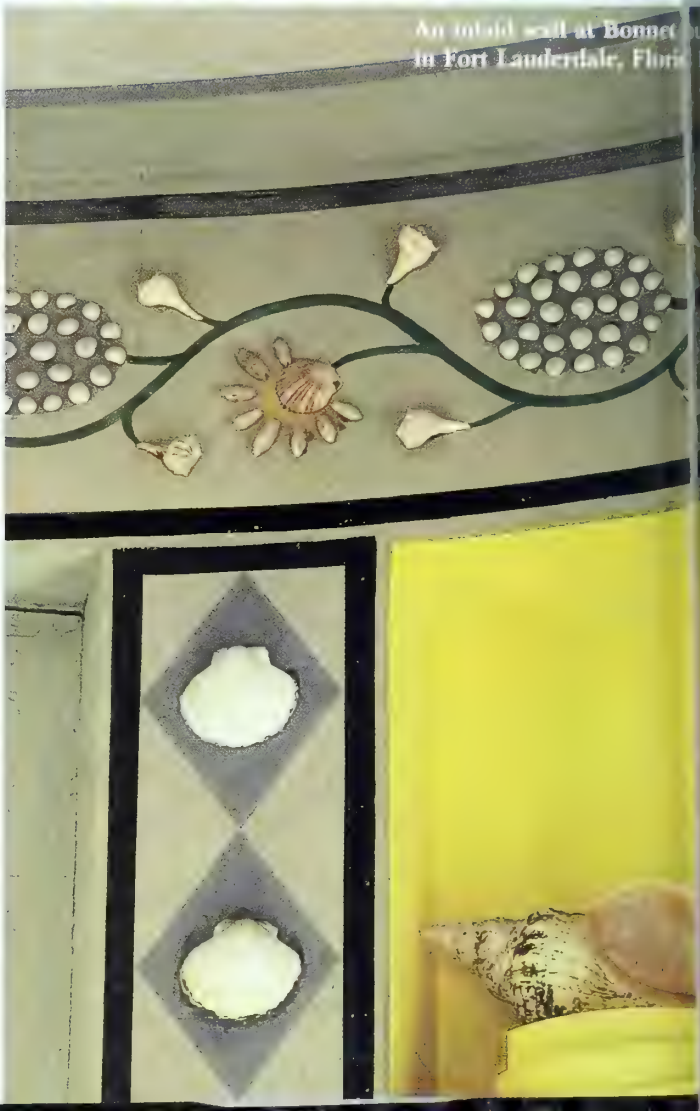
Mollusk mosaics at Old
Gardens, Long Island



Frederick the Great's classical
grotto hall at Sanssouci, 1763–70.



An untold wall at Bonnet
in Fort Lauderdale, Flori



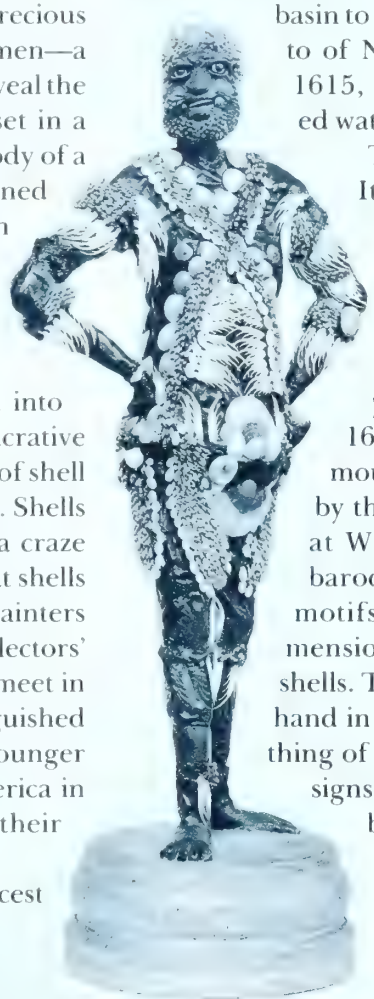
When you pick up a pretty seashell on the beach, you may not realize you are following a tradition that stretches back at least as far as the Renaissance. The history of shells as exquisite objects to be gathered and traded,

hoarded and displayed, can be traced to the great collectors of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the founders of the cabinets of curiosities that then existed in almost every European palace and in the houses of rich merchants and scholars across the Continent. To those first enthusiasts, the appeal of magical pearly surfaces and complex natural geometries proved as irresistible as it is today to the artist, the scientist, or the child filling a bucket at the seaside.

Shells from the East or the Americas were once costly rarities, and as they passed from collector to collector they gained pedigrees as illustrious as those of their owners. In the late 1500s at the Castle of Ambras, near Innsbruck, the Habsburg archduke Ferdinand II arranged a remarkable assemblage of the works of nature to complement virtuoso pieces made by his court artists and craftsmen. Four rooms are devoted to curiosities, shells, fossils, amber, and mounted branches of semiprecious coral. Often a princely connoisseur's prize specimen—a large nautilus, say, stripped of its outer layer to reveal the mother-of-pearl concealed within—would be set in a fantastical gold mount, forming a cup with the body of a bird or sea monster. Smaller shells were combined into mosaic pictures and decorative panels or even three-dimensional sculptures, such as a remarkable figure of Neptune ordered by one of the Medici which may still be seen at the Museo degli Argenti in Florence.

Throughout the seventeenth century and on into the next the import of precious shells grew as a lucrative business. By the 1640s one of the favorite haunts of shell fanatics was a Paris emporium called Noah's Ark. Shells were sold at auction too—at prices inflated by a craze nearly as extreme as Dutch tulipomania. (Not that shells were overlooked in the Netherlands: still-life painters glorified them on canvas, and the first shell collectors' club, the Lovers of Neptune's Cabinet, began to meet in Dordrecht around 1720.) In London the distinguished gardener and collector John Tradescant the younger displayed shells he had brought back from America in the museum he and his father established in their house at Lambeth, also dubbed the Ark.

The earliest serious collectors sought the choicest individual specimens. At the same time, however, a taste for shells in profusion, informed by a sense of decorative or architectural effect, led a number of avant-garde patrons—at first in Italy, but soon all over Europe—to create whole rooms ornamented with both common and exotic varieties arranged in intricate patterns on walls and other surfaces. Although such shellwork was originally considered most appropriate for the interiors of grottoes, bathhouses, and whimsical garden buildings, enough shell rooms survive inside grand houses to demonstrate how influential the idea was among leaders of fashion. A pioneer was Isabella d'Este, who installed her collection of shells and shell cameos in the old Ducal Palace in Mantua in the 1520s. And nearby, at the summer retreat of the Gonzaga family, the Palazzo del Te, there remains an elaborate grotto ornamented with mannerist panels of shellwork. Such interiors were meant to delight both the eye and the ear. The color and sparkle of treasures from the deep were enhanced by jets and streams of water, which might cascade from one giant clamshell basin to another. To his shell-encrusted Grotto of Neptune at Hellbrunn, built around 1615, the prince-bishop of Salzburg added water organs that imitated birdcalls.



A seventeen-inch Neptune made for a Medici, c. 1650.

The diarist John Evelyn, traveling in Italy in the 1640s, wrote enthusiastically of several impressive constructions he visited, and we know that at least one English gentleman, Thomas Bushell, a friend of Sir Francis Bacon, had built a shell grotto in his park outside Oxford as early as the 1620s. Only a little later, the most famous shell room in England was created by the fourth earl of Bedford as a loggia at Woburn Abbey. It is a magnificent baroque conceit with bold architectural motifs, decorative panels, and three-dimensional figures in niches all worked in shells. Tradition has it that Inigo Jones had a hand in the project. Certainly there is something of the beauty and fantasy of his set designs for court masques about the room, but scholars now think it more likely to have been the work of Isaac de Caus, an architect who seems to have



Artistic amateurs arranged shells in the eighteenth century, when aristocratic do-it-yourself was the rage



specialized in grottoes and bizarre garden buildings equipped with hydraulic effects.

The Woburn room stands at the head of a distinguished series of English shell rooms which continued throughout the eighteenth century. Outdoors, shellwork grottoes and other follies were believed to express a romantic, poetic sensibility. Alexander Pope began his famous shell grotto around 1720, using it as a place to indulge in pleasurable melancholy. Amid the gloom, bits of mirror glass set into the walls among the shells and rock crystals reflected the sunlit life bustling by on the Thames. By contrast, shell rooms in houses were usually bright, cheerful, and, above all, feminine places. Shellwork combined with masonry in garden structures had to be carried out by artisans, but the arranging of shells indoors was usually done by artistically minded ladies.

In the mid eighteenth century such aristocratic do-it-yourself was all the rage. Mrs. Delany, best-known for her cut-paper flower pictures and print rooms, did a good deal of shellwork at her own house near Dublin and encouraged others with advice and gifts of shells. She was much involved in the decorating of the Bath House at Walton, close to Stratford-upon-Avon, an exquisite little structure recently restored by the Landmark Trust with grants from English Heritage and the American Friends of the Georgian Group. Built in the 1740s by Sir Charles Mordaunt, who may have hoped that immersion in cool spring water would soothe his gout, the main chamber has shellwork swags. Mrs. Delany, writing from Ireland to her sister in England, explained her plan: "I have not yet got shells large enough for the festoons and fear it will be in vain to make them here, but I will send a barrel of shells to Sir Charles Mordaunt's, and hope to give myself the pleasure of making it there. Should I do it here there would not be time enough for the putty to dry, and the shells would be all jumbled together before they reach Walton." A friend and neighbor of Mrs. Delany, the duchess of Leinster, was inspired to decorate a cottage orné near Dublin with dainty mollusks.

Some amateurs had to be content with local varieties or even snail shells; the more enterprising sent off for ear shells from the Channel Islands, which looked good laid in neat rows, or begged ships' officers to bring them more exotic specimens. In 1739 a Captain Knowles landed a shipload of foreign shells which were eagerly competed for. The duke of Bedford secured the best and used them to adorn a room in Devon. How much he had to pay we do not know, but by 1788 the extravagant Lord Donegall was heard to boast that he had £10,000 worth of shells that he never bothered to unpack.

The fate of Continental and *(Continued on page 198)*

At A La Ronde, a late 18th century English house, shells collected by generations of Parminter ladies are displayed in a fireplace, *opposite*, which is lined with family artists' shell mosaics. *Above left:* Shelves hold more Parminter shells, beadwork, stones, and memorabilia. *Left:* A grotto niche at Sanssouci designed by court architect Karl von Gontard.



Postcard *from* Puerto Rico

Stylist Nicholas Barberio puts his own stamp on island living. By Wendy Goodman

Photographs by Oberto Gili





Hot pink walls and a brilliant blue gate were Nicholas Barberio's finishing touches on the idyllic beachfront retreat he fashioned from a modest house on the small island of Vieques. Details see Resources.





NEVER MIND THE lottery. While most people dream of winning enough to visit some paradise by the sea, New York stylist Nicholas Barberio took fate into his own hands: he created one for himself on the island of Vieques off Puerto Rico.

It all began when he visited friends on Vieques seven years ago. "I saw this house on the beach," he recalls. "There were horses living in it and the lawn furniture was seats from a Camaro. I turned to my friend and said, 'This is divine!' He said I was crazy, but this we know. I saw the whole place coming together."

Deciding that the modest one-story building merely needed a little restructuring, Barberio interviewed Vieques contractors and realized that what he needed "wasn't an a chitect or a plan, it was a can of spr paint." Spray can in hand, h marked where the walls and close would go. Virtually all of the wo was done in just six months by craft men from the area.

With the contractor and his wif Barberio made forays in a baby-blu Checker cab, looking at "every ti place and every window place. looked for what was local, what w

Barberio, *left,* painted his own surreal staircase to the sky cobalt blue, "the col of the feast of San Silvano, which is my inspiration." *Above:* He had the simple canvas-covered furniture made by island craftsmen. The antique urns and terra-cotta tiles came from a local junkyard. *Opposite:* After a day at the beach, dinne may be shellfish, with rice and beans made according to his neighbor Carmen Bermudez's recipe. Batik from Craft Caravan, NYC; bowl, pitcher, and napkins from Barneys New York, NYC.

inner on Vieques is simple: "Whatever is fresh that day, that's what you get"



Nicholas's Steamed Lobster and Shrimp

2 jumbo shrimp in shells
2 2-pound live lobsters
1 tablespoon vinegar
1 bunch chives
2 limes

In a medium-size pot, bring 4 cups salted water to a boil. Rinse shrimp, then cook 3 minutes or less, only until shrimp turn pink. Drain at once, then peel, devein, and set aside. Put 2 inches of salted water and the vinegar in a large pot and bring to a boil. Put lobsters in pot. Cover tightly, lower heat, and steam 20 minutes. Drain lobsters and set aside. Rinse chives, quarter limes, and set aside, covered. To serve, split underside of lobsters from head to tail, then place on top of Carmen's Rice and Beans (see recipe below). Garnish with whole chives. Alternate shrimps and lime quarters around the edge of the platter. (All lobster is edible except the stomach sac, near the head, and the black vein in the tail.) Serves 4.

Carmen's Rice and Beans

1 pound dried small red beans
4 cloves garlic, peeled
1 green bell pepper, chopped
2 tablespoons cilantro, minced
6 ounces smoked ham, chopped
4 tablespoons olive oil
1 onion, chopped
1 8-ounce can tomato sauce
Freshly ground pepper
2 cups white rice
1 tablespoon salt

Soak beans overnight. Drain. Pour 4 cups water into a deep pot; add beans, 2 whole cloves garlic, green pepper, cilantro, and 4 ounces of ham. Simmer, stirring occasionally, 1 hour or until beans are tender.

When beans are nearly done, heat 2 tablespoons of oil in a frying pan over low heat, then add remaining ham and cook 5 minutes. Add the onion and 2 cloves of minced garlic and cook until onion is transparent, about 3 minutes. Add the tomato sauce and cook 1 minute. Add this mixture to cooked beans. Add ground pepper to taste. Cook 15 minutes covered, stirring once or twice.

Meanwhile bring 4 cups water to a boil; add rice slowly so that the boiling does not stop. Add salt and 2 tablespoons oil. Cover, turn down heat to maintain a low boil, and stir with a fork after 10–15 minutes. Cook until all water is absorbed, about 20 minutes. When serving, mound rice on a large platter and top with beans.

Vieques Fruit Punch

6 oranges, peeled
1 very ripe pineapple, peeled, cored, and diced
2 mangoes, peeled and diced
Juice of 2 limes
¼ cup white Puerto Rican rum (optional)
6 ice cubes, crushed

Section oranges; remove membrane and seeds. Put fruit in a blender jar with lime juice. Blend 2 minutes. Add rum and ice and blend 2 more minutes. Pour into pitcher. Serves 4.





affordable, and what I could do to make it work." One trip took him to the shop of a metalworker who made up burglar-proof window grates that suggest shoji screens rather than prison bars. Another took him to a junkyard where he found old Spanish terra-cotta tiles for the living room and bedroom floors. When the tiles ran out, he went to the nearest tile factory and mixed terra-cotta to match—"because I'm driven."

The kitchen and bathroom counters are covered in tiles that Barberio painted in New York and transported "on my little wheeler and onto TWA." He also painted the walls and gates in hot pinks and s blues inspired by Mexican architec Luis Barragán, then had an islan carpenter make mission-style da beds, Le Corbusièr–like dinin chairs, and a table big enough to hol all the food for a meal at once: usua ly the catch of the day from the nea by pier with rice and beans an tropical fruit. "Whatever is fresh tha day, that's what you get."

"This is a low-maintenanc house," he says. "There is an electri bill, a water bill, and insurance, that' it. And I can go in and clean in a hour." It is also a high-energy house full of the passion and style that hav taken Barberio from designing tex tiles for Wamsutta to being a top styl ist. "Everything has to be a picture," he says. "The place where all my trav els, all my collecting, come together is here in Vieques among the kindes people in the world. I feel like a mil lionaire because I have this little piece of exactly what I've always dreamed about—you know, a boy from Queens has a Caribbean thing. It's completely ridiculous!" ♠

Tropical fruits and tropical colors set the mood in the kitchen, *above left.* Barberio collected the masks during his travels in Southeast Asia. *Above:* Coconut, bananas, mango, guava, and papaya surround sliced starfruit on a Luna Garcia platter from Platypus. *Left:* A living room still life with an Indonesian Buddha head and starfish. *Opposite:* A candelabra from an old church in Puerto Rico stands beside the bed. The basket holds sarongs and pareos, beach gear for houseguests.



"Everything has to be a picture," says Barberio



Masses of lavender, helichrysum, *Erigeron karvinskianus*, and white lychnis line the path to Nancy Power's Santa Monica garden. New Zealand flax in a pot provides a tricolor accent.

Digging for a California Style

Climate, terrain, and history shape the regional approach of three garden designers

By Patricia Thorpe



NANCY GOSLEE POWER



SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA is a shock for any gardener. Geraniums in January, poinsettias the size of fruit trees, orchids for foundation planting, and calla lilies for ground cover, all in the vibrant hues of early Technicolor and scented with jasmine, orange blossom, and carbon monoxide. There is money, leisure, and a passion for outdoor living; there is a climate of wonderful moderation and a terrain of dramatic extremes. There are plants beyond the dreams of science fiction. This is a land of too many possibilities and too many gardens that take advantage of them all. It takes energy, focus, and a great deal of hard work to transform some of the possibilities into an authentic vision of the landscape. Clearly this is a job for a woman.

Three women have been particularly successful in making gardens for southern California. It is easiest to discuss three very different designers by reducing their work to handy stereotypes: Nancy Goslee Power is known for the intimacy and comfort of her small gardens; Chris Rosmini is characterized by her plantsmanship; Isabelle Greene has long been recognized for her use of abstract landscape forms in combination with a dry-land palette of plants. But like most stereotypes, these labels lose their meaning in the

> Power grew up with perennials back east, "but Italy shaped my sense of space"

gardens of these remarkable women. Power, the maker of cozy corners, has been working on a vineyard garden of some twenty acres, supervising construction of an estate in Australia, and will be providing the landscape around Frank Gehry's building for the Walt Disney Concert Hall in downtown Los Angeles. Although Rosmini's plantsmanship is undeniable, all too little is said about the confidence and understated elegance of her designs, which bring coherence to an entire landscape, not just the flowers. And while many of Greene's gardens photograph like abstract paintings, they are unexpectedly engaging and thoroughly lived in by her clients.

The three designers have a great deal in common. None set out to make a career in this field: Power did interior design, Greene pursued bot-



ny, Rosmini studied classics. Although Greene studied for and passed the exam for licensing as a ndscape architect, she was making gardens long before she had any formal training. Power and Rosmini never formally studied landscape design. Greene and Rosmini have been designing for more than twenty years, Power for the last eleven. They all do a great deal of residential work for private clients, an area scorned by most landscape professionals. "And," points out Power, "there is another similarity: the love of plant material. We all have great respect for the plants; a lot of people in our field don't." Power has just finished a book on California gardens, to be published next year, and has an overview of the subject. "Isabelle is a painter, she really is dealing with shapes on a canvas—I admire that



Power grouped writhing flower spikes of echium and ground covers cerastium and *Senecio mandraliscae*, *opposite*, to harmonize with Patsy Tisch's craftsman-style house in Rustic Canyon. *Above:* A patchwork of gray and green santolina is the centerpiece of Power's own kitchen garden. *Right:* Campanulas drape the steps down to her sunken garden; *Oenothera speciosa* tops the wall.



In a garden near San
Barbara, steps flow d
stream between bould
and low-growing rock
convolvulus, Santa Ba
daisy, armeria, and
heuchera. *Opposite c
right:* Isabelle Greene
silvery *Senecio vira-vir
lavender, and manzan
soften the transition b
garden and wilderne
another Santa Barbara
blending them with
oaks and ceanothus to
frame a distant view o
sea. *Opposite below ri*
Lemaireocereus tower
above rosy sedum in a
landscape at Hope Ra

Greene's abstract forms never betray
the wild beauty of her native landscape



ISABELLE GREENE



cause I don't think that way. And e is a good plantswoman. Chris is a illiant plantswoman—she has a owledge of plants that is superior anybody's and a real understandg of what is appropriate."

They also share a love of the Calirnia landscape—not the Beverly ills lawnscape of Easter-basket rass dotted with azaleas and roses, ut the spare dramatic hillsides that e just beyond the sprinklers, the aunting chaparral backdrop to the antasy houses and stage-set gares. Those sere ridges and dryash valleys are a constant reminder f what this land is and what it could t any moment become again. Greene speaks passionately about his: "I hate it, frankly, that people will move here from the East for our limate and then turn their backs on his climate and try to make it an eastrn climate. Part and parcel of the eauty here—the sunshine, the mild weather, the lack of bugginess—is hat it is dry and things look dry and hey act dry and you have to love hat, you have to embrace it."

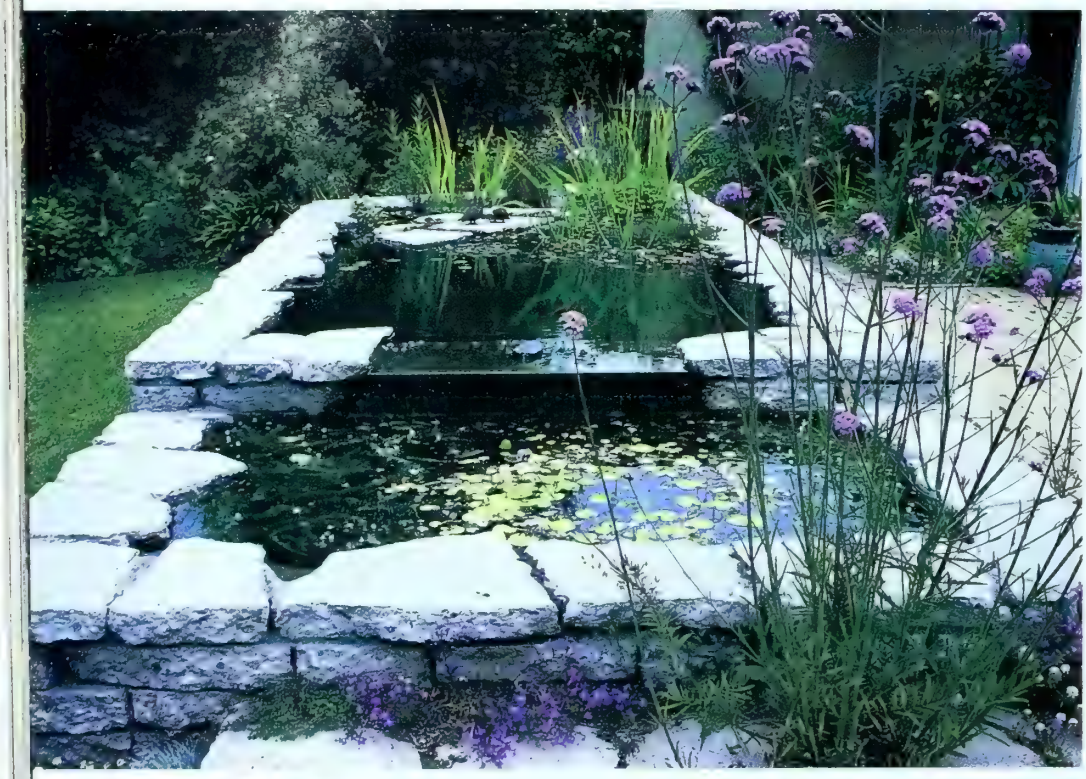
In Santa Barbara, where Greene ives and has her office, there have been severe water shortages and a general awareness of the need to conserve. Still, water rationing is not the primary reason clients turn to her: "I think people come to me because they want something that will feed their lives. And, by the way, it should be low maintenance and drought-tolerant. But make me something beautiful to live in—that's really what they're saying." Greene's use of open space and abstract shapes seems to refer more to Eastern mysticism than to Western thought, but her gardens are not







CHRIS ROSMINI





self-consciously oriental. Her under standing of the grandeur of empti ness and the power of bare roc derives from her love of the desert and she never betrays the wild beau ty of her native landscape by trying t force it into something foreign or ar tificial. "The capturing quality of a garden is that it is a piece of nature that you work with, that explains one's place in nature, explains one's situation as a part of the spectrum that nature is—that must be the com fort of a garden."

Greene admits to a preference for blue-gray and khaki tones highlight ed with crisp silver, but in the aston ishing variety of species listed on her plans it is hard to pick out a few that dominate. When asked about plant selection, she pulls out the drawers of an oversized filing cabinet; inside are hundreds of folders devoted to plants—plants she has used, wants to use, is trying to find in cultivation. "I like plants that do whatever I visual ize I need done. Sometimes I want light filtered through something lacy, sometimes I want something clean and strong and mounding or something that cascades but doesn't droop." With such a rich tapestry of colors, forms, and textures, a lawn is never missed, although Greene is not dogmatic on that point. "If clients really really have a desire for green, then I like to give it to them, but in other ways that are not so hostile to our climate."

On a series *(Continued on page 203)*

Rosmini can gracefully adapt the traditions of garden design without allowing them to dominate

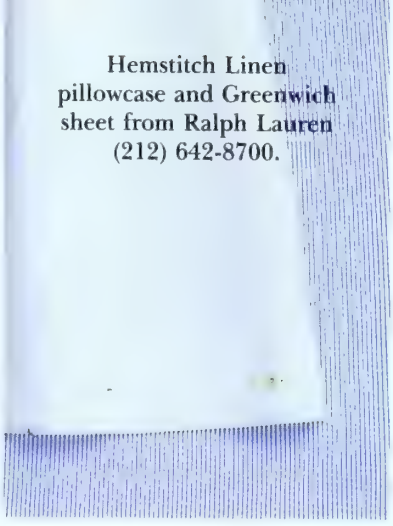


ria climbs an arbor at Ruth
's garden. *Opposite, from*
smini's own garden is
ntic jumble of honeria
dbiscella, phormium,
ora, and tabebuia.
Anigozanthos springs from
cks of a pool that makes
of little water in the
garden. A Tuscan land-
for Andrew and Bettina
in the Hollywood Hills.

By Anne Foxley

samples

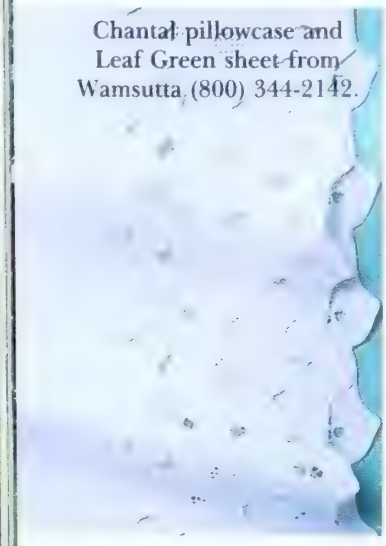
Lingerie-style lace and other decorative trims give bed linens a new edge



Hemstitch Linen pillowcase and Greenwich sheet from Ralph Lauren (212) 642-8700.



Silk Shadows sh[illegible] Cocoon (800) 3[illegible]



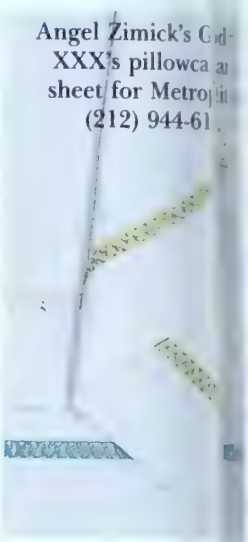
Chantal pillowcase and Leaf Green sheet from Wamsutta (800) 344-2142.



Ivy pillowcase and Woodland sheet from Portico Bed & Bath (212) 941-7800.



Pinpoint Pima pillowcases from Martex (800) 533-8229.



Angel Zimick's G[illegible] XXX's pillowca[illegible] sheet for Metro[illegible] (212) 944-61[illegible]



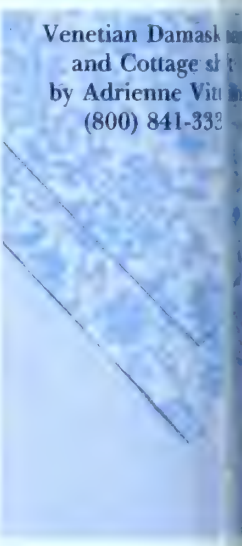
Sienne shams and sheet from Palais Royal (800) 322-3911.



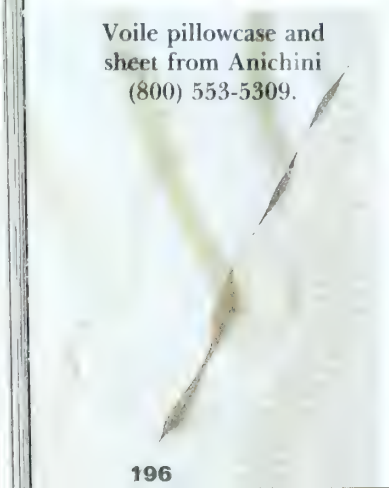
Criss sham and sheet from Frette (212) 988-5221, (310) 273-8540.



Egizia sham and sheet from Anichini (800) 553-5309.



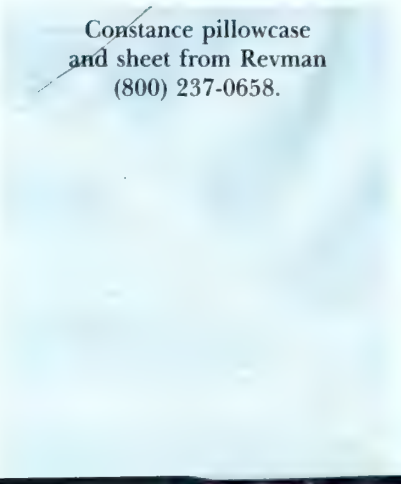
Venetian Damask [illegible] and Cottage sh[illegible] by Adrienne Vitt[illegible] (800) 841-33[illegible]



Voile pillowcase and sheet from Anichini (800) 553-5309.



Royal Lily sham and sheet from Bischoff (800) 331-5223.

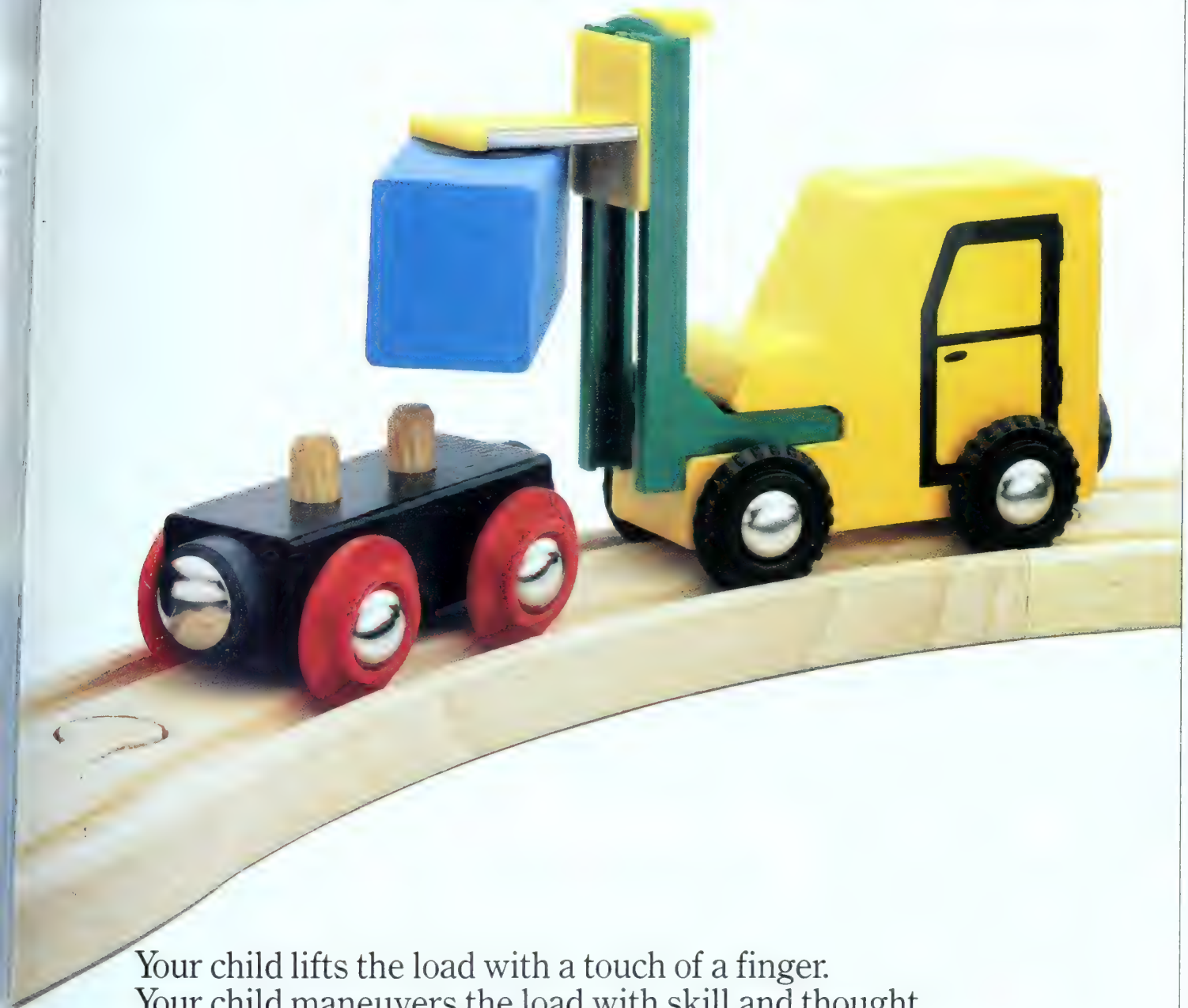


Constance pillowcase and sheet from Revman (800) 237-0658.



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Cowboy Dreams

(Continued from page 134) except the bathrooms, was essential to "warming up" the master bedroom. Unadorned, its lofty sloped ceiling and dormer seemed churchlike, but papered in a stripe up to the peak of the roof, it evokes, Barry says, the "comforting feeling of being inside a large hat box."

The pampering extends to guests too. Waking up in a four-poster to look out through lace curtains at blue Colorado skies, it's hard not to be seduced by the Spring Creek version of rural luxury. And out riding the trails, it's even harder not to fall under the spell of cowboy culture. Rogers commer on the lure of the land with the story an incident that took place a year or after he and Specht moved in: "It w Lisa's birthday and I wanted to buy h a nice piece of jewelry. When I showe her what I'd picked out she said, 'B we could buy a tractor for that kind money'—and we did." ▲

Shells

(Continued from page 180) British shell rooms has been mixed. Some, such as the rococo grotto hall that Frederick the Great erected at Sanssouci, his summer palace in Potsdam, stand majestically intact. Many are long gone. The saddest loss must be the one at Oatlands in Surrey. Built for the earl of Lincoln by the grotto specialist Josiah Lane of Fonthill, it took some twelve years to complete and the bill in 1759 was a staggering £40,000. Other fine examples from this high period of shellwork, such as a room at Goodwood Park often cited as the most exquisite of all, are now difficult to visit. It is doubly fortunate that one of England's most remarkable houses has lately come into the hands of the National Trust and is accessible to the public. A La Ronde, a sixteen-sided centrally planned house built in Devon in 1796 which has usually descended in the female line of the Parminter family, is the finest surviving repository of handicrafts practiced by eighteenth- and nineteenth-century ladies. Many rooms have shellwork, cut-paper, and featherwork decorations.

Perhaps the closest American counterpart is to be found at Bonnet House in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, where another shell collection fills an octagonal private museum. It is presided over by its centenarian creator, Evelyn Fortune, who married the painter Frederic Bartlett in 1931. Bartlett had built the Caribbean-style house and studio a decade before and added the museum as a gift to his new wife, who loved seashells and orchids. Throughout Bonnet, shells are inlaid into walls, composing fanciful friezes, archways, and even trompe l'oeil obelisks. A later American variation on classic themes may be seen at Old Westbury Gardens, a Long Island estate, now open to the public, where a poolside portico was lined with shell mosaics in 1969. The artist, Artemis Jegart Housewright, used forty-five different kinds of shells to piece together Arcadian scene

In the 1990s shells are again fashio able as appliqués for mirrors, lamp moldings, and furniture. A great revi al of interest in shell rooms and gro toes is currently under way in Englan The National Trust recently comple ed a brand-new shell room at Basildo Park House, and several original bu decayed examples, besides the one a Walton, have been lovingly restored. notable success story has been the res cue of a grotto at Hampton Cour House, close to the palace, which wa undertaken by sculptors Simon Verity and Belinda Eade along with Dian Reynell, a partner in the firm Grottoe & Castles. Convinced that shellwork can be more than just a matter o patching up crumbling eighteenth century pavilions, Eade, Reynell, an Verity urge its use to create intriguing new effects inside houses or in garde and pool buildings. With tens of thousands of varieties of shells available, the possibilities for aesthetic beachcombing are endless. ▲

Helena Rubinstein

(Continued from page 146) Malraux's facial twitch and nearly sent Coco Chanel hurtling into the Seine below. "She leaned so far over I had to restrain her," remembers Mala Rubinstein, Madame's niece.

Rubinstein's deco dream palace had been financed by one of the shrewdest business maneuvers of the era. On the eve of the 1929 crash, she sold the American interest in her company to Lehman Brothers for $8 million. A year later it was hers for $2 million. No longer answerable to Titus's taste and flush with capital, Rubinstein was free to indulge all of her most daring decorating heterodoxies. The Rubinstein style—a lush and hardy cross between, in O'Higgins's arch words, "Byzantium and the Flea Market"—at last burst into full flower. In her new quarters Greek statuary kept company with African sculptures, Savonnerie carpets mixed with Mexican rugs, Empire wallpaper coexisted with Miró canvases, and Belter furniture mingled with Boulle. Süe helped her arrange this madly eclectic salmagundi, "although she would have liked to have been able to do it all herself," says Mala.

More familiar to the American public was the so-called New York Rubinstein Hilton, acquired in 1941, after her marriage to her second husband, Artchil Gourielli-Tchkonia, a Georgian prince. When told she could not rent the eight-bath twenty-six-room Park Avenue triplex because she was Jewish, she simply bought the building. The top floor of this enormous "castle in the air," as she called it, was given over to a picture gallery reached by a spiral staircase ascending from the middle floor of the triplex, where the public rooms were situated. The lower floor contained the bedrooms. Madame's was, as O'Higgins said, the heart and hub of this maze. Especially in her later years, Rubinstein, like Louis XIV, received her employees most mornings in bed, her silk sheets piled high with books and papers. Pink, and about forty feet long, the bedroom was adjoined by a bathroom of comparable hue and dimensions. Walls of colossal closets held her couture collection, extending all the way

k to Worth. Among the shimmer of Venetian mirrors, serendipitous kitsch, and treasure-laden vitrines, the pièce de résistance was what all Rubinstein initiates refer to with delight as the "plastic bed." Created out of Lucite by Rubinstein's package designer Ladislas Medgyes (who had previously used the material for powder boxes), the transparent bed lit up by means of hidden fluorescent bulbs. When Madame reposed upon it, the effect was of a transfiguration upon a crystal sleigh.

If she wasn't calling upon her own employees as decorators, Rubinstein absolutely hired "whoever was the most chic, in, and controversial at the moment—which usually meant loads of publicity," says a longtime magazine editor. Naturally the press came running when, in 1942, she commissioned Dali to concoct three murals for her red room—lurid dreamscapes called *Dawn, Heroic Noon,* and *Evening.* Rubinstein then furnished the room with Venetian pieces even more flamboyant, if possible, than the paintings. A pair of blackamoor figures towered against one wall; iridescent grotto furniture writhing with dolphins, shells, and sea serpents served as seating, while overhead a florid blue chandelier dripped glassy stalactites. Equally inciful, if more restrained, was Cecil Beaton's ethereal transformation of the pseudo-Gothic top-floor picture gallery into a Japanese-inspired bamboo folly. Madame was not amused. She found the room "too informal, too easygoing," Mala remembers. Both Rubinstein's displeasure and Beaton's injured pride were avenged months later when it was learned that the bamboo walls had become infested with, appropriately, Japanese beetles.

Still in the vanguard at ninety, Rubinstein in 1960 asked David Hicks, England's newest decorating star, to do a flat in Knightsbridge. When he inquired about colors she'd like to use, Madame took out her scissors, turned up the hem of her Balenciaga dress, and snipped off a swatch—"a wonderful strident purple, which we used for the walls," says Hicks. The heady palette did not stop there; Hicks covered the sofas and some of her ubiquitous Belter chairs in "cosmetics colors: scarlet, shocking pink, magenta, and puce." The result, he says, was "very eccentric. A perfect foil to her strong personality."

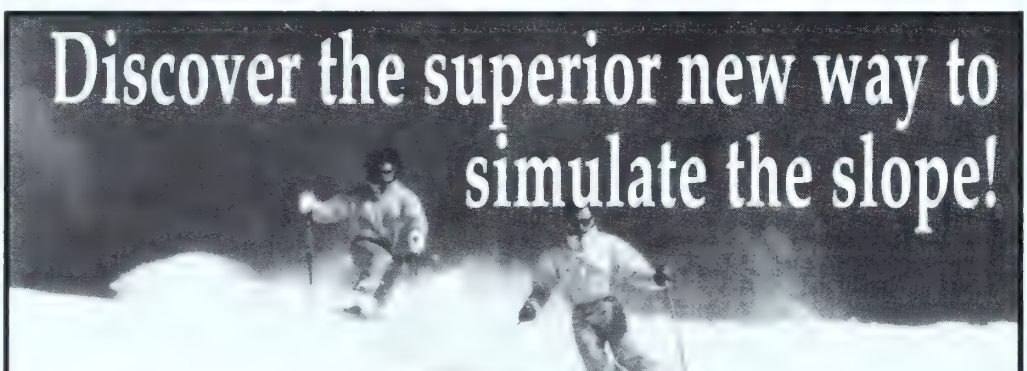
Though Madame's taste was wildly avant-garde, it also reflected—albeit in a brilliantly overwrought glass—the era's ideals of feminine beauty. Rather than today's virtues of youth and sex, the "first lady of beauty science," as she was identified in her ads, encouraged her customers to cultivate individuality, sophistication, and mystery. Mala believes her aunt's aesthetic arose as well from "her extremely international exposure." Unable to label, much less account for, Rubinstein's style, *Vogue* in 1945 invoked preterhuman intervention: Rubinstein's New York apartment, the magazine reported, was "rather like a collector's heaven where pixies have mixed up the collections. Everywhere 'irreconcilables' of Period meet in fabulous amity." Rubinstein, never a word-mincer, simply offered, "I like my own taste, good or bad!" ▲

Credits for The Reign of Helena Rubinstein
Page 144—From *Vogue* (Aug. 15, 1938)/photo Nyholm. Page 145—UPI/Bettmann. Page 146—*Clockwise from top:* Slim Aarons; Helena Rubinstein Foundation (3). Page 147—*Clockwise from top right:* UPI/Bettmann; from *David Hicks on Decoration* (Macmillan); Roger Prigent; from *David Hicks on Decoration* (Macmillan); UPI/Bettmann; from *Vogue* (Apr. 15, 1945)/photo Hannel Cassidy; from *Vogue* (July 15, 1937)/photo Bufotot.

Eternally Roman

(Continued from page 167) memorabilia, Milton's hobbyhorse, and by the pile of books he has edited. You recognize his slightly ironic, slightly sensuous smile in the play of contrasts and contradictions, such as the pairing of a polychrome wooden head of Mary Magdalen with an Etruscan terra-cotta votive figure shaped like a breast. He does not, however, simply follow the surrealist formula of seeing beauty in the "accidental encounter of a sewing machine with an umbrella," as the poet Lautréamont phrased it. The Gendel harmony of (apparent) incompatibles—put together with a lavish hand—is not only a self-portrait but also a tribute to a beloved place: Rome. Here Milton has regained his paradise. ▲

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Where to find it

CONTENTS

Page 16 Linens, from left: Primrose Cottage **sheet and pillowcase,** by Cynthia Gibson for Royalton, for stores (800) 444-2422. Lisette **sham,** by Dan River for D. Porthault, for stores (800) 782-9568. Quartet **pillowcase,** by Laura Ashley for Revman, for stores (800) 237-0658. Venetian Damask **sham,** by Adrienne Vittadini for Fieldcrest, for stores (800) 841-3336. Pocket Watch challis **shawl on mannequin,** by Timney-Fowler, at selected Saks Fifth Avenue stores

DESIGN

Page 66 Carpets, needlepoint **cushions,** Tra-La-La **mirror** and drinking **glasses,** by Christine Vanderhurd, 99 University Pl., 9th fl., New York, NY 10003; (212) 353-3450.

PEOPLE

Pages 78, 80 Custom Cardinal's **chair, cartouche girandole** (shown without the antique armature), Drifted Gold japanned **candlesticks,** Gothick **bed and bedside table,** and **other items,** to order from Michael Priest, 27A Motcomb St., Belgrave Sq., London SW1X 8JU; (71) 235-5295. **Selected decorative objects,** by Thomas Messel, at Charlotte Moss & Co., NYC (212) 772-3320

FOOD

Page 110 Maine **lobster basket,** c. 1860, spongeware **platter,** c. 1860, Amish painted **table,** enamel **cup,** c. 1890, Bucks County **berry basket,** c. 1890, similar at Richard Mulligan–Sunset Cottage, L.A. (213) 650-8660

STYLE

Page 118 Architecture, by Tod Williams Billie Tsien & Assocs., 222 Central Park South, New York, NY 10019; (212) 582-2385. Timney-Fowler for Go Silk fall collection silk crepe de chine **shirts,** from left: Carlton House (women's only),



Felicitas Perpetua (women's only), Roman Rosette, Belvedere House, Etruscan Border Panels with Griffins, for stores (800) 964-4484. Silk **scarves,** by Timney-Fowler, at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC (212) 753-7300. Flat Stripe sateen **cotton on backdrop,** Old European Portraits feather **pillows** in Old European Portraits sateen **cotton print,** all by Timney-Fowler, to order at Timney-Fowler, 388 Kings Rd., London SW3 5UZ; (71) 352-2263

EDITOR'S PAGE

Page 121 Deco-inspired **club chair,** from Grange, for dealers (212) 685-9494

NATCHEZ REVIVAL

Pages 122–29 Decoration, by Vicente Wolf Assocs., 333 West 39 St., New York, NY 10018; (212) 465-0590. Rio **sisal** throughout, from Schumacher, for information (800) 672-0068. **122–23** Mazzie **club chair** (#H9117) and Vivian **sofa** (#H9116-C), both upholstered in Natural Linen (#66-2196-00) and by Vicente Wolf for Henredon, for dealers (800) 444-3682. **Carved-wood armchair** (#H8907), upholstered in leather (#LE-449-11), from the Historic Natchez Collection for Henredon (see above). Michelle (#4274-09) viscose/cotton **woven stripe on front sofa pillow,** Drap (#4135-100) **wool on back sofa pillows,** both to the trade at Manuel Canovas, for showrooms (212) 752-9588. Framed antique architectural **engravings,** similar from the John Richard Collection, for dealers (601) 453-5809. **124** Custom faux stone **tables** with gilded-iron restaurant bases, custom **lantern,** similar to order from Vicente Wolf (see above). **124–25** Stephen **ottoman** (#H9119) in Surrey finish, upholstered in leather (#LE-449-11), Nadine mahogany **bench** (#H9123) in Antique Gold finish, Vivian **sofa** (#H9116-C), Mazzie **chairs** (#H9117) (shown without arm pocket), all upholstered in Natural Linen (#66-2196-00), Novekin mahogany/gilt **mirror** (#7604-04), all by Vicente Wolf for Henredon (see above). Cashmere **throw,** from Pratesi, for stores (212) 288-2315. Confetti (#4147-01) **chintz for shades,** to the trade at Manuel Canovas (see above). Parentisi **suspension lamp,** by Achille Castiglioni, from Flos, for dealers (516) 549-2745. Custom bleached-oak **tray,** similar to order from Vicente Wolf (see above). **126** Novekin mahogany/gilt **mirrors** (#7604-04), by Vicente Wolf for Henredon (see above). **127** 19th-century English and American **Gothic chairs,** similar at Antiques–J. E. Guercio, Natchez (601) 442-5941; D. Kingsley Calcote, Antiquarian, Natchez (601) 445-0388. **128** Custom mahogany/gilt **full-length mirror,** similar to order from Vicente Wolf (see above). **128–29** Pilar tufted **bed** (#H9118) with legs in Antique Gold finish, upholstered in Natural Linen (#66-2196-00), by Vicente Wolf for Henredon (see above). Custom **giltwood table,** similar to order from Vicente Wolf (see above). **Bed linens,** Prestige wool/cashmere **blanket,** all from Anichini, for stores (800) 553-5309. Cinni electric **fan,** from Fuoriserie, at Ad Hoc, NYC (212) 925-2652; for other stores (212) 769-8428. **129** Snow Mist matte-glazed **floor tiles** in shower room, from American Olean, 1000 Cannon Ave., Dept. HG, Lansdale, PA 19446. Emile **armchair** (#H9113) in dressing room, upholstered in Natural Linen (#66-2196-00), by Vicente Wolf for Henredon (see above).

COWBOY DREAMS

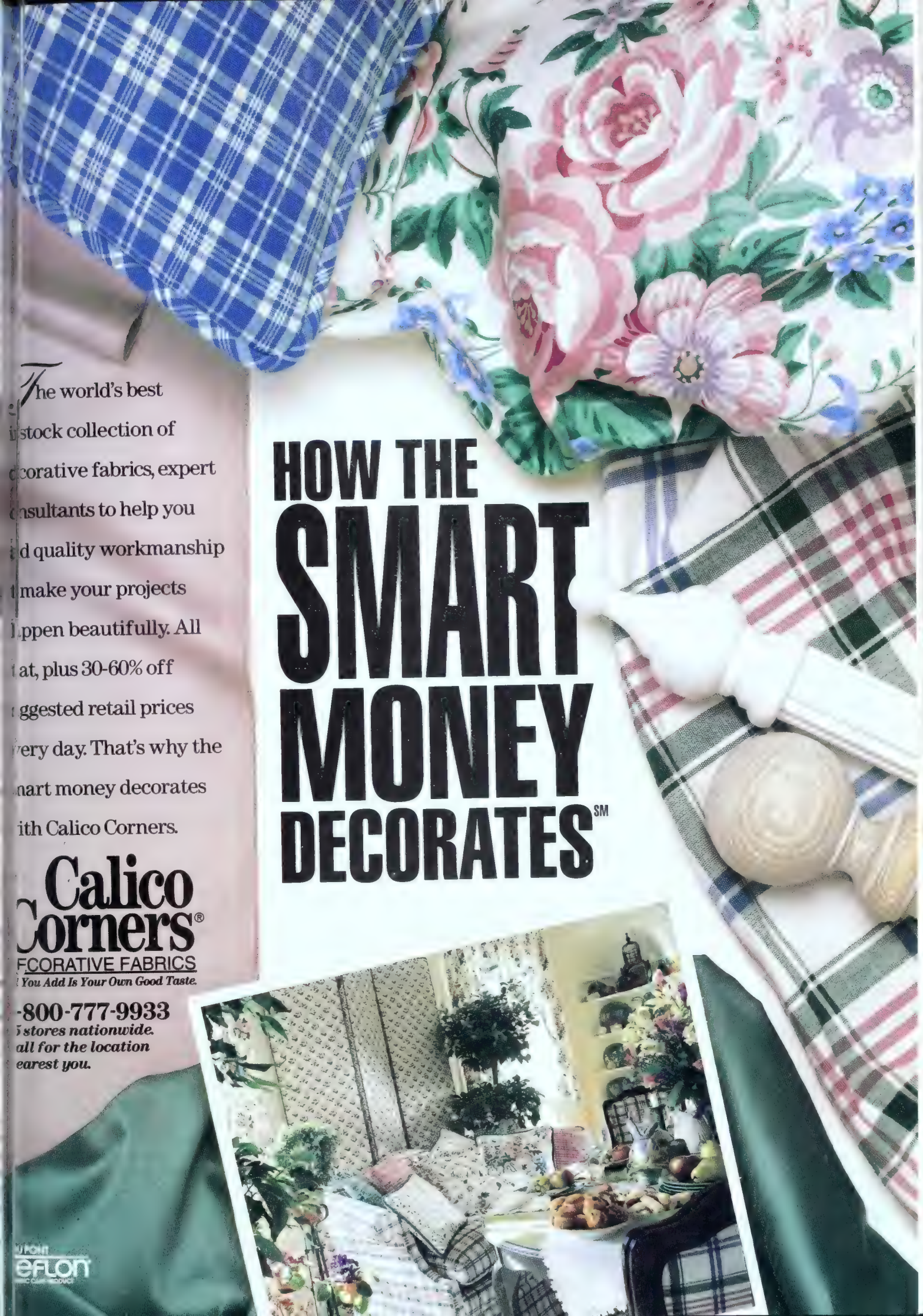
Pages 130–35 Decoration, by Barbara Barry, 9526 Pico Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90035; (31[illegible] 276-9977. **130–31** Red Mountain **wool on so[illegible] at right,** from the Ralph Lauren Home Collec[illegible] for stores (212) 642-8700. Monterey **mahoga[illegible] sofa and chair,** similar at the Old California S[illegible] Ventura (805) 643-4217. Pendleton wool **blan[illegible] on Monterey chair,** similar at Avalanche Ra[illegible] Antiques, Redstone (303) 963-2846. **132 Checkerboards,** c. 1850–1900, similar at Avalanche Ranch (see above); Crystal Haver Antiques, Redstone (303) 963-3088. Custom **fire screen,** to order from Gary L. Russell, Rif[illegible] (303) 625-2297. **133** Betsy cotton **place mats** from the Ralph Lauren Home Collection (see above). **134** Julia cotton **comforter,** Elsa **flora**



cotton shams, Avery **solid cotton sheets an[illegible] shams,** Knightsbridge Floral linen/cotton feath[illegible] **pillow at center,** from the Ralph Lauren Home Collection (see above). Petit Fleur **carpet,** to t[illegible] trade at Decorative Carpets, West Hollywood (310) 657-8840. Pine **bed,** to the trade at Char[illegible] & Charles, L.A. (310) 559-0138. Inveraray cott[illegible] rayon **moiré plaid on table,** to the trade at Pindler & Pindler, for showrooms (310) 643-60[illegible] **135** Fulton cotton/rayon **woven plaid on chair** to the trade at Pindler & Pindler (see above) Julia **wallpaper,** from the Ralph Lauren Home Collection (see above)

HARMONY IN A GREEK KEY

Pages 136–43 Decoration, by François Catro[illegible] 20 rue du Faubourg-Saint-Honoré, 75008 Paris (1) 42-66-69-25. **Architecture,** by Boris Baranovich, Architect, 153 Waverly Pl., New Yo[illegible] NY 10014; (212) 627-1150. **Contracting,** by Steven Heller, president of Cardinal Properties, Greenwich (203) 622-8366. **136–41 Decorativ[illegible] painting,** by Laurent Beuffe Décoration, Paris ([illegible] 48-74-05-39. **136–37** Custom Greek Key **coffe[illegible] table,** by Thomas Messel, similar to order from Michael Priest, 27A Motcomb St., Belgrave Sq., London SW1X 8JU; (71) 235-5295. **140–41** Chenonceaux Taffetas (#34870-00) silk for **dining room curtains,** to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, for showrooms (212) 838-7878. **143** Berain (#32770-3) **cotton print for curtains, bed, screen, and sofa,** Rayures Bera[illegible] (#32771-3) **cotton print on sofa,** to the trade a[illegible] Clarence House, for showrooms (212) 752-289[illegible] Textured **cotton on walls,** to the trade at Manu[illegible] Canovas, for showrooms (212) 752-9588. Wool **carpet,** to the trade at Stark Carpet, for showrooms (212) 752-9000. Louis XIV **bust,**



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similar at Didier Aaron, NYC (212) 988-5248 Patine Stripe **wallpaper in entry,** to the trade at Nobilis, for showrooms (908) 464-1177

LIVING ROOMS

Pages 148–55 Architecture and design, by Bob Currie of Robert Currie & Assocs., 1133 Broadway, Suite 1610, New York, NY 10010; (212) 206-0505 **148–49** Wood/grass **chairs,** Turkish **ammunition trunk,** similar to the trade at J. Garvin Mecking, NYC (212) 677-4316. Custom **armchair,** to the trade to order at La Mode, NYC (212) 368-4090. Antique **carpet trunk** (shown as bench), to the trade at Ann Morris Antiques, NYC (212) 755-3308 Three-Over Stripe (#CW-11) **wallpaper,** Brookwood (#32671) linen/cotton for **curtains,** to the trade at Clarence House, for showrooms (212) 752-2890 **150–51** Norwich Wool Stripe **wool on boudoir chairs,** Lilibet Cartisane & Tassel (#90495) viscose **tassels on boudoir chairs,** to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, for showrooms (212) 838-7878. Bullion viscose **fringe on boudoir chairs** (#BFF-11), to the trade at Clarence House (see above). English aesthetic movement fabric for **curtains,** similar at Vito Giallo Antiques, NYC (212) 535-9885. Art nouveau iron **sconces,** similar to the trade at Marvin Alexander, NYC (212) 838-2320. 19th-century wool Aubusson fragment **carpet,** similar at Doris Leslie Blau, NYC (212) 759-3715. Arts & crafts mahogany/faux marble **tea table,** similar to the trade at Yale Burge Antiques, NYC (212) 838-4005. Custom cherrywood **blinds,** to order from Blindtek, for dealers (914) 725-5415 Trino metal **nesting tables,** by Zanotta, at Modern Age, NYC (212) 674-5603 **152 Chaise,** similar to the trade at Ann Morris (see above). Velours Cauchois cotton/linen **velvet on chaise,** to the trade at Clarence House (see above). Triple gourd **pottery lamp,** similar to the trade at Marvin Alexander (see above). **153** Rothschild Bird porcelain **tureen,** by Herend, for stores (212) 679-3120. Louis XIII brass **chandelier,** similar at H M Luther Antiques, NYC (212) 505-1485 Imberline Caserta (#32168) linen/cotton **striped damask on chairs,** to the trade at Clarence House (see above) 19th-century English bull's-eye **mirror,** similar to the trade at J Garvin Mecking (see above) **Wall painting,** by Marla Weinhoff Studio, NYC (212) 807-9877 **154–55** Custom Venice wool Wilton **carpet,** to the trade at Stark Carpet, for showrooms (212) 752-9000 Vintage William Morris **wool on desk chair,** similar at Cora Ginsburg, NYC (212) 744-1352 Custom **sofa,** to order from La Mode (see above)

THE MAKING OF A ROOM

Pages 156–61 Decoration and furniture, by Greg Jordan, 27 East 63 St., Suite 1BC, New York, NY 10021; (212) 421-1474. **Fabrication of upholstered furniture,** by Jonas Upholstery, NYC (212) 685-5610. **156** Hand-painted porcelain **square plate,** by Victoria Crowell, similar to the trade at John Boone, NYC (212) 758-0012 **158** Tiger wool **carpet,** to the trade at Stark Carpet, for showrooms (212) 752-9000 Wool challis for **curtains,** to the trade at Lee Jofa, for showrooms (201) 438-8444. Angora **mohair on club chair** (#31872), to the trade at Clarence House, for showrooms (212) 752-2890



Enchanted Forest brass **candleholder,** by Michael Aram, at Barneys New York, NYC (212) 929-9000. Hand-painted porcelain **dish on coffee table,** by Victoria Crowell, ceramic **vase on round table,** by John Thompson Studio, similar to the trade at John Boone (see above) **159** Oak prayer **chairs,** to order from Christoph Maier, New Orleans (504) 586-9079. **161** Diana Taffeta **silk on sofa, armchair, and chaise,** to the trade at Henry Calvin, for showrooms (415) 565-1950. Trophy zebra **rug,** similar to the trade at Patterson, Flynn & Martin, for showrooms (212) 688-7700. Queen Anne japanned **secrétaire and side chairs,** similar at Kentshire Galleries, NYC (212) 673-6644. Silk crepe de chine (#1937) for **curtains,** to the trade at Henry Calvin (see above)

STANDING OUT IN EAST HAMPTON

Pages 170–75 Architecture, by Alastair Standing, 7 Bond St., New York, NY 10012; (212) 982-6975. **173** Italian 1940s **floor lamp,** similar at Fred Silberman, NYC (212) 925-9470. **Coffee table,** 1944 Noguchi design, from Palazzetti, for stores (212) 832-1199 Sixteen Cup Professional copper/brass **espresso/cappuccino maker,** by La Pavoni, for stores (800) 927-0277. Superba steel/porcelain **dishwasher,** from KitchenAid, for dealers (800) 422-1230. Stainless-steel **gas range** (#VGR48-6G), from Viking, for dealers (601) 455-1200 **Paintings,** by Stephanie Brody Lederman, Brooklyn (718) 782-0310. **174** Arne Jacobsen laminated wood **stacking chairs,** to the trade at ICF, for showrooms (800) 237-1625 Custom mahogany/chrome **dining table,** to order from Alastair Standing (see above). Enameled steel **radiators on dining room wall,** from Runtal, for stores (800) 526-2621

POSTCARD FROM PUERTO RICO

Page 185 Ivory Coast **batik,** at Craft Caravan, NYC (212) 431-6669. Shell free-form glass **bowl** by Annie Glass, sun ceramic **pitcher,** by Mike Levy, linen **cocktail napkins,** by Archipelago, at Barneys New York, NYC (212) 929-9000. **186** Round **platter** with metallic glaze, by Luna Garcia, at Platypus, for stores (800) 338-5927

DIGGING FOR A CALIFORNIA STYLE

Pages 188–95 Nancy Goslee Power & Assocs., 615 20th St., Santa Monica, CA 90402 (310) 394-0261 **Isabelle C. Greene & Assocs.,** 34 East Sola St., Santa Barbara, CA 93101; (805) 965-6162. **Chris Rosmini,** 4800 Buchanan St., Los Angeles, CA 90042; (213) 258-1195.

California Style

(Continued from page 194) of sprawling ...ical lots in Los Angeles, Chris Ros...i has made a garden for herself that ...ns like all the plants in Greene's file ...inet come to life: the tall skeleton of *Euphorbia zantii*, statuesque leaves of *Macrozyctes peltatum*, golden reinwardtia, ...amy peach sprays of cyrtanthus, ...stemons, and salvias too numerous ...ame. Not all of these are plants you ...uld recommend to the average An...leno, but Rosmini is more fortunate ...n most designers in the level of hor...ulture to which at least some of her ...nts aspire: "They tend to be knowl...geable people who are involved in ...ir gardens." Often passionate gar...ners need to be directed by a design...who shares their enthusiasm and can ...ovide a structure for it.

But not all her gardens are for ...ntsmen, and the strength of her de...gns is most apparent in some of the ...re restrained and less flowery land...pes she has created. In a recent proj...t in the Hollywood Hills she brought ...gether a 1920s-style villa and a new ...lladian pool house with a formal de...gn that utilizes the understated pal...te, the scale, and the verticality of the ...ssic Italian garden but places them ...rmly in a California context with ...ants like hardenbergia, pittosporum, ...d abutilon combining with native ...ks and hollylike toyon.

Nancy Power makes reference to ...alian gardens in many of her designs, ...o. "I'm really a born-again Italian," ...e laughs. "Two years of living in ...lorence really shaped my sense of ...ace." Her own garden in Santa Moni...a and some of her earlier designs ...emonstrate the Italian genius for en...losed spaces but give little clue of the ...ulptural way she uses plants in con...unction with the modern buildings ...nd larger scale of her newest projects, ...hich she has developed with her part...ner, architect Brian Tichenor. Speak...ng of their concept for the Disney ...oncert hall, she says, "It's this weird ...ind of dinosaur building, and I'm go...ng to use all kinds of dinosaur plants, ...hings like araucaria. We'll have a flock ...f *Dracaena draco*. You can't use wimpy ...plants next to those buildings."

Power grew up with the English-in-

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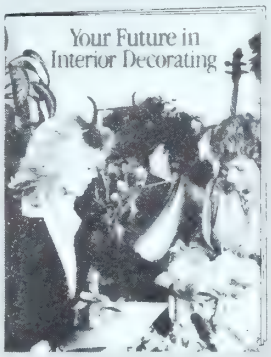
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California Style

spired garden traditions of the East Coast and a love of herbaceous perennials: "I used a lot of perennials when I first came here, but I use them less now—you need to have a client who understands what they are and realizes they're not dead." Power finds herself turning more to the signature plants of the Hollywood gardens of the 1920s and '30s: dramatic birds-of-paradise, jade plants of terrifying size, olive trees, the sculptural foliage of agave and yucca.

One final crucial quality is shared by these three women: a sense of humor. This not only makes each a delightful companion and commentator on the California scene, but it infuses their gardens with a liveliness and occasional playfulness distinct from much m ern garden making. Each is able to the traditions of garden design in a that is fresh and graceful, enjoying adapting cultural motifs without al ing them to dominate. From a wild ness of possibilities, three dynam women have forged original and p sonal visions of California life. ▲

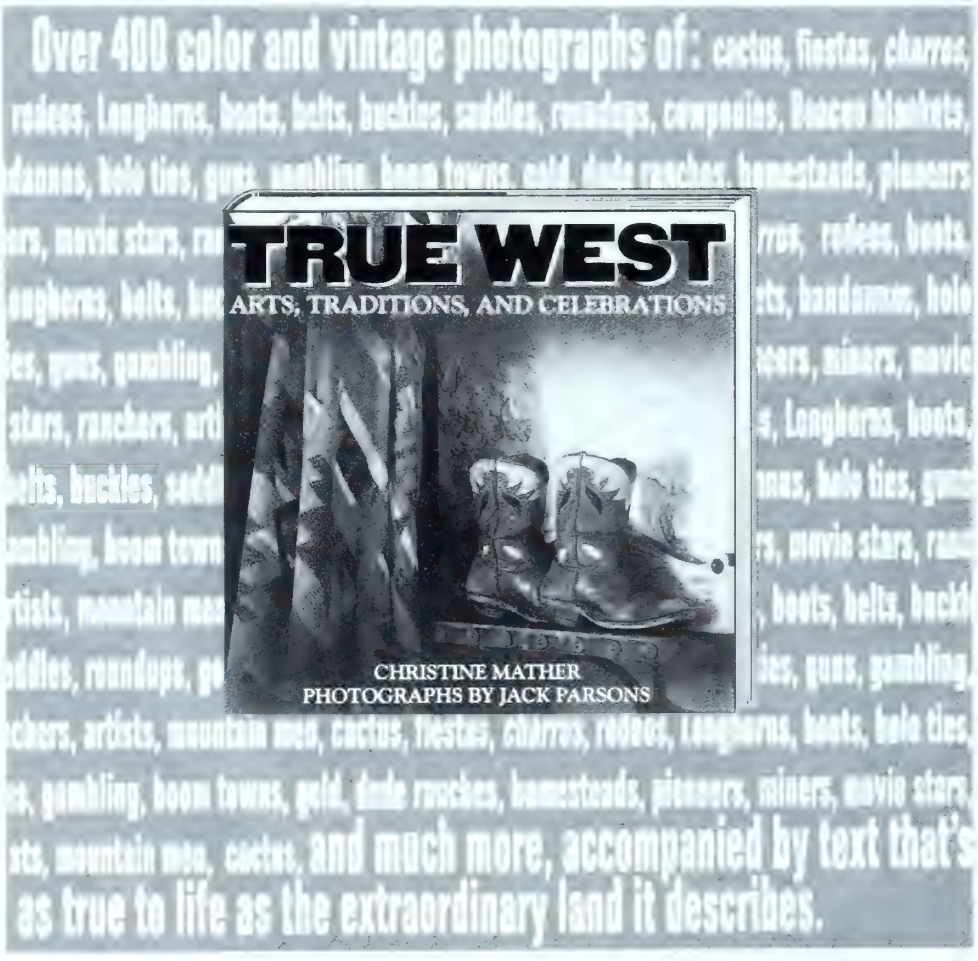
(For the three garden designers' addr see Resources.)

Standing

(Continued from page 174) Standing. "People don't walk much here." Another even more pragmatic aspect of the red wall is that it separates the three-bedroom guest wing from the rest of the house—for privacy when there are guests, for economy when there are not since the wing can be completely closed off.

Adding to the house's look-at-me look-at-me public demeanor is a quirky aluminum pavilion with a perky pointed roofline that caps the north arm of the boomerang. The shimmering crown contains the house's open-plan upstairs living, dining, and kitchen areas, its elevation explained by Standing: "You have to be that high to get the view of Three Mile Harbor." Downstairs, the architect situated the master suite as well as a painting studio.

To keep both the boomerang and the UFO-like pavilion visually grounded, Standing introduced a pair of cone-shaped stone towers, one inside the house containing two fireplaces (one downstairs in the master bedroom, one upstairs in the living room), the ot outside in the garden containing an rial barbecue grill. The towers act a sual linchpins, suggesting stability permanence, just as the boomer suggests instability and impermane or, better yet, flight. They are conn ed by a wooden bridge with a cha link parapet spanning the sinu black swimming pool that snakes al the red fin wall. Standing extended irregular line of the pool in asph through the garage and beyond to street where it stops like a fro splash. The next wave? ▲



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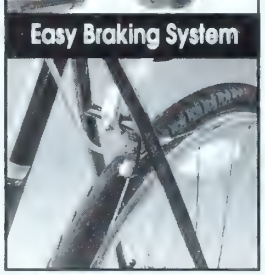


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Gandee AT LARGE

M.F.K. Fisher

1908–1992

For sixty-one years Mary Frances Kennedy Fisher wrote about joy and celebration, about warmth and love, about truth and beauty, about nourishment, both physical and spiritual, about food, especially about food, as metaphor, as allegory, as autobiography. She wrote about life as she experienced it, from childhood to motherhood to widowhood to old age, about her hopes and her dreams, which she didn't need a psychoanalyst to tell her to record, about her thoughts and her disappointments and her shortcomings. Although her essays and ruminations are personal to the point of intimacy, she succeeded, where so many others have failed, in keeping her distance from the indiscreet. For generations of devoted readers—and you're a devoted reader or you're no reader at all—M. F. K. Fisher was nothing less than a cult heroine, an old-fashioned girl from Albion, Michigan, who transformed herself into a modern woman of the world. Her first book, *Serve It Forth*, was published in 1937, after her first husband took her to live in France and her second husband took her to live in Switzerland. Her seventeenth book, *To Begin Again*, will be published this month by Pantheon, five months after Fisher's death on June 22, which was eleven days before her eighty-fourth birthday. *To Begin Again* begins with signature irony, "I find increasingly as I grow older that I do not consider myself a writer," and encompasses a characteristically quirky range of subjects, from homespun recipes for cough syrup ("equal parts of honey, glycerin, and fresh lemon juice"), and certain people's susceptibility to insects (as evidenced by the fourteen fleabites Fisher recalls receiving one afternoon in 1940 while walking through the lobby of the Ritz in Paris), to her never-quite-achieved goal "to put nostalgia into focus and to find one salient thing to write about instead of several dozen."



Last January, on the Tuesday I was scheduled to visit Fisher at the stucco and tile house in the Sonoma Valley which she called home for the last twenty-two years, her assistant asked if there was anything she would like in preparation for my visit. Fisher's answer, according to her assistant, was, "A voice." As a fitting preamble to the bittersweet anecdote, the note pushpinned to the fr door sufficed: "Friends: ring bell and come in. Foes ter any old way. Mary Frances K. Fisher."

Although the chignon was gone and her eyes were but hidden behind sunglasses, although she w wrapped in a shawl and nestled deep in a hospital b surrounded by the medical paraphernalia required b legion of infirmities, Fisher hadn't suffered any loss dignity or, for that matter, elegance. And although s spoke in a barely audible whisper, bolstering hers from time to time with sips from a cyclist's bottle, she seem to enjoy my stumbling and mumbling and fu bling around, my trying to strike up a conventional co versation with someone for whom convention conversation was a thing of the past: "Can you rememb the best meal you ever had?" "Does the Sonoma Vall remind you of Provence?" "What do you think of Jea nette Ferrary's book, *Between Friends: M. F. K. Fisher a Me?*" Her responses, respectively, wer "No." "Not a bit." "I haven't read it." So time later, Fisher mentioned that she h completed the research for a book on t ridiculous ways people address the aged working title, *Baby Talk*. Taking the hint decided to abandon the stock in favor the specific, to say what was on my mind.

I told her how much I liked the sm painting of her back I had just seen han ing in the bathroom, actually more like gallery with plumbing, which her assista had pointed out during a tour of the thre room house. "It's very alluring," I adde Fisher laughed a quiet warm laugh, th gave my hand a conspiratorial squeez From this I understood that she was willi to talk, but it had to be a bit more genuine. I wouldn't mind. So we talked about h friends and my acquaintances, Julia Chil and Alice Waters, about dreams and wri ing and pictures and travel. She even o fered up a restaurant recommendation—Ristoran Travigne in nearby Saint Helena. I asked her what sh was working on, and she said she was organizing h years of "notes" for what she hoped would be a seven-vo ume series. When she grew weary, she asked me to com again the following day. The tape of that second conve sation is mostly filled with my voice, although I remen ber it otherwise. I remember in particular her answer t the question I asked as I was preparing to leave: "Can send you anything?" Without hesitation she said, "Mad leines from Fauchon." Calling Paris and having a box o Proust's favorite cakes flown to California was an inde scribable pleasure. Because what it meant is that M. F. K Fisher never lost her appetite.

Charles Gande

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Harvey S. Ladew adapted European landscape forms to the spirit of the Maryland countryside



COVER
A golden palette sets the tone for a holiday table setting. Photograph by David Frazier. Page 120.

HG

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Matt and Leigh Anne Kobe, above left, playing in their California living room. Page 84. Above center: A rustic scene decorates an 18th-century English teapot. Page 114. Above right: A lyrebird perches in a Maryland topiary garden. Page 124.



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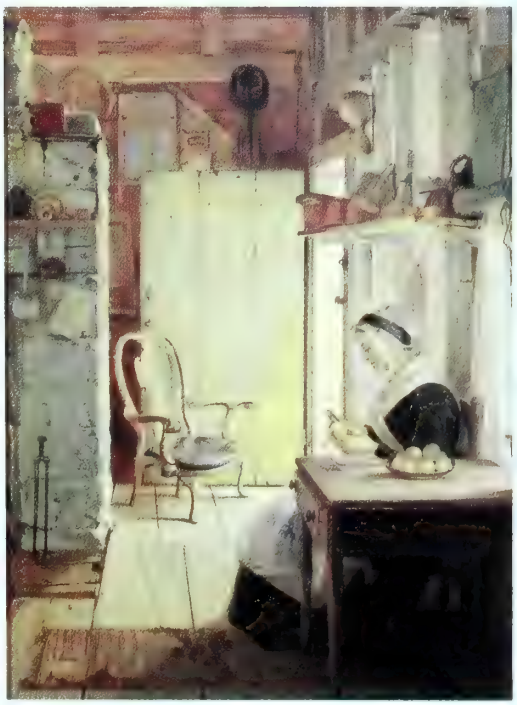
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A kitchen interior, left, by Thomas Hicks: housekeeping in the 1860s. Page 28. Below: Ridgway dessert plate, c. 1820, from Bardith. Page 58. Bottom: Invitation to the Garden, a literary and photographic homage. Page 44

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RICO PUHLMANN

Christopher Idone cofound the celebrated New York cater business Glorious Food in 1970 a is the author of four cookbooks, cluding *Glorious American Food* a his most recent, *Cooking Cari* published by Clarkson Potter. H currently at work on a book ab Brazilian cuisine—"the next b food trend"—and another on co ing with lemons. For HG he ser up the Christmas dinner recipes his friends Barry and Linda Do hue, "the best home cooks I know



STEVE LC

Terry Trucco, who writes the "Where to Find It" column for *The New York Times,* became a connoisseur of kitchen design while writing HG's special supplement on the subject. Trucco lives in New York and just finished redecorating her own kitchen in black and white: "It has striped wallpaper, a checkerboard floor, and a collection of black and white appliances all in working order—if only I could cook!"



EMMETT MARTIN

David Frazier has ca tured everything from car board cat's houses to Pa Avenue dining rooms in h photographs for HG. Th month he focuses on tabl set in the spirit of the seaso Frazier divides his time b tween a New York apar ment and a carriage house i the New Jersey countryside


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Jeremy Samuelson phot graphed actor James Belushi home in his Brentwood villa. "I pecting the madcap comic Belush I was surprised by how serious he in person—and amazed to fi him living in such an elega place." Los Angeles–based S muelson specializes in interiors a portraits. He says he discovered h calling after careers as "a wande er, a forester, and a roughneck."



Elizabeth Hawes profiles M chael Trapp, a Connecticut a tiques dealer specializing architectural fragments who live and keeps shop in a house "give over to rescued relics." Coautho of Martha Stewart's *Entertainin* and *Weddings*, Hawes has just com pleted a social history of apartmen dwelling in Manhattan, due fro Knopf. She herself lives in a Con necticut farmhouse with her hus band and three children.

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notes

HG REPORTS ON THE NEW AND THE NOTEWORTHY By Eric Berthold



"The daunting virtuosity of Louis Comfort Tiffany's work in colored glass has overshadowed his achievements in other media, such as ceramics, jewelry, bronze, and enamel," says John Loring, design director of Tiffany & Co. The Louis Comfort Tiffany Collection, introduced this season, focuses primarily on the organic shapes originally created in ceramics between 1904 and 1908. Now reproduced in sterling, the collection includes a Cattails water pitcher, at left, a Scroll candlestick, at center, and an Artichoke vase, at rear right. (For store information call 800-526-0649)

Scroll Call
Chartridge wallpaper border to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils. For showrooms (212) 838-7878.

The Adam Family
Hand-painted wood candlesticks with gilt accents from Raphael Serrano & Co., 238 East 60th St., NYC (212) 754-3342.



Window Dressing Bronze finials, brackets, and tiebacks (*above*) by the French team Elizabeth Garou and Mattia Bonetti and German designer Anna Gol all for Blome. For showrooms (800) 875-0042.

NOTES

Off the Runway
An exhibit celebrates Italian designer Gianni Versace, Nov. 6–Jan. 9, at Fashion Institute of Technology, NYC. Call (212) 760-7760.





Finishing School Painted urn (*right*) is among the objects on sale Dec. 3–6 at the Isabel O'Neil Studio, NYC (212) 348-4464.





Stand and Deliver
The Athenian painted tole table (*above*) with removable tray from Brigger Design. For stores (212) 517-4489.

The Children's Hour The Everyman's Library series (Knopf, $13–$20) has added *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* and other books for young readers to a list that includes *The Bostonians* and *Dubliners*.


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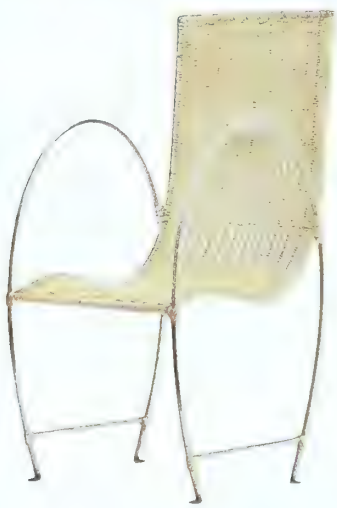
Rest Stop Leather-topped painted bench (*above*) from Leta Foster & Assocs., 205 Phipps Plaza, Palm Beach (407) 655-5489.



In Full Sail Fashion designers trim Gast Marticorena's metal-frame lamps (*above*) to benefit AIDS groups. Through Dec. 3 at Modern Age, NYC (212) 477-2224.



Mantel Piece Reproductic 19th-century gilded flower urn (*left*) from antiques dealer Schuyler Field, (203) 966-6851 by appt.



Mexico Nuevo Steel frame Veranda chair with wicker seat (*left*) by Mexican designer Kirsti Alopaeus is available through Trends International. To order (804) 565-1156.

notes

Fine Vintage Antique fabrics cover pillows (*below*) at Indigo Seas, 123 North Robertson Blvd., L.A. (310) 550-8758.



Detail Oriented Dutch botanicals, c. 1696, in handmade frames (*above*) are at Trowbridge Gallery, Atlanta (404) 352-8080; Chicago (312) 587-9575.



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News

HG REPORTS FROM THE HOME FRONT By Denise Martin

Best Sellers

Three fabric houses tell HG which patterns have been the most popular over the past six months.



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Stars



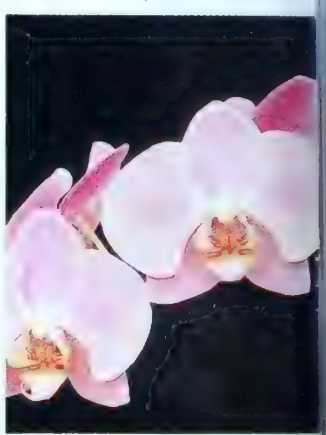
KRAVET
New London

Walk-ins Welcomed at the Design Centers? There are no handwritten sig inviting walk-in trade, but many design centers that once turned away unescorted v itors are putting out welcome mats. HG's informal poll of ten showroom cent across the country turned up three that are going well beyond the occasional op house. ■ San Francisco's Galleria and Showplace launched a daily schedule of desig er-led tours and clinics. ■ Los Angeles's Pacific Design Center now has a concier and a "client services center" offering designer referrals. ■ Chicago's Merchandi Mart is promoting its revamped three-days-a-week tours and a variety of designer r ferral services. Sales are still to the trade only. In fact, introducing potential clients designers and the services they offer is at the heart of the new programs.

Meanwhile, at New York's D&D Building, spokesperson Ann Sonet cites concer that bringing consumers into the showrooms would mean bigger staffs and high prices, then says, "We've decided to remain a to-the-trade building."

Costs of Living For the least expensive pink phalaenopsis in a six-inch pot, with six to eight flowers:

$20–$25	Orchids by Hausermann, Villa Park, Illinois (708) 543-6855
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$30	Clatter Hall, Spencertown, New York (518) 392-3410
$35–$50	Zuma Canyon Orchids, Malibu (310) 457-9771
$40–$60	Orchids by Zita for Plantscapes, Croton-on-Hudson, New York (914) 271-4538
$50–$75	Flourish & Garlande, Beverly Hills (310) 271-5030
$75	In Bloom, Houston (713) 523-3553
$100	VSF, New York City (212) 206-7236
$150	Renny, New York City (212) 288-7000



Environment Construction and demolition debris nov makes up 25 percent of a typical landfill. ▲ Up to 15 per cent of the lumber bought for the average house is un used. ▲ Rebuilding the houses burned in the Oakland fir will send 5–8 million board feet of lumber to landfills. ▲

SOURCES: WILLIAM RATHJE, AUTHOR OF *RUBBISH! THE ARCHAEOLOGY OF GARBAGE* (HARPERCOLLINS NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF HOMEBUILDERS; MICHAEL CAPP, SOURCEBANK, NAPA, CALIFORN

Q&A ***According to a Pantone Color Institute survey, yellow is coming back as a color for interiors. How do you feel about that prospect?***

Mario Buatta: "Yellow is my favorite color, all shades. But it's not great for the bedroom, where it makes you look a bit sick." **John Saladino:** "I detest yellow. I don't understand people's love of smearing their walls with the color of rancid butter. I think marigolds should be banished from the land." **Tom Parr:** "I personally love yellow. The strong 'butter yellow' used in Nancy Lancaster's sitting room is a wonderful color, but it needs strong, grand architecture."



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The Heritage of Housekeeping

From the well-made bed to the polished doorknob, details of domestic life speak volumes about those who looked after them

BY NANCY RICHARDSON

There are as many styles of housekeeping today as there are definitions of the good life. Yet unlike decoration and architecture, household arrangements are little discussed. Like anything else that's worth doing, keeping house needs thought far more than it does the latest equipment or teams of helpers. In my own life I have begun to add to a small library of vintage cookbooks the equivalent in out-of-date housekeeping manuals or facsimiles of period ones, histories of private life, servants' memoirs and travel diaries, domestic accounts by chatelaines of great houses, and files of old magazine articles on the subject. If it's true that boring on about one's own household tribulations is a surefire way to clear a room, it is equally fair to say that a knowledge of old mores and methods is often considered good talk. Taken anecdotally, housekeeping's past is a series of case histories, more candid ones than you'll ever get from present-day life-style journalism where the idea is to present everything in the best light.

Which is not to say that a fine instinct for fantasy isn't behind some of housekeeping's most inspired effects. The fun is that the history of housekeeping is anything but mundane. Historical attitudes toward domestic arrangements are so much richer than today's limited view of housekeeping as housecleaning.

In the wake of recent gender studies, housekeeping and its history has become a serious subject. Ironically, feminist authors have managed to charm the very readers they hoped to galvanize and liberate because

The glow of contentment and cleanliness
well-kept 17th-century Dutch house perva
Vermeer's *Young Woman with a Water Ju*

much of the record is genuinely
teresting and even appealing. Ov
looked Victorian letters tell the p
of the story that is emotiona
charged. Drawing on these sour
in a disturbing way, Phyllis Ros
Parallel Lives tells the story of f
Victorian marriages, each involvi
a famous writer. Thomas Carlyl
wife, Jane, is famous for martyri
her own literary talents to serve h
husband's domestic needs. Ma
Ann Evans, the only woman of t
group to land on her feet, becar
George Eliot after she took u
housekeeping with biographer a
critic George Henry Lewes.

The summa of Victorian hous
keeping is an English manual th
first appeared in the 1860s, *Beeto*
Book of Household Management. It
mained in print in several versio
reemerged in facsimile in 1968, a
is being reissued this month by St
ling in an edition adapted to mode
equipment and ingredients. T
original runs 1,112 pages with mo
than 1,500 recipes—twice as thick
the *Joy of Cooking*, its nearest Ame
can equivalent, though twenty tim
as comprehensive and bossy. Th
Victorian woman's touch was a fu
grip as taught by Mrs. Isabella Be
ton, who outlined the responsibiliti
of the mistress of the house as well
the duties pertaining to every co
ceivable kind of indoor work on
daily, weekly, monthly, or season
basis; apparatus for cleaning an
ways of doing it; the care of silve
ware and the polishing of other me
als; the setting of tables; and rules fo
the sickroom, which included no go
sip and no rustling of crinoline
There is a drawing of how to chang
a bed with the patient in it which
still standard hospital practice. I
Mrs. B's world a woman could be
self-taught version of a doctor, law
yer, or high priest.

This is a book that represents life
perhaps Western civilization itself,
an extremely hierarchical and rigi
point. You need a staff just to pick u

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Immaculate linen have long been a hallmark of the housekeeper's ar John Lewis Krim painted an Ameri woman ironing, l c. 1819. Below le A chef heads the kitchen staff of a English country house in the 189

one look let alone attempt the domestic mountaineering described inside. Every page poses the question of who will do the work, but, of course, until after World War I there were always people interested in domestic service. Not that servants carried the whole load. Many Victorian women accepted the idea that household management was a job at every level. Mrs. Beeton's systems, if applied to commercial rather than domestic situations, would still work today. Her idea of how to run a kitchen is a blueprint for anyone going into the restaurant business, as surely her staffing strategy for a large



household could be a head housekeeper's ideal in any hotel.

Some venerable household tips still apply, particularly the more straightforward methods of cleaning—bellows to blow dust off picture frames, a paper card with a hole in it to slip over a doorknob to protect the door when the brass is being polished—little miracles of common sense on which no machine can improve. Old methods shouldn't be revived across the board, however. Remember that it was the Victorians who cleaned Titians and Rembrandts by putting them flat on the floor and scrubbing the surface of the pictures with a hard brush and lye soap to get off the old varnish. On the other hand, Mrs. Beeton's recipe for plum pudding as well as her ideas for menus for invalids and children translate easily enough for use in present-day households. The latter is that most charming of feminine maneuvers now known as nursery food. Originally doled out by nanny, nursery food consisted of the sort of whitish ingredients scrambled, puréed, and mashed which you find in *Arabella Boxer's Book of English Food*. Victorian children became extremely pliable on a diet of this sort, and so, it seems, did their fathers. Judging by romances of the period in which the husband eventually married the governess or the mistress gained on the wife, nursery food could be a powerful part of a countercultural domestic campaign, which also included more relaxed housekeeping than the norm and servants who were practically part of the family.

If feminists have had a field day with Victorian housekeeping and a sentimental way of viewing it, it is historic preservationists—particularly curators of historic houses—who satisfy our curiosity about earlier periods by sorting through the diaries, inventories, and letters relating to specific houses in their care. M Tudor, Elizabethan, and Jacob household records are in manusc form, copied from their mother's cords by generations of daughter they were about to marry. Some semble early attempts at scient writing in which cooking reci were treated as experiments. Her remedies, thought of as magic tions, were also included along w instructions on how to make p fume, potpourri, and preserves picture emerges of the medie housewife as much a doctor-sorc ess as she was cook-cleaner.

Larger households functioned chaotic but close-knit communit right up until the seventeenth cen ry, with the jobs of head serva done by both men and women. E eryone, high or low, took meals in t great hall. In fine weather the inn courtyard was the scene of num ous domestic activities all going on once, without any pretense of f mality made for visitors. Complet lacking was a sense of privacy.

By the seventeenth century in H land, a prosperous merchant lived a town house run by his wife with t help of a servant or two. Genre pai ing, more than written history, tell good deal about domestic life. In t pictures of interiors by Vermeer ar others we see the mistress of t house reading, playing a musical i strument, speaking with her hu band's friends, engaged in convers tion with the housekeeper, who often portrayed handing a letter her mistress. The idea conveye about keeping house is that it is sim ply a matter of scrubbing, polishin washing, and sweeping—but nev

OW DOES IT FEEL

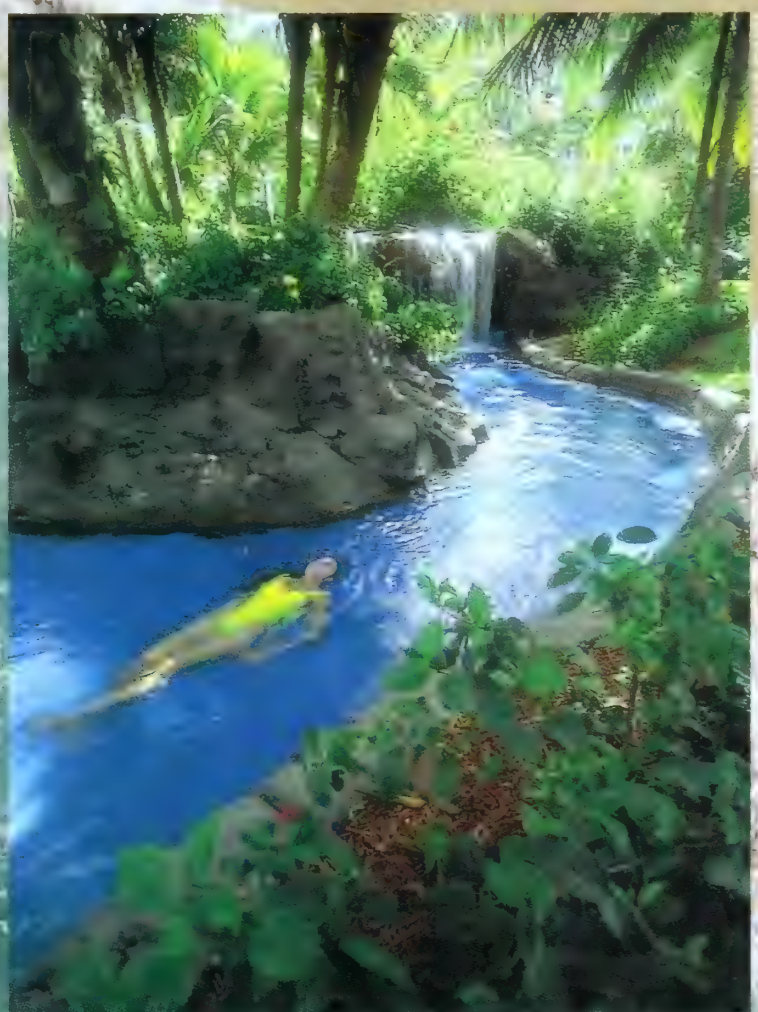
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fussily so. The atmosphere of contagious concentration is so tangible in these paintings that it could almost be sliced like a loaf of bread. Another aspect of seventeenth-century Dutch art is the still-life composition of real elements arranged in the artist's eye. As such the still life stands for that aspect of housekeeping that is purely visual and suggests to us the possibility of making something pleasing—a wildflower bouquet or dozens of limes mounded in a bowl—after the Dutch example.

Once you get to the eighteenth century, domestic architecture and private life come together in a way that many feel has never been surpassed, especially in France. The calm atmosphere of deliberate daily habits typical of seventeenth-cent bourgeois life had given way to Enlightenment ideal of the "juste lieu" expressed as suitability a proportion. If inadvertently the V torians managed to build big hou for small minds, in the eighteen century the mind and house seem to move in sync. Keeping house w practicality and sometimes a pl sure, hardly a moral duty. In the tels particuliers of Paris the outco of inspired housekeeping, if done a woman with a brain, was a salon. executed by a lady of fashion, the sult was social prestige. When d by the king, the result was the precedented influence of Fren court life on international taste.

In fact, the standard for how conduct the ceremonial side housekeeping was set once and all in eighteenth-century Fran where court culture was support by a management system that was tional in the extreme. The kin households were run at the state l el and by noblemen. The queen h nothing to do with it. Public even court theatricals, royal weddings, ceptions for foreign diplomats, t furnishing of public and priva apartments as well as their staffi were conceived and carried out government departments: t Menus-Plaisirs and the Garde-Me ble. Yet no lady of the court wou run her family life, much less h love affairs, in the style of the Menu Plaisirs. She did the opposite, usi the same tactics we've seen in the V torian era. Madame de Mainten and Madame de Pompadour set a s phisticated private standard for r mantic housekeeping in sma intimate low-ceilinged apartmen tucked under the roof of the pala of Versailles in which Louis XIV a Louis XV could play at normal li ing. Boucher's images of the Por padour make much of a stylis disarray—books all over the plac roses tumbling out of bouquets, shoe here, a swatch of fabric ther sketches of dresses and candelabra lace being made on the loom, and th lady herself freshly powdered, de

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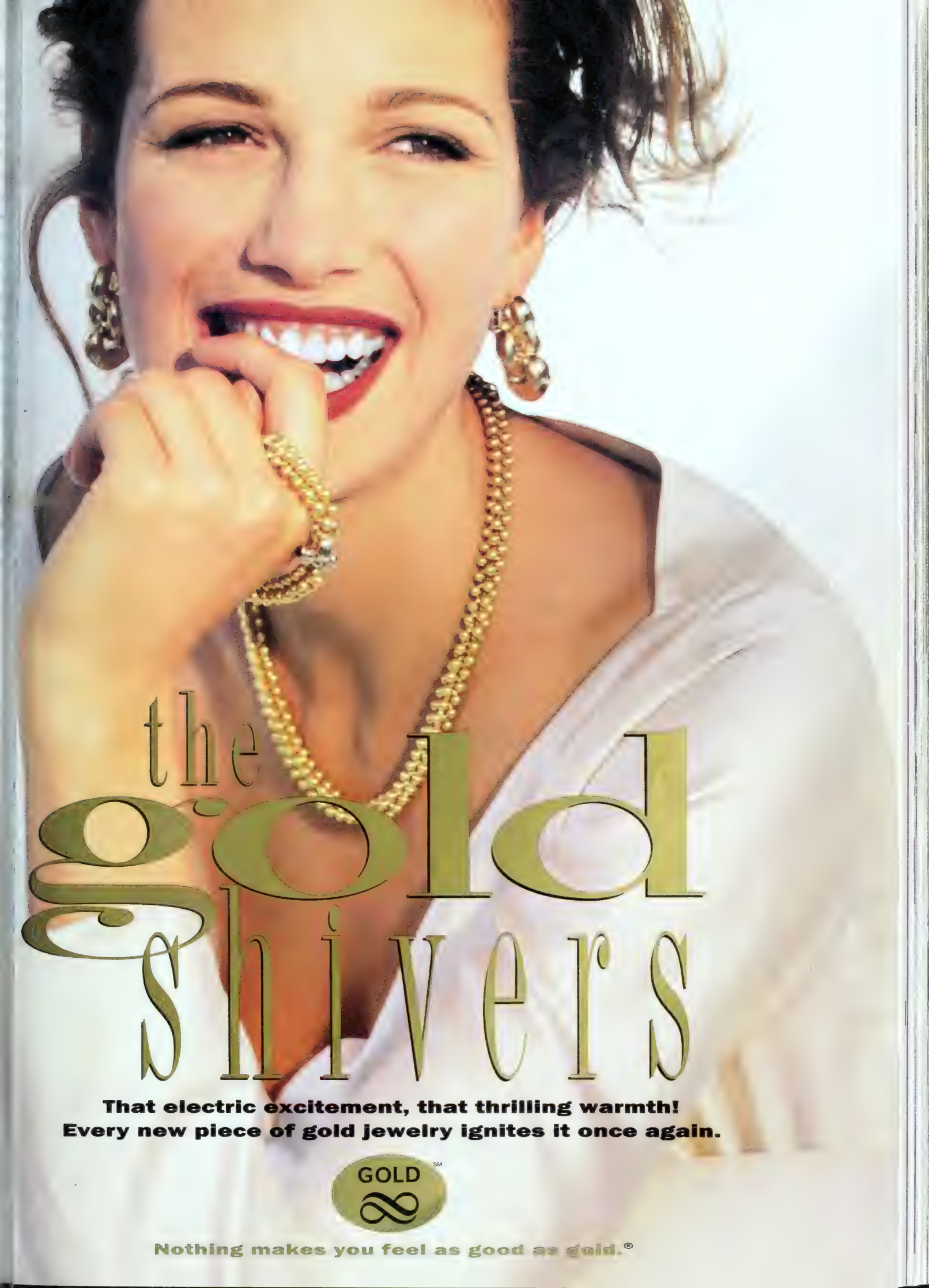
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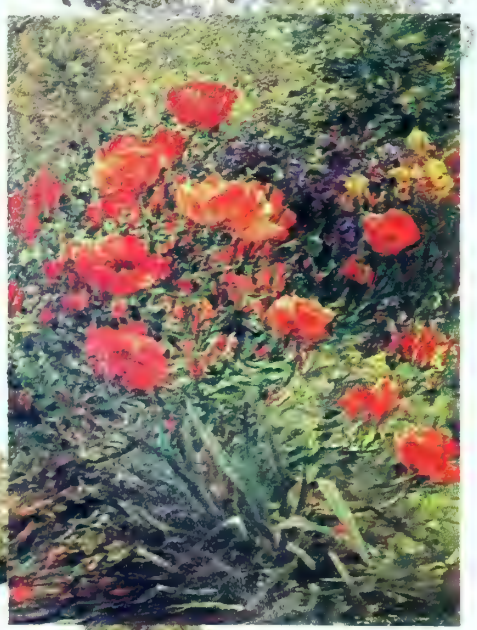
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Charles Cowles Gallery 420 West Broadway	(212) 925-3500 Fax: 925-3501	**Sabina Ott–New Paintings** **November 14–December 5**
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Nohra Haime Gallery 41 East 57th Street	(212) 888-3550 Fax: 888-7869	**Paintings by Julio Larraz, Paton Miller, & Jorge Tacla** **Main Gallery: November 23–December 23** **Carol K. Brown: Tondos-Side Gallery: November 19–December**
Heller Gallery 71 Greene Street	(212) 966-5948 Fax: 966-5956	**New Glass By: Judy Jensen, Wm. Carlson & Kisao Iburi** **November 28–December 24**
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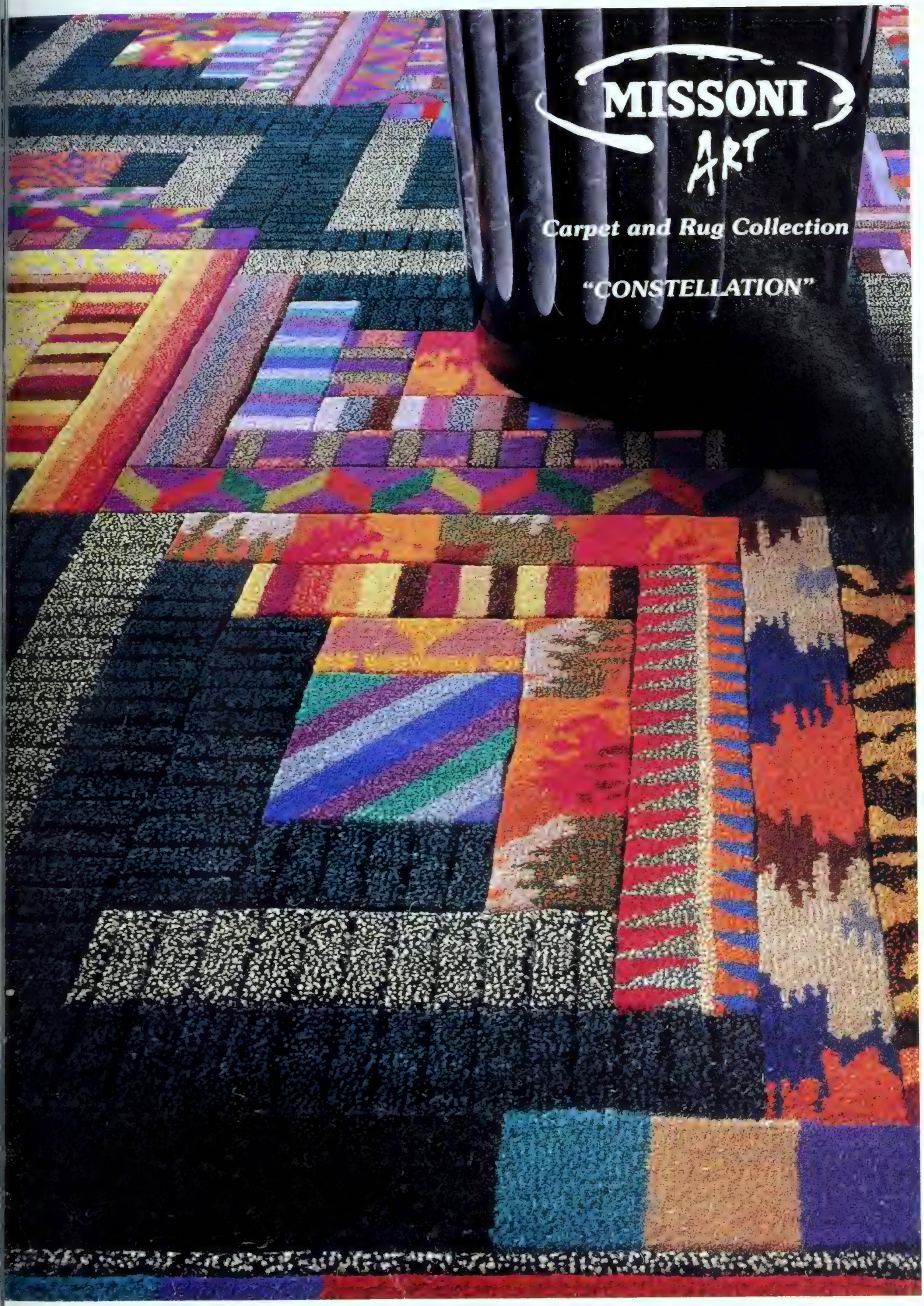
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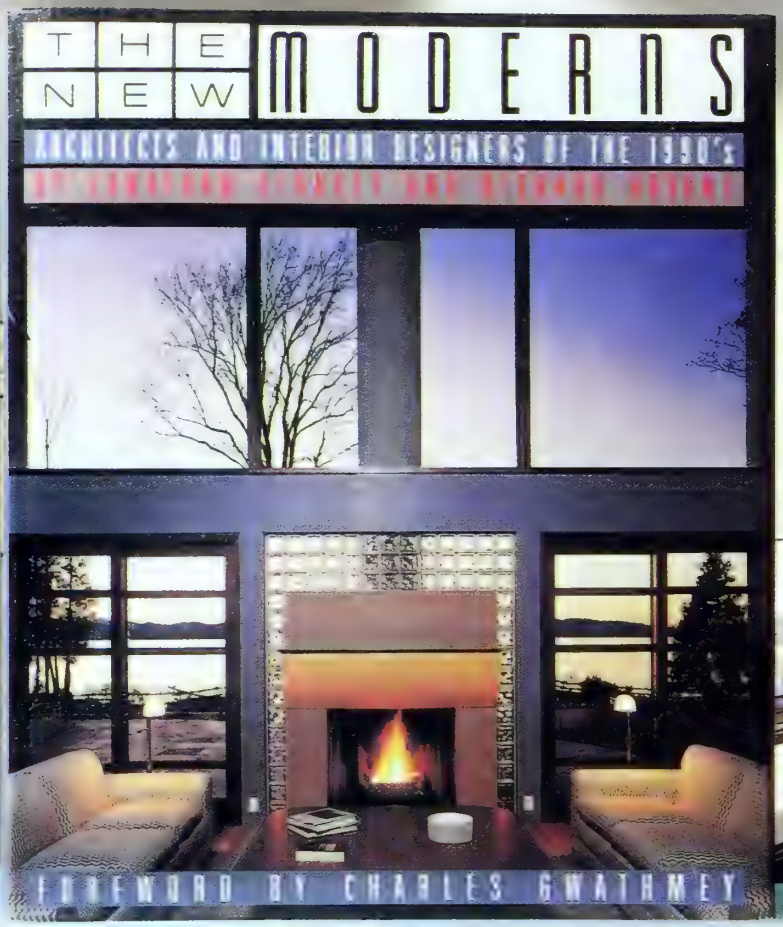
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nitely up, funny, and gently irreverent. Nothing unattractive about this mess, and no lack of housekeeping implied. It was just what Louis XV needed, and the message then as now is that housekeeping with the most charm has nothing about it that is official or rigid.

For actual practical advice on how to maintain a grand house and its contents in today's world, the English National Trust has a book that could apply to many households. *The National Trust Manual of Housekeeping,* compiled by conservators Hermione Sandwith and Sheila Stainton, first appeared in 1984. It had begun as a file of papers to guide maintenance employees and shows how much housekeeping can benefit from both traditional and new thinking in the world of art conservation. Sections of the manual have been recently put onto a videotape, *Keeping House,* which demonstrates category by category how to clean floors, metalwork, books, ceramics, furniture, how to close a house for the winter and open it in the spring. The idea of having a tape to teach untrained household helpers their duties could revolutionize home life where the problem is not so much no extra hands—children and husbands qualify, too—but that the hands are not skilled in these things.

The history of housekeeping is a gigantic subject and there has been no complete book on it to date, though Christina Hardyment's *Home Comfort: A History of Domestic Arrangements* has an excellent chapter on English housekeeping, and Harvard's Belknap Press has already brought out five volumes of its international *A History of Private Life.* Reading these volumes, I realized that one keeps house differently at different moments in life as well as in different climates and locations. Medieval, Renaissance, and seventeenth-century attitudes have a great deal to say about cozier or country-based life styles today. The medieval model particularly applies to several generations of a family who all congregate in one place for a week at Christmas or a month in the summer. Eighteenth-century and Victorian approaches apply more when it's time to plan a wedding or a charity benefit. Recently many young scholars, like the rest of us, have fallen in love with the "high housekeeping" of late Victorian and Edwardian country houses in England. But be careful not to try to achieve the extraordinary comfort of these houses on a daily basis just out of nostalgia. Even if it were possible to iron guests' newspapers and return their laundry in an hour today, there would be something off about doing it, since we aren't living at the end of the nineteenth century. On the other hand, a Victorian Christmas party or scrap screen are fantasies that are easy to achieve. Real Victorian housekeeping is simply impossible.

So how should we keep house? Without conducting any polls, but doing a little sidelong looking around me, I'd say that many households, my own included, operate in a relaxed style from day to day but, when required, shift into a very different gear. The ability to go from zero to sixty on a few days' notice is possible because virtually any of the specialized skills acquired from several hundred years of known domestic expertise is available from our local Menus-Plaisirs—caterers, florists, party designers, waiters. Even the laundry: seldom used, much loved heirloom tablecloths can be sent by Federal Express to a Milwaukee laundry the night after a party and, for a price that's not ridiculous, be returned within the week. ▲

Further Reading

Caroline Davidson. *The World of Mary Ellen Best* (Crown, 1985)

Elisabeth Donaghy Garrett. *At Home: The American Family 1750–1870* (Abrams, 1990)

Trevor Lummis and Jan Marsh. *The Woman's Domain* (Viking, 1990)

Merlin Waterson, ed. *The Country House Remembered: Recollections of Life Between the Wars* (Routledge, 1985)

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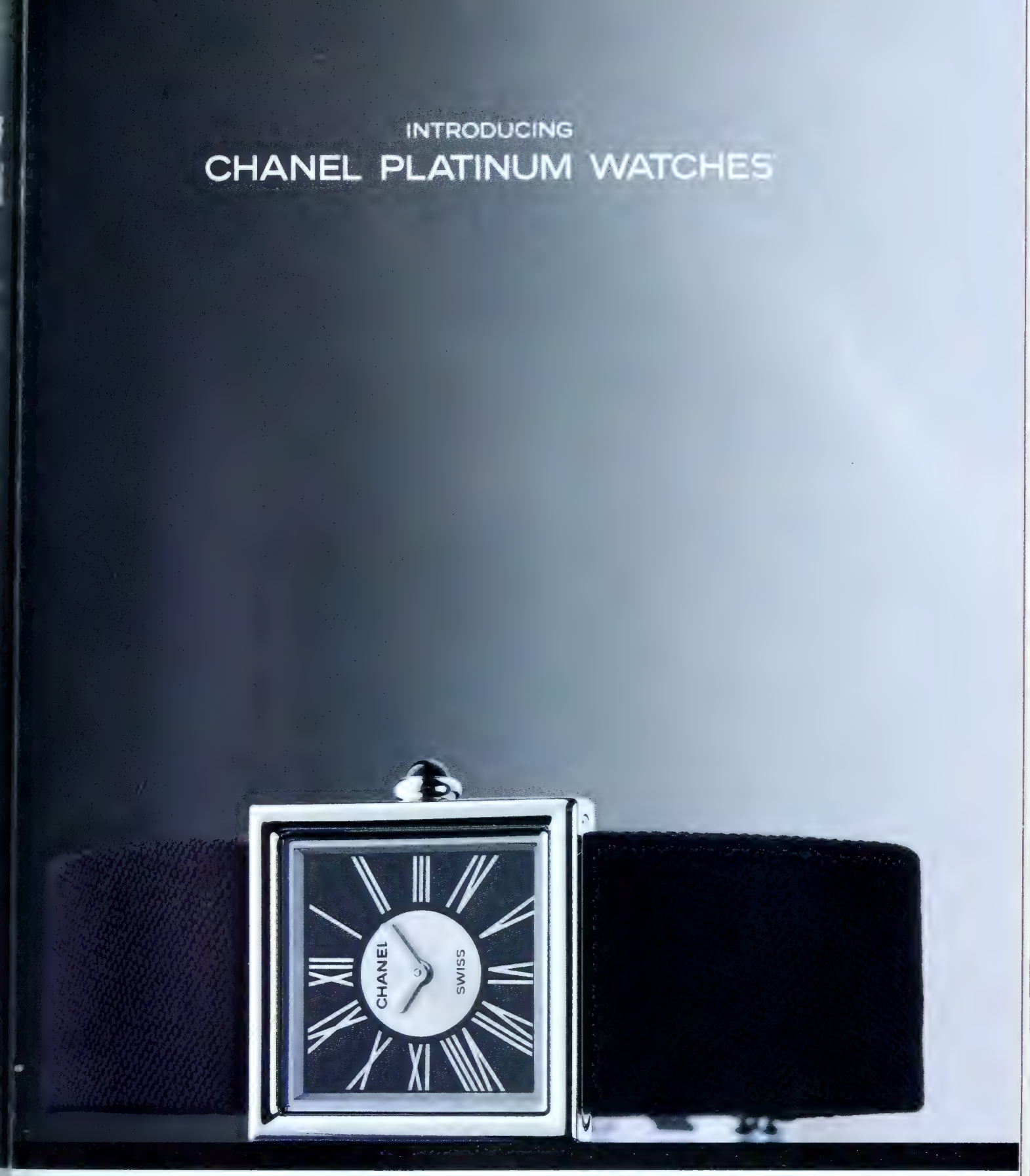
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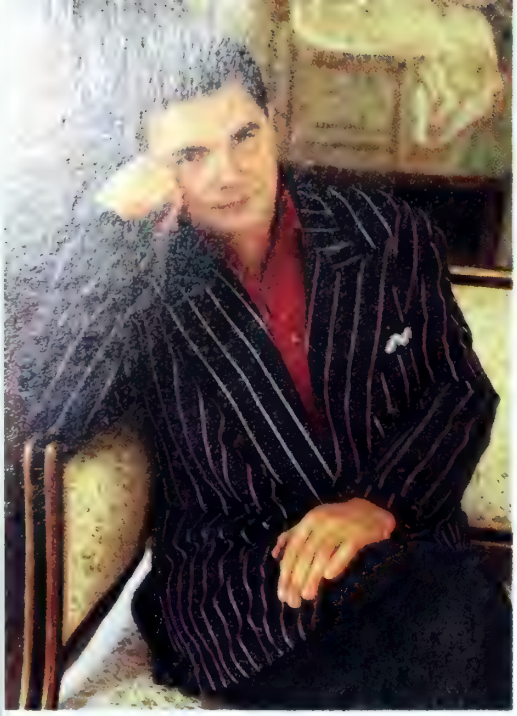
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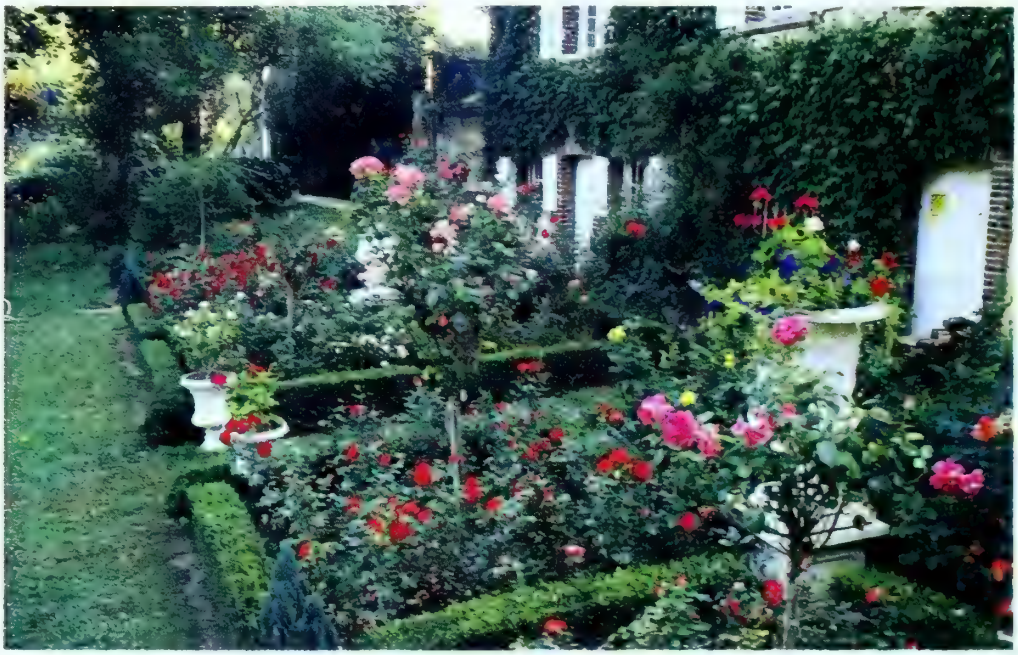
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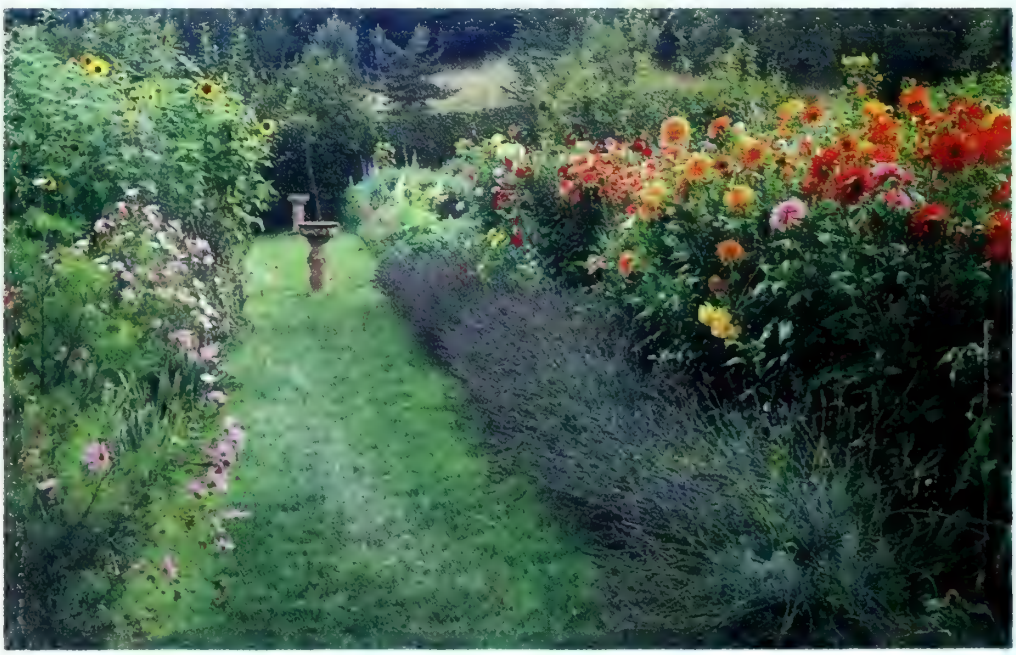


The Scents of Home

At his country house in Burgundy, perfumer Jean François Laporte follows his nose

BY CHRISTOPHER PETKANAS





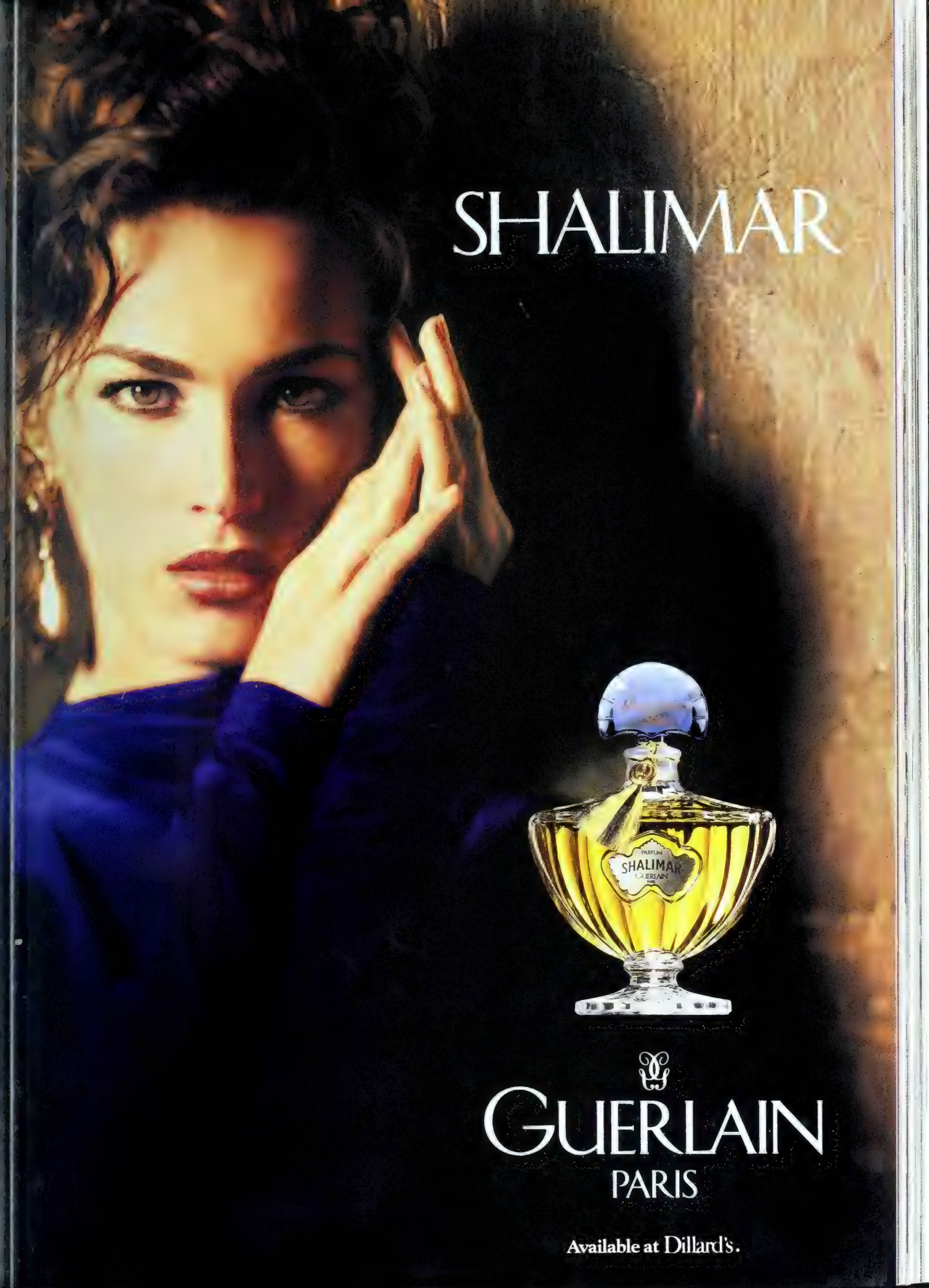
Growing up in the A vergne region of sout central France, Jea François Laporte mad excursions through the countrysid with his maternal grandmother, botanist by passion, to collect wil flowers for arrangements th would later assemble at home a cording to scent. He was four, s was seventy-five, it was 1942. T war was on, and a young boy needc distraction. One of his favorite an most fragrant bouquets was con posed exclusively of flowers emittin what perfumers call "white notes narcissus, lilies, bluebells.

It was good training, for Lapor went on to become a profession perfumer whose success, he says, de pends on having such richly redolen experiences to draw upon. In Pari at two boutiques decorated by Jean Louis Riccardi to evoke the lush co seting atmosphere of eighteenth century perfumeries, Laporte offe a diverse collection of original fr grances marketed under his Maîtr Parfumeur et Gantier label.

For many of these products L porte was directly inspired by h own country garden—"simple in lin and varied in color, multiple in fr grance and romantic in feeling"– near Cosne-sur-Loire in Burgundy 115 miles southeast of Paris. "As creator of perfumes, I find that m garden is always offering new sug gestions and triggering ideas—it i the great catalyst," he says. "Eve when I walk through quickly, brush ing against some of the herbs an vines, different scents propose them selves in endless combinations. Th vestigial espaliered pear and appl trees from the 1930s were the start ing point for my perfume Fruits Ve loutés, the peonies for Pivoin Blonde, the irises for Fleur d'Iris."

Sometimes Laporte marries mem ory with a more recent olfactor

Jean François Laporte, top left. Above left: In his rose garden, box hedges, punctuated by junipers, border floribundas and hybrid teas chosen for their scent. Left: A grassy walk planted with fragrant chamomile separates cosmos and sunflowers in the mixed garden, at left, from the dahlia beds.


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Gnarled remnants of a hillside orchard helped Laporte retrace the plan of a five-a garden laid out in the 19th century.

"Even when I walk through the garden quickly," says the perfumer, "different scents propose themselves in endless combinations"

event. Jardin Blanc, for example, is a hybrid of the narcissus he recalls picking with his grandmother and the tuberoses, lilac, and honeysuckle that captivated his nose not long ago near Cosne-sur-Loire. Other scent memories recall landscapes he has visited farther afield—an Italian estate peopled with stone giants where the smell of hay mingled with the fragrance of wildflowers and lavender; the terraces of a Moroccan fortress filled with the aromas of orange blossom, balsam, jasmine, and rose geranium. Laporte calls his way of working "first-person descriptive perfumery" because his fragrances always evoke a personal experience linked to scent and nature. "My kind of perfume—one that seeks to represent or interpret nature—may be fashionable now, but that was not always the case," he sniffs. "Up until five years ago the rage was for fragrances that smelled like nothing known in the natural world."

Laporte's elegantly sloping five-acre garden was originally designed in 1827 by the equerry of the duchesse de Berry, a woman history remembers for her determination to seize the throne and get her son, the comte de Chambord, seated on it. Late in the nineteenth century the garden was planted again, in the relaxed French romantic style of the period. The house—a handsome, typically Burgundian maison de maître built in 1717 with honey-colored stone walls, brick door and window embrasures, and a slate roof—was abandoned when Laporte acquired the property, known as Le Charme, in 1984. The long-neglected garden was a no-man's-land.

Laporte had every reason to be put off; instead, he was seduced. "It was the fallen-in quality of the place that actually decided me on it. I loved the idea of awakening a Sleeping Beauty. And I was enchanted by the outline of the former garden barely sketched in by trees—the purple beeches, the conifers, the magnolias with their sugary fragrance, the weeping limes with their aromatic yellow green midsummer blossoms."

The existing trees guided Laporte in creating several smaller gardens within the larger one. In the mixed border or kennel garden, so nam because of the presence of old bri doghouses, two enormous beds planted with campanulas, sunflo ers, lupins, foxgloves, roses, a chamomile. Planted in a pathwa chamomile thrives on traffic: t more human feet that touch it, t farther it spreads, forming a den apple-scented mat one inch thick.

Since many modern roses, inclu ing hybrid teas and floribunda have been bred for color and si rather than fragrance, Laporte h made every effort to seek out cul vars known for their scent to pla with old varieties in the rose gard on the north side of the house, a ranged in square beds. The mode roses include 'Charles de Gaull cherished for its lavender comple ion; 'Yves Piaget', old rose in col and noted for its regal carriage; an 'Pierre de Ronsard', a froth of pin edged white petals. Laporte says th garden is at its best in the mornin when, half in sun and half in shado the freshly awakened blooms are ju starting to release their perfume.

Finally, and curiously, there is th massive dahlia garden. Curiously be cause though there are many reaso why gardeners pursue dahlias, the barely perceptible fragrance (a fai "green note") is not one of them. La porte has nonetheless planted som five hundred varieties and two thou sand plants, a nonstop "volcano colors" from July through Septen ber, especially when the west-facin beds catch the afternoon light.

"I know that dahlias are seen a old-fashioned, but I think their com bination of architecture, size, an color gives them a surprising mode nity," explains Laporte. "Because o my job, I am not supposed to find dahlias interesting, but I love th challenge they pose: they are th only flowers in my garden I an forced to evaluate without consider ing scent. When I am among m dahlias, I am happy to give my mos overworked sense a little time off."

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In what was once a parlor, Michael Trapp displays an early 17th century marble bust, an 18th-century green terra-cotta jar from Portugal, and a turn-of-the-century wood and papier-mâché urn, originally used as a theater prop, on a table made from a piece of granite and a pair of 19th-century Corinthian capitals. By the window a French whitewashed pot tops an oak column that stands next to a Cretan olive jar. Both the Boston récamier and the Spanish chair are from the 1840s.

History Piece-by-Piece

Michael Trapp brings together architectural fragments and antiques

BY ELIZABETH HAWES

I have never sold whole objects, just parts of things," Michael Trapp says modestly, surveying a corner in his antiques shop in West Cornwall, Connecticut, where two pairs of white marble corbels and a small Corinthian capital are grouped at the base of a slender freestanding column. There are, of course, whole objects in Trapp's shop—among them an 1840s récamier from Boston and an array of remarkably handsome galvanized washtubs—but his special province, both as a collector and as a dealer, is architectural fragments.

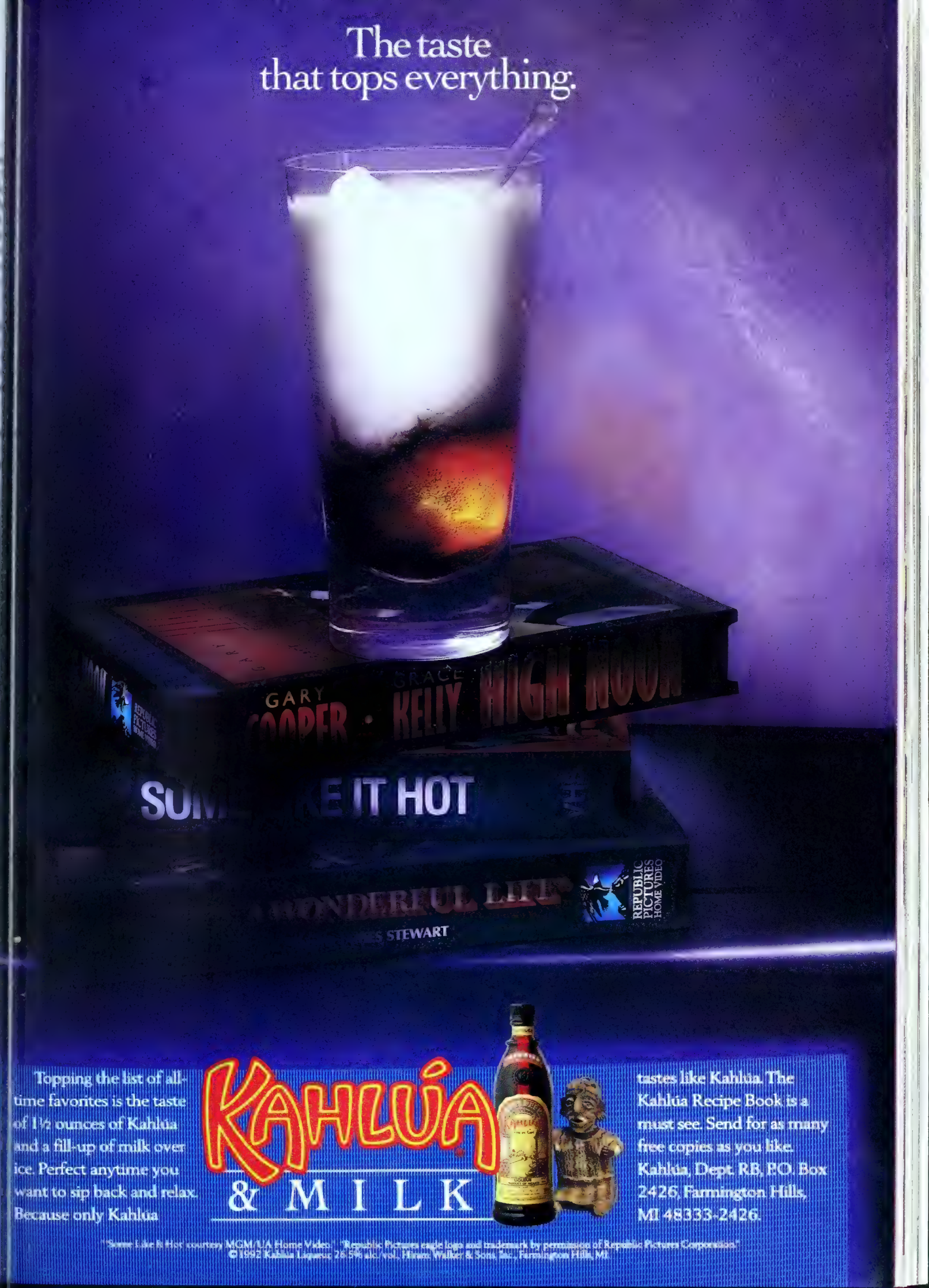
As a teenager in Xenia, Ohio, Trapp was already picking up pieces of terra-cotta ornamentation from local Romanesque buildings—"things that were not valuable but had been worked by a craftsman," he says. "My mother collected antiques," he recalls, "and before I started school, I went to auctions with her. My brother and sister and I were good kids, though, and didn't touch anything. In fact, that may be why I wanted to be a dealer—so I could touch everything."

After studying architecture and landscape design, he opened a store in Yellow Springs—"almost everything in the place cost $1.50." He did the rounds of the regional antiques shows and became a pioneer in the field of architectural antiques, dealing in everything from small stone carvings to pediments and garden gates. Trapp can remember when auctioneers would pay him to remove their historic debris ("Here's that kid again") and other exhibitors on the circuit would complain about his booth.

A 1984 trip to the antiques extravaganza in Brimfield, Massachusetts, finally brought him east to stay. One decade and three shops later, Trapp and his "parts of things" have an enthusiastic following among collectors and other dealers. The new respectability of his specialty has not dimmed his enthusiasm. "These things are real. Columns are bold and powerful. But it's more than aesthetics, it's what they represent," he emphasizes. "They are substantial parts of our heritage. You can touch them, you can own them—they're wonderful to share."

Trapp's collection, which has grown to include early glass, textiles, stone objects, garden sculpture, and esoteric furniture, is now at home in a rambling Greek revival house that sits near the center of this distinguished little Greek revival village. Main Street, with its pottery shop and corner luncheonette, is only a glance away, yet the house, tucked into a steep slope and secluded behind hemlocks, is in a world of its own. "Inside it's not at all northeastern New England," says

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"Columns are bold and powerful. But it's more than aesthetics, it's what they represent"



A specialist in architectural fragments, Trapp, right, presents carved marble and wood corbels from 19th-century buildings in Cincinnati and Newport, above left, as sculptural objects. Above right: Italian sconces, c. 1700, flank a Regency mirror above a Trapp-designed console table.

Trapp. "It's archaic or European. It has magic in it."

That magic is of Trapp's creation. Over the past two years he has converted much of the ground floor into a shop and the upstairs into his private quarters, using some of his architectural fragments to shape the new space. With occasional help from friends, he installed display windows in the vestibule and made doorframes with Empire moldings from one old house, in Connecticut, and corner bosses from another, in Ohio. He gave the walls a wash of gray "done with watered-down latex paint, a sponge, and *Carmina Burana*," he says. "Once you start, you can't stop, so you need music that moves."

Trapp arranges his finds with the same artful invention with which he has created their setting. In one room a large gilded frame leans against a table, defining a still life of Empire chairs, a stone urn, a cranberry glass chandelier, and a Victorian terrarium. A master of illusion, Trapp sometimes uses columns to suggest structure, like those that stand next to a garden bench in a corner of the porch adjoining the shop. Some architectural fragments repose in splendid isolation, like a nineteenth-century model for a roof finial displayed on a console table. "Taking pieces out of context means you really look at them," he says. Other fragments become parts of new structures, like the pair of nineteenth-century Corinthian capitals that support a granite slab. "I made my first table about a dozen years ago," he explains. "I had an exquisite piece of iron that had been forged with dedication and skill and I made it into a coffee table for myself. Now I use marble and iron pieces in tables and consoles to give them a new life without compromising their integrity."

Respect lies at the heart of Trapp's art and aesthetic. He refers to his favorite possessions as "old friendly comfortable things." He does only the essential repairs on the things he acquires; as one admirer notes, "He doesn't fool with anything." For some collectors, Trapp explains, "the slightest nick destroys value." But for him the tiny chip on an eighteenth-century Chinese plate or the peeling paint on a graceful Corinthian capital doesn't distract from the beauty of the piece: "I don't see the damage at all. I see an object made by a craftsman who respected his materials and executed his details with care."

To maintain this vision, Trapp keeps his favorite objects in motion. He is constantly rearranging, changing contexts, and creating new perspectives. "The magic is like dust," he says. "It settles and it disappears. If you keep stirring things around, you see them in new ways." (Michael D. Trapp Antiques, 7 River Rd., West Cornwall, CT 06796; 203-672-6098) ♠



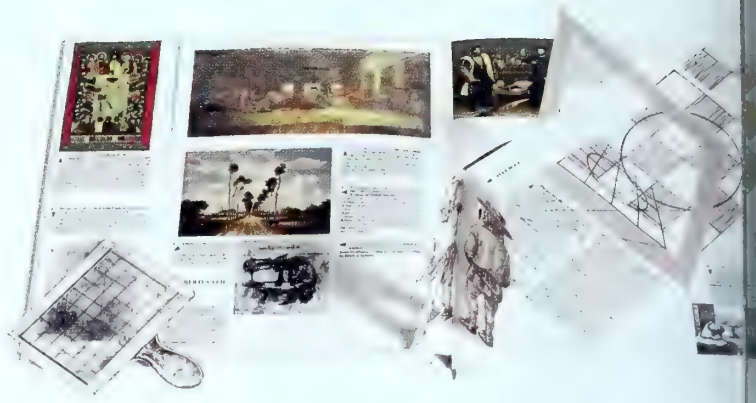
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Literary Gifts *HG's editors divulge their favorite books of the seas*

Great Irish Houses and Castles *(Abrams, $65).* This panoramic compendium, organized by period and style, takes in medieval fortresses, Palladian country seats, a Regency folly, and the Gothic revival mock castles of Victorian tycoons. What Desmond Guinness's concise histories of the houses lack in depth of detail is made up for by the range of locations and the sharp focus of Jacqueline O'Brien's photographs. Best of all, a separate chapter surveys Ireland's decorative arts traditions in painting and sculpture, furniture, plasterwork, porcelain, pottery, and silver.—*Nancy Novogrod*

Tibetan Medical Paintings *(Abrams, $195).* Sangye Gyamtso's *The Blue Beryl Treatise,* a seventeenth-century manuscript that codified medical traditions in Tibet, may or may not be as instructive as the latest *Physicians' Desk Reference,* but it certainly is more beautiful. The treatise's seventy-six brilliantly colored illustrations, executed by an atelier of artists in the era of the thirteenth Dalai Lama, address everything from human anatomy to poisons and dream prognostication. Although the modern commentary in the two-volume set, edited by Yuri Parfianovitch, Fernand Meyer, and Gyurme Dorje, is serious medical scholarship, lay readers can enjoy the paintings as sophisticated examples of folk art. One image of the body, for example, includes saucerlike eyes, a toothy smile, and what appears to be a depiction of sea and sky in the stomach. Handwriting surrounds the feet like calligraphic boots.—*Dana Cowin*

Classic America: The Federal Style and Beyond *(Rizzoli, $75).* Living in an age when classicism in new architecture and decoration is often just another "look," we find it easy to forget that Americans once attached social and moral values to the Greek and Roman forms they adapted to porch pediments, sofas, and wallpaper. In chapters linking neoclassical taste to the ascendancy of federalism in New England, the spread of Jeffersonian ideals in the Middle Atlantic states, and the rise of Jacksonian democracy in the South, Wendell Garrett explains how triglyphs and dentils came to be combined with American eagles and wheat sheaves. The buildings and furniture photographed by Paul Rocheleau show a refinement of design and craftsmanship that has never been surpassed in this country.—*Douglas Brenner*

Joseph Cornell: Gifts of Desire *(Grassfield Press, $45).* Forty-four years ago *House & Garden* beguiled its readers with a cover designed by artist Joseph Cornell in the form of one of his famous boxes, its compartments displaying small but alluring Christmas gifts chosen by the magazine's editors. That collaboration is recalled in Dickran Tashjian's book about the ways Cornell conceived many boxes as presents for people (living and dead) whom he admired. The magical offerings, handsomely illustrated, are as varied as you might expect for a gift list that included Lauren Bacall, Emily Dickinson, and King Ludwig II of Bavaria.—*D*

One Man's Garden *(Houghton Mi lin, $21.95).* "A stout plastic bag manure is a splendid gift," writ Henry Mitchell. "I think a whole lo is too much like giving emerald cu links. . . rather improper, unless y know the gardener well." Gardene (like me) who don't often have t opportunity to read Mitchell's el gantly pithy essays on horticulture *The Washington Post* can never get t much of them between the covers a book. His latest collection gene ously mixes practical advice, encou agement, philosophic consolatio and wit. Mitchell is the neighbor y wish you could talk to over the ba fence.—*DB*

Nineteenth-Century Interiors: A Album of Watercolors *(Thames Hudson, $55).* For those who like t peek into the privileged private liv of the royal and the rich, Charlott Gere has created another superb ar thology of interior renderings, fro the domed bedroom of Pedro IV Portugal to the salons of Russia Pavlino Palace. Each richly detaile plate is accompanied by a descrip tion, quotes from contemporarie and commentary.—*Eric Berthold*

Dog Painting, 1840–1940: A Socia History of the Dog in Art *(Antiqu Collectors' Club, $79.50).* William Se cord's volume affectionately trace the visual history of purebred pooch es in America and Great Britain along with an instructive section o prehistoric man's special relation ship to dogs—proving, once again loyalty through and through.—*EB*

Grand vistas unfold in Hugh Palmer's photographs of terraces at the Villa Farnese, above left, in *The Formal Garden.* Above right: New perspectives on art history pop up from the pages of *The Art Pack,* a three-dimensional tour through the past.



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Franklin D. Israel: Buildings and Projects *(Rizzoli, $60)*. Having worked on projects as diverse as a mixed-use development in Iran and the sets for a Roger Vadim film, Los Angeles architect Frank Israel brings a culturally literate sensibility to his buildings. He draws inspiration from masters like Frank Lloyd Wright and Rudolf Schindler, yet his work is uncompromisingly modern. His forms and materials are spare and tough, yet they are crafted and detailed with a jeweler's precision. This book presents nearly thirty projects—both built and unbuilt—with a biographical essay by UCLA professor Thomas S. Hines and an introduction by one of Israel's mentors and biggest supporters, Frank Gehry.—*Pilar Viladas*

The Art Pack *(Knopf, $40)*. This surprise-a-page introduction to Western art (by Christopher and Helen Frayling and Ron van der Meer) takes the participatory approach. Perusers can spin a top, peer through a peephole, admire a pop-up Vermeer painting—and come away with a solid grasp of color theory, the rules of perspective and proportion, and what makes art revolutionary. Succinct texts and captions and a taped lecture flesh out what is perhaps the first basic art history book that makes for an entertaining (and hands-on) read.—*Margot Guralnick*

Of Houses and Time *(Abrams, $45)*. From Drayton Hall, circa 1740, to Frank Lloyd Wright's 1941 Pope-Leighey house, William Seale weaves together the stories of seventeen National Trust houses and the people who built, occupied, neglected, preserved, and restored them over the years. Seale also wrote brief but illuminating essays for **Domestic Views** *(AIA, $60)*, an album of Erik Kvalsik's photographs of Colonial Dames of America sites. The subjects range from the 1790 house of a black Natchez businessman to an 1875 Colorado hotel fashioned by a Frenchman convinced that "in this land of gold and silver, we should live like princes."—*Denise Martin*

The Formal Garden *(Thames & Hudson, $55)*. To garden historian Mark Laird, it became clear one bright September day at Giverny that "the regular grid of gravel paths and the strong central axis of Monet's flower garden seem to draw inspiration directly from what we might call a 'formal tradition' of garden design." From that realization sprang this stylish, erudite, and thoroughly fascinating consideration of what is "formal" and what is "informal." Adding to the reader's pleasure and understanding are period illustrations and plans, impressive and informative garden photographs, and captions that should be a model for writers everywhere.—*DM*

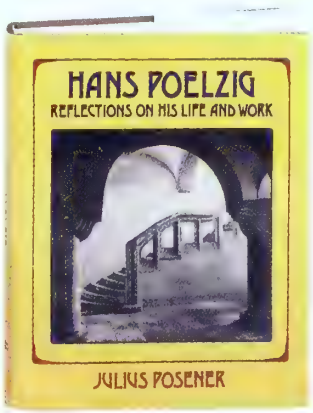
Piero della Francesca *(Abbeville, $95)*. The beautifully reproduced photographs that accompany Ronald Lightbown's scholarly yet accessible text are no substitute for a trip to Urbino, but they do give the armchair art lover a fine opportunity to contemplate the accomplishments of the quattrocento master. Nearly sixty pages document the Arezzo frescoes: an overall view of the chapel, two-page spreads of significant scenes, and countless details.—*DM*

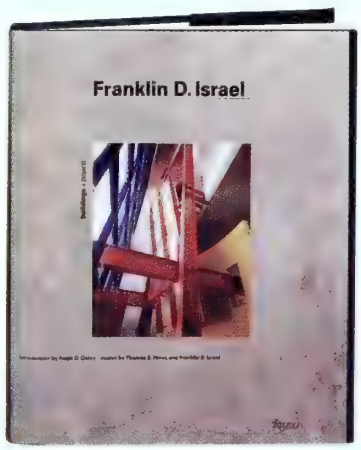
Invitation to the Garden: A Literary and Photographic Celebration *(Stewart, Tabori & Chang, $45)*. Combining bits of literature with related images is a risky business, but Fe Cook succeeded in juxtaposing teresting texts—from Homer on magical orchards of Alkínoös to S via Plath's lines on the too-bright lips—with stunning pictures by n top garden photographers.—*DM*

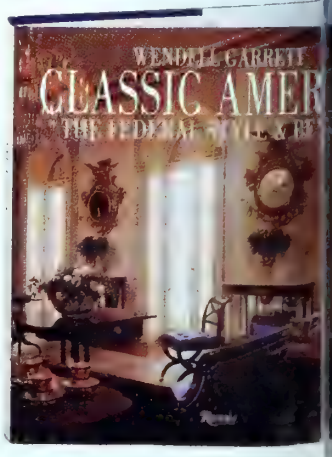
Hans Poelzig: Reflections on H Life and Work *(Architectural Hist Foundation/MIT, $50)*. The Germ expressionist architect Hans Poel (1868–1936) in his best designs ca tured both the angst and the uto anism of the generation th survived the nightmare of Wo War I. From his luminous stalacti ringed auditorium of 1919 for B lin to his spooky sets for *The Gole* the classic 1920 film of the Jew legend, Poelzig delved deep in folklore and fantasy for schemes t conveyed a medieval ideal of soc coherence as a defense against t chaos of the modern world. The chitect's student and friend, t eighty-eight-year-old architectu historian Julius Posener, draws personal knowledge of the man a his work in this first English-la guage monograph on a figure w though until now obscure, is by means marginal to the architectu of our century. —*Martin Filler*

Encyclopedia of Herbs, Spices, a Flavorings *(Dorling Kindersl $34.95)*. Elisabeth Lambert Orti volume is not, of course, anythi like encyclopedic but it is enjoyab handsome, and wide-ranging—i cluding an overview of world flav as well as herbs, spices, and mo Most of the inevitable errors a omissions are minor. Just don't e too many of the potentially u healthy sweet peas pictured und edible flowers.—*Leslie Land*







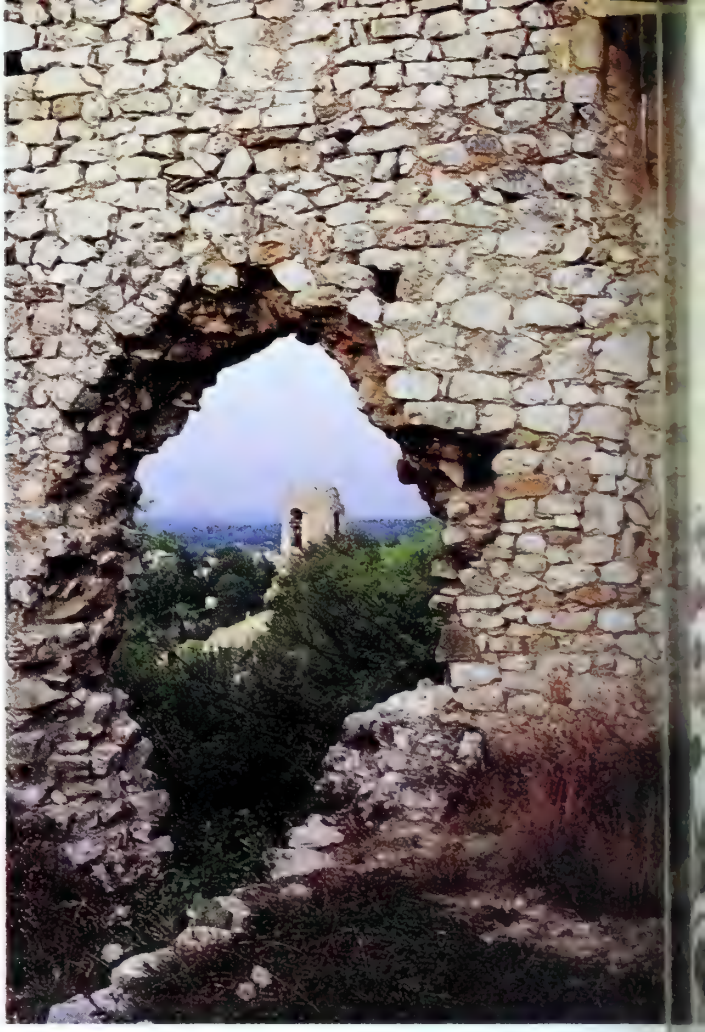




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Rebuilding French History





A vacation at La Sabranenque means mixing mortar and laying stones

BY CATHERINE BARNETT

My watch broke the day I arrived in Saint-Victor-la-Coste. Living for two weeks in a medieval hamlet with thirty volunteers from around the world, I learned to tell time in a rustic language: donkey at seven, breakfast at eight. We all worked together every morning from nine until we heard what became a familiar cry: "Plus du mortier!" Even those who spoke no French knew it was time to put down their trowels, rinse the dust off their faces, and climb down from their eleventh-century perch in the Côtes du Rhône hills. "No more mortar!" meant the day's work was done.

I ventured to this southern French village to join Simone and Henri ("Ginou") Gignoux, visionaries who in 1969 established La Sabranenque, a nonprofit organization dedicated to preserving rural architecture—and to resuscitating flagging spirits along the way.



Simone, a reserved mystical woman with the angular features of Georgia O'Keeffe, grew up in Saint-Victor exploring "le vieux village," the medieval settlement, abandoned early this century, that hugs the nearby limestone hills. Her great-grandparents had once lived there, and Simone hoped one day to return to her family home. In the 1960s she and Ginou, a salty red-haired pioneer from the Alps, climbed beyond the rampart wall, lunged through the rubble, and moved back into the ruins where they camped out, without water or electricity, for two years.

By the time I joined up with them things were, relatively speaking, luxurious. The old town—affectionately known as Chez Ginou—has been converted into a kibbutz-like village that houses travelers who come to Saint-Victor in the summer for two-week volunteer vacations. (In the spring and fall French language programs are offered.) Simone and Ginou, who live in a terraced house not far from the communal kitchen, spent fifteen years restoring the settlement. As with all their projects, they used only local materials, tradition-

A team of volunteers, above left, rebuilds a stone wall outside the Côtes du Rhône town of Chusclan. Above right: In nearby Saint-Victor-la-Coste, La Sabranenque's crew preserved a medieval church wall in picturesque ruin. Left: A view of Saint-Victor.

clarence house







lives. These houses were built by hand according to need and always with a search for beauty."

Every morning Tan'a'gui, the striped donkey, brayed, waking me in time for breakfast: coffee served in big metal pitchers, hot milk, fresh bread. (Bernard, a tax collector from Paris who has volunteered forty-eight times, trekked daily to the boulangerie to pick up seventeen still-warm baguettes, a half a loaf per person per day.) After eating, we'd drive through acres of vineyards toward the nearby town of Chusclan. "Looks like east Texas," said a red-haired ex-dancer grandmother from Dallas as we climbed the scruffy hills. Then we'd hike past a tiny Romanesque chapel (in ruins before La Sabranenque restored it), and walk through boxwood, Mediterranean maple, and live oak until we reached the top: the Château de Gicon, a mistral-blown medieval fortress.



La Sabranenque's aim: to make the site usable, safe to visit, and in harmony with the land. Our first task each morning combined aerobic exercise and teamwork: we'd form a human chain and swing buckets of yellow sand, arm to arm, through an arched doorway, across a stone floor, up a restored stair, and out to the crumbling roof.

One morning, a young Parisian architect, handing me bucket after bucket, explained why he returns to La Sabranenque every summer. "I spend the rest of the year reading blueprints and drawing up plans," he said. "Only here do I see the reality of building. This cleans out my eyes." Down the chain from him was a psychologist from Boston, two Polish students, a broker from Manhattan, and a lawyer from California (his language lesson for the day: "avocat" means lawyer—and avocado—in French).

al techniques, and lots of volunteer brawn. There are fifteen buildings in all, including eighteen bedrooms, which are simple—tile floors, beamed ceilings, twin beds—and distinctive. Chambre Rocher, for example, butts right up against a piece of limestone cliff. (The first night I slept in this room my roommate said I spoke in my sleep, incomprehensible except for two words, "Grand Canyon.")

"You can eat and sleep in modern buildings, but here," Simone said, glancing at the jumble of angled stone houses that look as if they were put together by a magician playing with Lego blocks, "here one really

A signal tower, top left, is part of Chusclan's medieval Château de Gicon, a hilltop site undergoing restoration. Top right: Henri and Simone Gignoux, founders of La Sabranenque, named for a count whose castle they restored. Above left: Meals are served alfresco.

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'La Vie en Rose'
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After the sand swinging, the [v]olunteers split into small groups. At [f]irst the work looked daunting. "You'll learn on the job," said Marc Simha, an American who came twelve years ago as a volunteer and is now one of the program directors. "Let your eyes and hands understand the materials, the simple forces. It's common sense, really." The others constructed an archway, rebuilt a chimney, and laid a path to a grotto said to have been used by the druids. But I loved it up on the roof, resting the lichened walls of the vaulted stone building. I asked Ginou how far we could see. "Ah, from here," he said, turning a full circle, "you can see the Alps! The Mississippi!"

Ginou looks like a cross between a Dr. Seuss character, the wizard from Oz, and Brancusi. He is a philosopher-cum-mason, and to hear him talk about work is to listen to a sage. "Don't look ahead at what you're going to build," he told a career counselor from San Francisco. "Just place one stone at a time and you'll get there." When he found me scouring a pile of stones, he tapped me on the shoulder: "Those who search too long never find anything."

When Ginou came to breakfast his halo of graying red hair was neatly combed. After twenty minutes of work he'd look wild again, and that's the way he'd look until the next morning. The transformation was inevitable—and inspiring. And after a few hours of work—mixing mortar, finding stones—we, too, were somehow transformed.

The search for the perfect stone is a test of creative vision, as is the actual building of these jigsaw puzzle walls; from a pile thirty feet in diameter you look for stones with just the right dimension, a smooth face, and weathered patina. When Ginou goes hunting for stones, he is like a lion stalking prey: his shoulders hunch forward and his elbows jut back and he scans the pile hungrily. I often caught him gazing at the stones like a sculptor admiring his work.

Back in Saint-Victor in time for lunch we'd sit at three picnic tables

; vpical meal of tangy spinach pie
h a sweet browned crust, local to-
itoes and onions in vinaigrette, ra-
ouille, and a pear and chocolate
te. All of La Sabranenque's fruit,
getables, and eggs are supplied by
ocal farmer; the wine is made by
e vintner just down the road; the
rbs—thyme and lavender and
semary—are picked, when need-
, from a nearby hill. Each volun-
r has kitchen duty one day a week,
lping the two young French wom-
who prepare the meals. Under
eir watchful gaze I sliced tomatoes,
gplants, and zucchini by the bas-
tful and laid out the roundels in
lorful rings to make a tian d'été.
ne chefs are as adept with their veg-
ables as Ginou is with his stones.

We were free in the afternoon:
me people slept, others went wine-
sting through the Côtes du Rhône,
hers explored the region—Avi-
non, Arles, Uzès, Saint-Quentin—
bike, car, or thumb. Saint-Victor
elf is a small animated town with
ne general store and two cafés—
ar de l'Industrie is for the older
lk, Bar du Progrès for the young.

One day Ginou took us to see a
mpleted restoration: a hermitage
id to be a place of miracles for de-
ressed people. Tucked into an
normous limestone cliff, it had
rved as refuge and religious sanc-
ary. The first hermit used to ring a
ll when he suffered from too much
litude, calling villagers to visit him.
e asked Ginou when this hermit
ed. "Not long ago," he said, as if
e'd been alive then. "In the seven-
enth century. C'est récent, quoi?"

At dinner (rice soufflé, lentil sal-
l), we were tired and invigorated.
inou grated a clove of garlic against
ne tines of his fork and stirred it into
is bowl as he spoke. "It takes physi-
al effort to build well," he said.
Such work makes time and the exte-
or world disappear, leaving you in
welcome emptiness. Pleasure, fa-
gue, emptiness—with good fruit on
ne table, these are simple gifts." ♠

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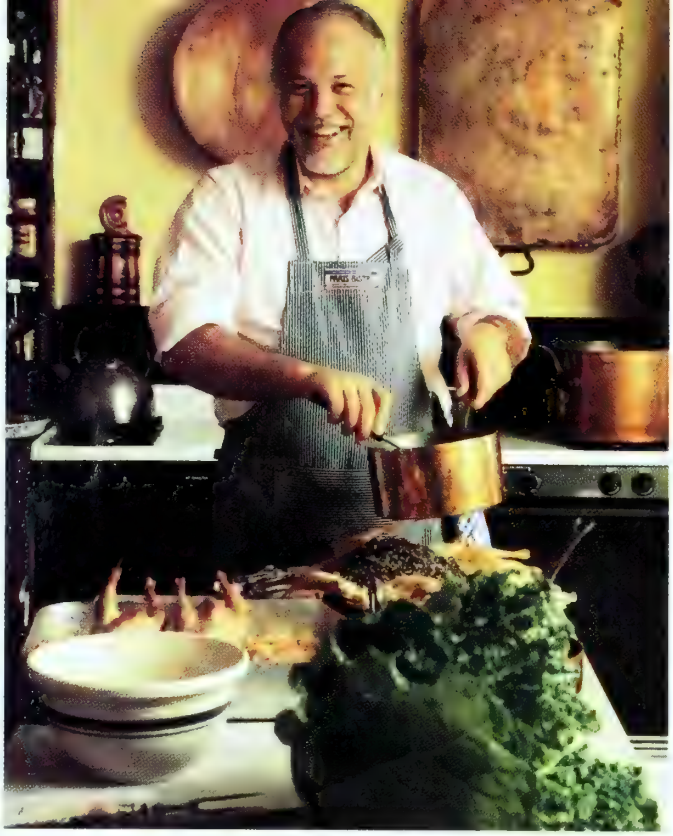
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nordstrom



Barry Donahue, left, spoons morel sauce over a platter of wild rice and braised pheasants in the roomy kitchen of the family's country house. The antique copper pans came from New York's Le Pavillon restaurant. Below left: The Donahues' Christmas dinner begins with champagne, Irish smoked salmon with crackers, and a homemade game paté.

A Family Christmas

Inventive cooks welcome friends and relatives to a farmhouse feast BY CHRISTOPHER IDONE

Even if there is no turkey on the table, everyone wants stuffing at Christmas dinner. Barry and Linda Donahue, who prefer braised pheasants with a morel sauce and a bourbon-glazed ham to a replay of Thanksgiving, have a solution: a stuffing pie with sausage and spinach made according to a recipe from Linda's grandmother. Baked until it's golden brown on the top and crusty on the bottom, Linda's stuffing pie has a prominent place on the Donahues' Christmas table.

Barry, a private art dealer, Linda, a costume designer, and their two young sons have a busy life in Manhattan, but in many ways the center of their family life is a white turn-of-the-century house in northern Connecticut. It is here that they celebrate Christmas with a lavish afternoon meal for nearly two dozen friends and relatives, a feast that begins with smoked salmon and game paté and ends with poached pears in red wine and sauternes sabayon along with a flamed Christmas pudding.



The menu is sumptuous and beautifully served, but the atmosphere is familial, not formal. The Donahues observe tradition in their own fashion, taking full advantage of twentieth-century shortcuts and technology. They are refreshingly practical cooks. Frozen spinach works perfectly in the stuffing pie, says Barry, who is the head chef for the celebratory meal, and frozen peas and baby onions are tasty and quick to prepare. This year they found that they had forgotten to buy dried dates for the pudding, so they substituted a jar of chestnut purée, and they happily use strained baby pears to sweeten the turnip purée.

They are also well-organized hosts. They begin planning the meal in November. By Christmas Eve the pudding is ready, and the pears are steeping in sweetened merlot, pungent with cloves and peppercorns. The hard sauce is chilling in the refrigerator, along with the paté and the mustard sauces, both sweet and hot, for the ham. The ham itself has been glazed with sugar, cloves, and bourbon; the wild rice and dried morels have been set out to soak; and the blueberry confit that was put up during the summer is waiting on the counter. That leaves just carrot soup, pheasants, stuffing pie, vegetables, and roasted glazed chestnuts for Christmas morning.

Later that day, when the guests depart, they take, along with their presents, shopping bags packed with leftovers. It's disheartening to go home to an empty

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Carrot soup is served in an antique tureen.

larder—and Christmas dinner is just as delicious the day after.

GAME PATÉ

12 tablespoons unsalted butter
2 shallots, finely chopped
½ pound chicken livers
½ pound pheasant livers
1 ounce bourbon or brandy
1 ounce Madeira
Salt
Freshly ground pepper

Butter 2 8-ounce molds and set aside. In a small skillet melt 2 tablespoons butter and sauté the shallots until wilted. Add the livers and sauté 3 minutes on each side or until they are pink inside. Remove and set aside. Add the bourbon and deglaze the pan over high heat. Set aside. Purée the livers with the pan juices. Add remaining butter and the Madeira. Season with salt and pepper, fold into the molds, and refrigerate overnight. Serve with toast or crackers. Yields about 1 pound.

PURÉE OF CARROT SOUP

4 bunches young carrots, cut in 1-inch rounds
10 cups fresh or low-sodium canned chicken broth
3 cardamom pods, crushed
1 teaspoon curry powder
Salt
Freshly ground white pepper
1 quart heavy cream
1 small bunch chives, chopped

Put the carrots and enough broth to cover in a large soup pot. Bring to a boil and skim. Reduce heat to a low boil and add cardamom and curry powder. Season with salt and pepper. Cook 20 minutes or until fork tender. Strain the liquid from the carrots into a large bowl and set aside. Purée the carrots, adding about half the liquid for a thick purée. Return carrot mixture to a clean soup kettle and add the cream. Bring to a boil, reduce heat, and simmer until hot, about 10 minutes. Sprinkle servings with chopped chives. Serves 8–10.

BRAISED PHEASANT WITH MOREL SAUCE

6 pheasants, about 3 pounds each
½ cup vegetable oil
Salt
Freshly ground peppèr
1 bunch celery, leaves removed and stalks diced
3 large onions, diced
8 carrots, diced
½ pound unsalted butter
6 juniper berries, crushed
2 sprigs thyme
1 pound dried morels, soaked at least one hour in water to cover
1 cup dry white wine
1 cup heavy cream
1 pound wild rice, cooked

Preheat oven to 375 degrees. Rub the pheasants with a little oil, then salt and pepper inside and out. In a large heavy skillet, heat ¼ cup oil over medium heat. Brown the birds, three at a time, on all sides, making sure not to break the skin. Add as much of the remaining oil as necessary and brown the remaining birds. Set them aside. Discard oil and set skillet aside.

Heat butter in the skillet over medium heat. Add diced vegetables and sauté until wilted, about 10 minutes. Add juniper berries, thyme sprigs, 1 cup of the morel liquid, and wine. Season with salt and pepper. Bring to a boil, reduce heat, and simmer 5 minutes. Spread the vegetable mixture over the bottom of a large roasting pan, then arrange the birds on top, side by

Vegetables and condiments surround the pheasants and a bourbon-glazed ham.



side. Cover the pan with foil and ba
45 minutes. Remove the foil and co
15 minutes or until juices run clear.
the pan is drying too quickly, add
small amount of water.

While the birds are braising, remo
another ½ cup of morel juice to use
the stuffing pie (see recipe below). R
duce the remaining liquid by half ov
high heat. Remove the birds, cove
and set aside.

Strain the vegetable mixture into
large saucepan, pressing down on t
vegetables. Discard the vegetables. A
the reduced morel liquid to the veget
ble liquid. Add the heavy cream a
the morels, and season with salt a
pepper. Bring to a boil; reduce he
and simmer 10 minutes or until sau
begins to thicken.

Using poultry shears, remove th
backbone and cut each bird in ha
lengthwise. Mound the wild rice on
large platter, then arrange the bir
around the rice. Remove the more
from the sauce with a slotted spoon a
arrange over and around the bird
Pour a little of the sauce over the bir
and pass the rest around in a sauc
boat. Serves 12.

LINDA DONAHUE'S STUFFING PI

4 tablespoons unsalted butter
2 pounds sweet Italian sausage, crumbled
6 stalks celery, finely chopped
2 large onions, finely chopped
1 clove garlic, minced
2 pounds spinach, washed and chopped, or 3 boxes frozen spinach, defrosted, drained, and squeezed dry
4 cups day-old French or Italian bread, cut in ¼-inch cubes
½ cup morel juice (see pheasant recipe)
¼ cup heavy cream
¼ cup sage, chopped
Salt
Freshly ground pepper

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Butter
10-inch ovenproof glass pie plates an
set aside. In a large heavy skillet rende
and brown the sausage meat over me
dium heat. With a slotted spoon re
move meat to a large mixing bowl.

In the same skillet sauté celery, on
ions, and garlic over medium heat unti
wilted. Add the spinach and cook 1–
minutes. Add vegetable mixture to th
sausage meat. Fold in the bread cube
and remaining ingredients. Mix well
Mound the stuffing into pielike dome
and bake about 45 minutes until th
tops are browned and bottoms form
dark crust. Set aside for 20 minutes
then cut into wedges. Serves 12. ♠

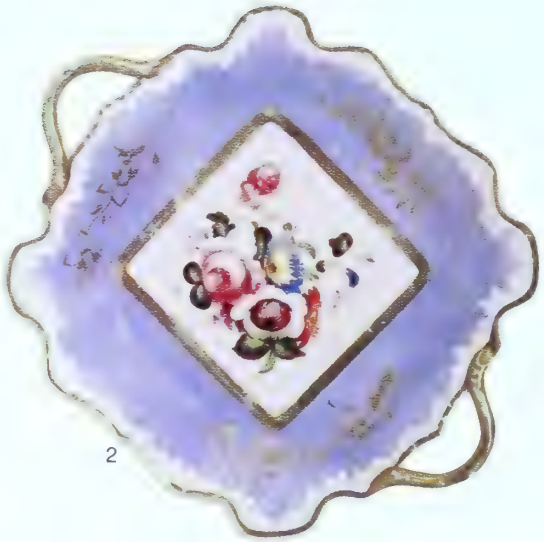


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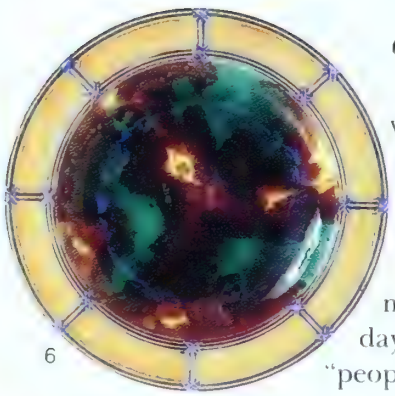
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Antique Dessert Plates



5

For modern tables, nothing provides a grander finale BY AMY TARAN ASTLEY



6

VICTORIAN DESSERT PLATES ARE MAKING A COMEBACK ON contemporary tables. Gilded and adorned with meticulously detailed neoclassical landscapes or rococo revival botanicals, these small-scale follies reflect the design fashions of their day. No nineteenth-century hostess worth her blancmange would dream of setting a mismatched table, but these days, notes California dealer Judy Smith of the Dining Room Shop, "people are collecting single plates and assembling a mad mix."



1 Rockingham porcelain, c. 1850
2 Samuel Alcock porcelain, c. 1845
3 English porcelain, c. 1850
4 Prattware pottery, c. 1850
5 English porcelain, c. 1850
6 French majolica, c. 1860
7 English pottery, c. 1830
8 English amethyst glass, c. 1840
9 Choisy-le-Roi majolica, c. 1890
10 Wedgwood pearlware, c. 1820



8

Sources

Designs with elaborate hand painting and famous maker's marks bring top dollar—"as much as $500 a plate," says Patrick Dunne of Lucullus, "but there are also plenty of $25 pieces to be found. Buying one here and there, rather than an entire set, can be surprisingly affordable."

1 Vito Giallo Antiques
966 Madison Ave.
New York, NY 10021
(212) 535-9885

2 Sara Breiel
703 North Wells St.
Chicago, IL 60610
(312) 664-8190

3 Mill House
1068 Main St. N.
Woodbury, CT 06798
(203) 263-3446

4 James II Galleries
15 East 57 St., 6th fl.
New York, NY 10022
(212) 355-7040

5 Bergdorf Goodman
5 West 57 St.
New York, NY 10019
(212) 753-7300

6 The Dining Room Shop
7645 Girard Ave.
La Jolla, CA 92037
(619) 454-8688

7 Bardith
901 Madison Ave.
New York, NY 10021
(212) 737-3775

8 Julian Graham-Whit
957 Madison Ave.
New York, NY 10021
(212) 249-8181

9 Hubert des Forges
1193 Lexington Ave.
New York, NY 10028
(212) 744-1857

10 Thomas Livingsto
455 Jackson St.
San Francisco, CA 941
(415) 296-8150

Jas A. Gundry*
2910 Ferndale Pl.
Houston, TX 77098
(713) 524-6622

Lucullus*
610 Chartres St.
New Orleans, LA 7013
(504) 528-9620



9 10

*Not illustrated

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Gifts for cooks of every taste. Top left: A KitchenAid mixer, with Bundt pans and *Great Cakes* by Carole Walter. Top right: Smith & Hawken trugs, *Garden Seed Inventory*, seeds, and a weeder from Kinsman. Bottom left: Derby plate, c. 1800, from Bardith, NYC, with cookie dough and a Cushion-Aire cookie sheet. Bottom right: Produce from Diamond Organics in a basket from Dean & DeLuca and bowl from Wolfman-Gold & Good, NYC. All baking equipment from Williams-Sonoma. Details see Resources.

Presents for the Pantry

No matter how well stocked the larder, there's always a spot the cook longs to fill

BY LESLIE LAND

Might as well make a Christmas confession: I'm the kind of Santa who tends to buy the things *I* really want. Fortunately, I'm so greedy (and so well rounded) there's something on my list for just about everybody. If there's one thing I love to do, it's Christmas shop for people who care about food.

Every vegetable gardener, for instance, should have a copy of the *Garden Seed Inventory*—an annotated source list for all the nonhybrid seed varieties available in the United States—from Seed Savers Exchange (RR3, Box 239, Decorah, IA 52101; 319-382-5990). Close to five hundred pages of common vegetables such as winter squash (I stopped counting squash varieties when I got to one hundred about halfway through the list) and uncommon vegetables such as devil's-claw (only four choices). Time travel at its finest, from the heirloom Brandywine tomato, circa 1885, to the cypress haricot vert, introduced in 1991.

Tour the great gardens of Britain over lunch.

A rich Victorian garden-scape of rosebuds, oranges and berries,
y encircled by 22-karat gold bands, this hand-detailed bone
llection from Wedgwood will always make your
glorious place to visit. Wedgwood



Macy's/Bullock's

atured at right: Wedgwood "Clio" charger and
nner plate. To see our brochure, please send $1.00
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Since chocophiles tend to be knee-deep in truffles already, let's skip the eats and give them cocoa. Pile on the varieties

Bring things back to earth with my favorite hand tool, the Maine weeder, and a roomy wooden trug to haul the harvest home.

Bakers get the cookie package—not an old-hat tin of home baked but the deluxe wherewithal for doing it themselves: a roll of icebox cookie dough to make crisp vanilla-fragrant hazelnut black pepper pinwheels (see recipe below); a CushionAire cookie sheet, insulated to prevent burned bottoms and pale gold to promote delicate browning; a timer to forestall the incineration of the last batch; and an antique plate to put the finished product on. (I keep my eye out for plates all year and hoard them against Christmas emergencies. Topped with a dozen or two homemade cookies or good-looking pieces of fruit, they make ideal last-minute gifts. And if no emergencies arise, you can enjoy them yourself.)

Really serious bakers get a KitchenAid mixer, not only the handsomest of home-kneading and beating machines but also the most efficient. A scaled-down version of those behemoths that do the job in commercial bakeries, hotels, and the like, the KitchenAid is both powerful and reliable. I have the KSM5 ProLine—known to some as the caterer's favorite—which comes in white, black, and an industrial gray. The slightly smaller capacity KSM90 comes in wonderful deep colors, among them forest green and royal blue. Be sure to sacrifice size for beauty if the recipient has a small kitchen or weak biceps; these are heavy-duty machines in more ways than one, and it's nice to be able to leave them out on the counter. An inspirational cookbook and a fancy nonstick baking pan or two make nice additions—but even without a map and luggage a Rolls is a pretty spiffy gift.

For chocophiles any gift has to be made of *Theobroma cacao.* But since such people tend to be knee-deep in truffles already, let's skip the eats and give them cocoa instead. After all, the Aztecs drank their chocolate, and Europeans first fell for the stuff in the form of a sweetened beverage. Pile on the varieties, from Droste and Bensdorp to Ideal from Lititz, Pennsylvania, and Ibarra from Mexico. Like coffees, cocoa beans vary enormously and each manufacturer has a signature blend. To get the full range, be sure to include both natural and Dutched types; the latter are treated with alkali, which cuts bitterness, deepens color, and improves solubility. Complete the set with a fine chocolate pot and some pointers for making a perfect not-too-sweet cup (see recipe below).

When I was growing up, a gift certificate was taboo—too tacky to contemplate—but bibliophiles will compliment you on your good taste if you give them some money to spend at the Wine and Food Library (1207 West Madison St., Ann Arbor, MI 48103; 313-663-4894). Proprietor Jan Longone is more like a librarian than a storekeeper, passionate about books in general, knowledgeable about her own extremely eclectic inventory. It runs the gamut from sixteenth-century herbals to a few new releases, with lots of recherché goodies (fashionable main dishes of 1907, for example, and a 244-page history of the American peppermint and spearmint industry) for about the cost of a decent lunch.

Which brings us to everyone else, who should get something to eat: preferably one or more market baskets full of vegetables and fruits from Diamond Organics (Box 2159, Freedom, CA 95019; 800-922-2396), the mail-order greengrocer Everything the Diamond Organi folks sell—and they sell almost ever thing in the line of produce—is n only certified organic but fully gua anteed in the fresh and delicious d partment. You can order specif items—"two heads of Lollo Rosso le tuce, a bunch each of beets and cila tro, an avocado, and two pounds gold potatoes, please"—or ha them send the sampler that contai selected fruits, vegetables, ar herbs. Assortments are seasona don't expect tomatoes in Februar But shipping is from California, do expect gorgeous lettuces ar tender herbs, sweet leeks, plump a tichokes. Real food, delivered rig to the door. Add an attractive j filled with hot cashew chutney round out the gift (see recipe below Rich, smooth, and spicy, the chutn makes a fine dip for winter veget bles as is; thinned down with crea it's salad dressing to die for.

HAZELNUT BLACK PEPPER PINWHEEL COOKIES

⅔ cup hazelnuts
2 cups all-purpose flour
½ teaspoon baking powder
¼ teaspoon freshly ground pepper
½ cup sugar
1 soft vanilla bean
½ cup plus 2 tablespoons butter
¼ cup hazelnut oil
1 teaspoon vanilla extract

In a 360-degree oven toast the haze nuts 15 minutes or until light gold i side. Cool, rub off as much of the ski as possible, and chop medium fin Toss the nuts in a coarse strainer to r move tiny particles, which keep th dough from holding together. S chopped nuts aside. Combine flou baking powder, and pepper thorough ly and set aside. Place sugar in a foo processor. Split the vanilla bean in hal and with a thin-bladed knife scrape ou the seeds and interior flesh. Discar the seeds, save the bean for anothe use, and combine scrapings with th sugar. Process until the sugar is fin and the vanilla well mixed in. Crea the butter until fluffy, then beat in th hazelnut oil and vanilla extract. Ad the sugar, then the flour mixture.

Pat the dough into a rectangula block and roll it out between sheets waxed paper to make a 9-by-11-inc

tangle about ¼ inch thick. Spread chopped nuts over the dough with xed paper and roll once more so the ts are well embedded. Remove top per. Using the bottom paper as a per, carefully roll the dough as ugh for jelly roll, pressing firmly at h turn so the layers adhere. Wrap urely in the waxed paper and chill til firm or cover in plastic wrap for ger storage. Dough will keep in the rigerator for up to 3 days, up to 3 nths in the freezer.

reheat oven to 350 degrees. Line 2 kie sheets with baking parchment. dough is frozen, allow to warm ghtly. Cut dough in generous ⅛-h-thick slices and place ½ inch apart the sheets. Bake cookies 15 minutes until lightly browned, then cool on e racks and store airtight. Yields approximately 5 dozen.

A GOOD CUP OF COCOA

5 tablespoons cocoa
4 tablespoons sugar
Pinch of salt
3 cups milk
Whipped cream (optional)
Instant espresso powder (optional)

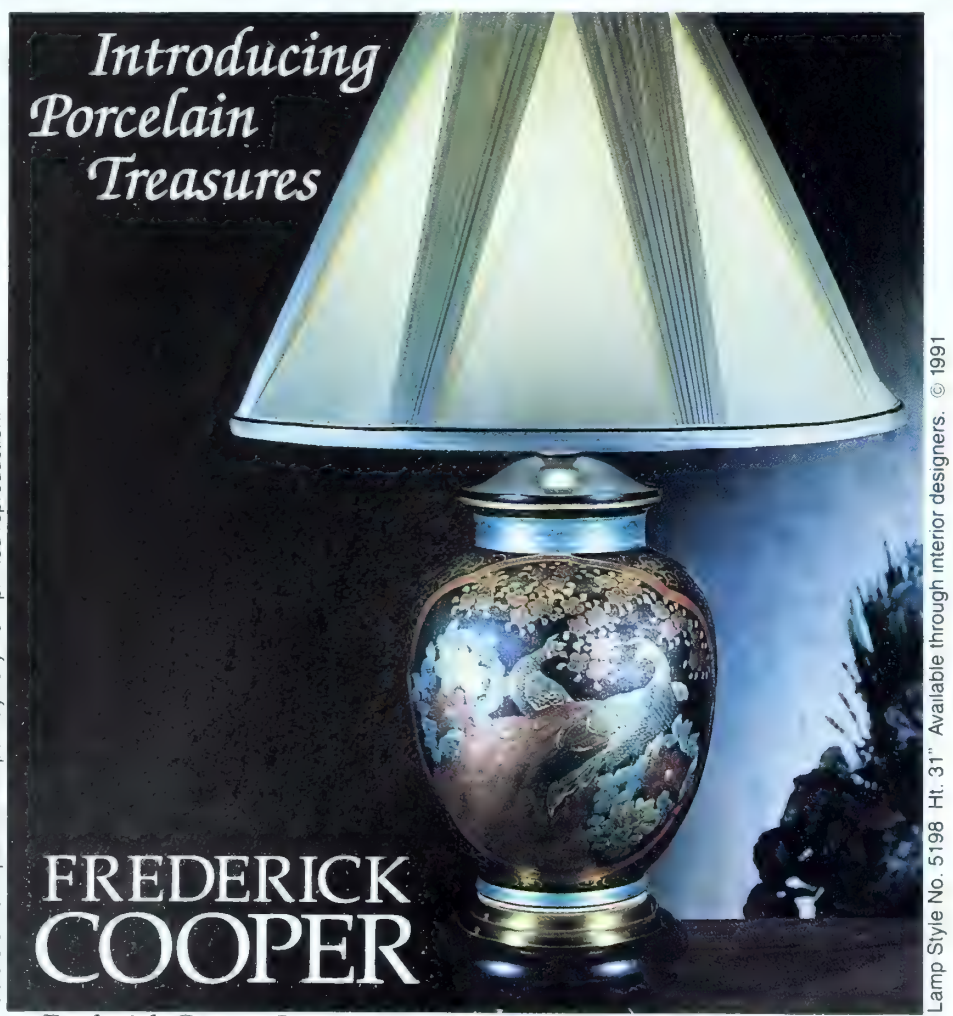
mbine cocoa, sugar, and salt (if co- is not Dutched) in the top of a dou- boiler, then slowly stir in 1 cup iling water. Place pan over low heat d cook, stirring constantly, about 2 nutes. Add milk, put the pan over nmering water and cook, stirring quently, until the milk is thoroughly ated. If possible, beat the hot cocoa til it's frothy, using a Mexican molillo or a rotary beater. Serve in rmed cups, topped with a dollop of tly whipped cream and a sprinkle of presso powder. Serves 4.

YOGI VITHALDAS'S CASHEW CHUTNEY

cup raw cashew nuts
green jalapeño peppers, chopped (about 2 tablespoons)
cup gingerroot, peeled and chopped
cup parsley leaves
teaspoon salt
Juice of 1 lime

se a blender or food processor to ind the cashew nuts to a paste; add e jalapeño peppers, gingerroot, and rsley leaves and grind again. If necsary, add just enough water to make smooth creamy paste the consistency thick mayonnaise. Add salt and lime ice and stir well. The chutney will ep, covered and refrigerated, sever- days. Yields 1½ cups. ♠

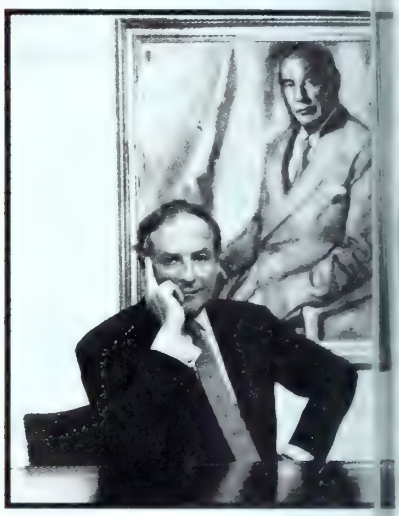






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Nicola Bulgari, below, vice president of Bulgari U.S.A., in front of a portrait of his late father, Giorgio, the man most responsible for the Bulgari look. Left: A sampling of the Buckingham Palace cookware, c. 1840, now available from Bulgari. Above: The Bulgari copyright stamp used to identify designs. Details see Resources.

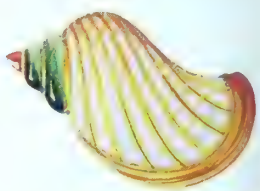


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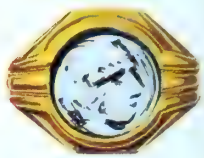
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BY WENDY GOODMAN

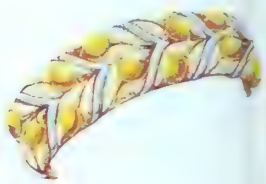
Bulgari acquir



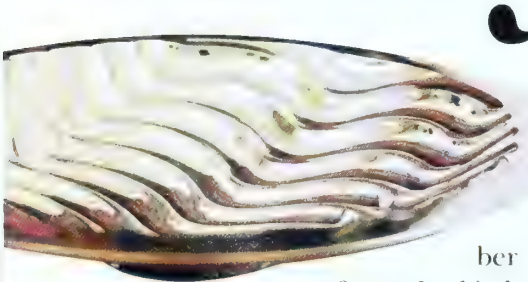
a taste



for royal



cookware



A Bulgari sterling dish, above. Right, from top: A gold snail-shell brooch with diamonds, tourmalines, and a ruby. A gold ring set with an ancient coin. A semiprecious stone and diamond tulip cuff bracelet.

BREAKFAST AT BULGARI ANYONE? THIS family store, famed for its jewelry and silver objets, is now selling a limited number of Victorian copper pots and pans that hail from the kitchens of Buckingham Palace. Available at the New York Fifth Avenue branch and in Rome, they are the royal find of Nicola Bulgari, vice president of Bulgari U.S.A., who combs the world for unusual antiques. Despite their weighty provenance, he says, "I would dare to cook with them." Each has been restored to its original luster and begs its own decorative future: a forty-quart stockpot might hold an armful of flowers when not in use making soup for a hundred, or a large cookie sheet could serve as a desktop organizer. It's food for thought for the majestically minded.



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ETERNITY



Calvin Klein

PERFUME

December

SETTING THE TABLE is a skill most of us learn in childhood, but there is a world of potential beyond the fork-on-the-left, knife-on-the-right variety. In the best instances, imagination and art intervene. Recognizing the demands of the season, we asked HG's Eric Berthold to come up with festive settings, including ones for a Christmas dinner served on an old pine table and for a winter breakfast brightened with images of fruit and flowers. In my experience a good table setting—or any good decorative arrangement—jumps out of its appointed spot and all but knocks you in the eye. The Swedish manor house of Ingrid Lundquist and Jan Holmberg achieves its impact with warm colors, painted furniture, patterned borders, and tiled stoves, as well as the accoutrements of worldly comfort: books, framed engravings, blue and white china. In this month's "Design Analysis" we look at the art of display, with guidance from an expert. We also turned to experts for our special section "Putting Together the Perfect Kitchen." With the help of designers, chefs, and food writers, HG has compiled the best elements from stools and lighting to stoves and sinks, and sought out real-life kitchens that marry style and function. My own favorites conceal space-age possibilities behind updated kitchen classics like beaded-board wainscoting and glass-paned doors. There's more, of course, on our editorial menu—a desert villa in Arizona, actor James Belushi's California dream house, and a surprising confection of a topiary garden in the Maryland countryside. I hope all the tables you sit down at during this holiday season nourish your soul and delight your eye.



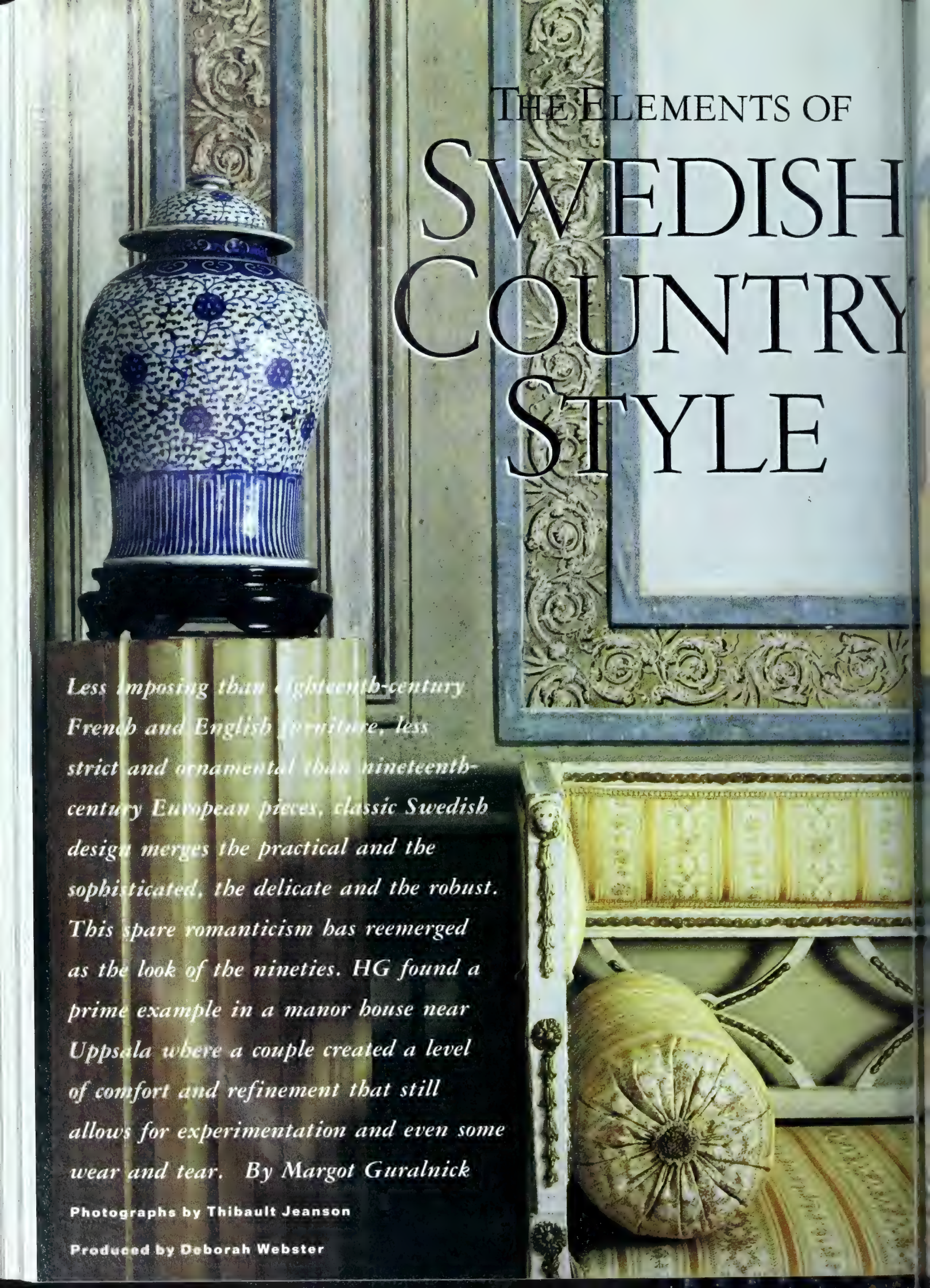
A festive table setting reflects the colors of antique Christmas ornaments.



In a Swedish manor house, guests sleep under the canopy of a Gustavian bed.



Multipaned cabinets and old mixing bowls evoke the past in a new country kitchen.



THE ELEMENTS OF SWEDISH COUNTRY STYLE

Less imposing than eighteenth-century French and English furniture, less strict and ornamental than nineteenth-century European pieces, classic Swedish design merges the practical and the sophisticated, the delicate and the robust. This spare romanticism has reemerged as the look of the nineties. HG found a prime example in a manor house near Uppsala where a couple created a level of comfort and refinement that still allows for experimentation and even some wear and tear. By Margot Guralnick

Photographs by Thibault Jeanson

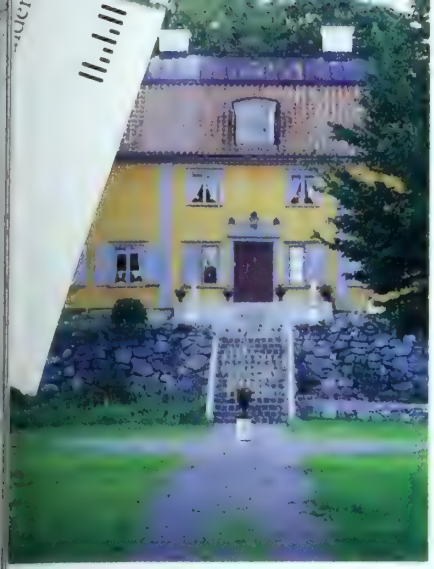
Produced by Deborah Webster



eption room's Gustavian fern-patterned tile stove
e pine floors strike a typically Swedish balance
ornament and simplicity. The c. 1760 table is
a traditional rococo straw yellow. *Opposite:* A
l'oeil wallpaper border, c. 1780, does the work
itectural moldings and paneling in the neo-
l salou, furnished with a Gustavian settee. The
porcelain jar made its way to Scandinavia via
dish East India Company. Details see Resources.



Ingrid Lundquist and Jan Holmberg seem entirely a
home in the nineties. She knows her way around computers, cooks o
a Gaggenau stove, and has leanings toward mysticism. He drives a car
phone-equipped silver BMW, wears Armani eyeglasses, and relaxe
by watching *Falcon Crest* reruns. Together, they run an auction house
in the Swedish university town of Uppsala where each year close to ten
million objects, new and old, run-of-the-mill and rare, are put on the
block. One week they might be stirring up interest in a collection o
Danish moderne furniture, the next touting a parcel of microwave ov
ens. But at nearby Länna, the 1650 manor where they have lived fo
close to a decade, Holmberg and Lundquist leave most trappings o
the twentieth century behind in favor of rooms that look like magically
sealed time capsules of eighteenth-century Swedish design.



"We are not like the Victorians, no rebuilt old houses as they felt ey should have looked," says olmberg, seated in a 1780 arm- air scraped down to its original int. "We are trying to re-create at was." There were few signs of at was, however, by the time they rchased the house at a state auc- n that attracted only one other dder. Vacant for years before it d been taken over by a rich recluse o maniacally cut off the plumbing d electricity and burned floor- ards for heat, the bat-infested affiti-covered pile somehow looked lcoming to Holmberg and Lund- ist. Projects that seem to have no d fail to daunt these intrepid pres- vationists who fled a 1914 house ter two years because, as Holmberg ys, "it was far too new," and, as ndquist says, "it was finished."

This may never be the case at Länna. Located on the edge of what had been an unbroken stretch of lakes, ponds, and woods before developers started to muddy the picture, the board-and-batten structure is now shored up and freshly painted what Lundquist calls "traditional haystack yellow," with windows trimmed blue gray to look like limestone. Inside, the house unfolds as a series of luminous rooms whose modest functional designs and bright surfaces bear witness to both an economy long depleted by imperial wars and the Nordic craving for midwinter light. Interpreting unaffordable European finery such as ormolu, marble, and marquetry using little more than pine and paint, eighteenth-century Swedish craftsmen achieved what Holmberg describes as a "perfect balance between the ornamental and the plain."

The same could be said of the couple's work at Länna. As a counterpoint to the crystal chandeliers, gilded paneling, and intricately patterned stove tiles, the rooms have been fitted out with bleached pine floors, low timber ceilings, and pale wainscots, all of which Holmberg built himself using wood salvaged from an old granary—and "the trial and error approach I learned in college sociology classes." Lundquist, meanwhile, became a self-taught expert on mixing powdered pigments into myriad shades of gray, "*the* baroque color," and making surfaces dance with subtle pattern. In the kitchen, she painted the cupboards the faintest gray green and then battered and rubbed the knobs bare as if from centuries of wear. To add depth to the barely blue gray walls, she spatter-painted them with dashes of dark green, red, and white, using a Jackson Pollock version of marbleizing: "You dip a birch branch into a pot of paint and then you act like a tennis player."

Inexhaustibly willing and able, Holmberg and Lundquist constructed all the bookshelves, hung all the wallpaper, and took on much of the upholstering. They also rebuilt from inexpensively purchased parts nearly all of Länna's Gustavian tiled stoves, so efficient that a five-log fire can keep a room warm for twenty-four hours. And when they concluded that the baroque pastoral scenes in a guest room would look better if balanced by a matching pair, they whipped out





Jan Holmberg and Ingrid Lundquist, *above*, light a rococo chandelier in preparation for a New Year's Eve ball. The table is set with 18th-century Swedish crystal, faience, and silver and French bronze dancing figures. *Left:* Swedish faience and pewter in the kitchen. *Top left:* The 1650 manor is painted a rich ocher once favored by the gentry. *Opposite:* An 18th-century portrait of a young woman inspired the reception room's yellow and blue palette. The carved panel over the doorway was found in a Paris flea market. Lundquist "made it look Swedish" by softening the black background with gray paint.



Late baroque cl
surround a roc
partner's desk i
library where th
rich wood tones
tempered by pa
bookshelves tha
Holmberg built
The Victorian
represent Hugi
Munin, legenda
Viking birds tha
thought and me


Lundquist and
Holmberg have
gradually layered
the house with the
effects that three
generations of a
single family might
have left behind

paint brushes and canvas.

Scouring the country for Swedish baroque, rococo, and neoclassical (better known as Gustavian) furnishings, Lundquist and Holmberg have gradually layered the house with the effects that three generations of a single family might have left behind. "You have to put a bit of dissonance in a room so that it doesn't look reconstructed," says Holmberg. "A Gustavian setting should have a baroque painting in it because that's how people lived." The mix of period pieces presents a quick study in how Scandinavian taste has evolved—and how it has always favored sophisticated simplicity. The library's set of 1740 alderwood chairs, with their shallow reliefs and serpentine splats, represents Sweden's elegantly slender version of Europe's full-bodied baroque style. The vogue for French rococo, which sent S-curves reverberating around Swedish forms starting in the 1760s, is represented by the dining room's marble fireplace, carved with a single undulating shell that is about as restrained as rococo can be. And Gustav III's celebrated neoclassicism, the reigning mode during the last quarter of the eighteenth century, can be found in the salon, where Holmberg and Lundquist sip schnapps perched on a rectilinear settee, whose attenuated fretwork, toothpick legs, and ethereal gray paint make it almost a skeletal version of a Louis XVI sofa.

Though few of the objects at Länna are original to the house, the early owners have a strong presence. The stacks of *(Continued on page 150)*



The kitchen at Länna is a harmonious blend of 18th-century charm and modern convenience, all cloaked in the faintest shades of blue and gray. A hefty baroque table stands between the restored hearth and the newly constructed cabinets. Lundquist added subtle texture to the walls using an old Swedish technique of spatter painting with a birch branch. Holmberg built the pair of pine dish racks which display Chinese export porcelain, on the left, and Swedish faience, on the right. The hanging herbs are ingredients for flavored schnapps.



"You have to put a bit of dissonance in a room," says Holmberg. "A Gustavian setting should have something baroque in it because that's how people lived"



Furnished in the style of an 18th-century chamber for visiting royalty, the first-floor guest room features a Gustavian tester bed with added baroque finials and a 1750 silk-embroidered spread. The Turkish wedding gowns are in honor of the first owner of the house who traveled to Turkey as an ambassador in 1657.



Showing He



Alison Spear combined a Louis XV–style
daybed in the living room with a coffee
table, chairs, ottomans,
she and Sabrina Schi
for their firm, Cand
in an Emporio Ar
her son, Jeremy. Details

Colors

In a downtown loft, architect Alison Spear decorates with a palette of vintage and modern

By Brad Gooch

Photographs by William Waldron

Produced by Anne Foxley



"HAVE YOU HEARD 'RED HOT + Dance'?" Alison Spear asks excitedly, sitting curled on a Louis XV–inspired daybed in her loft in a converted girdle factory in Manhattan's Flatiron district. She has on a black top and white shorts, her blond hair cut, as she puts it, "like Grace Kelly's." The song that's putting her in such a good mood is a remix of Sly & the Family Stone's "Thank You (Falettin Me Be Mice Elf Agin)."

"Almost every song on the album's an old song that's been revived," says Spear. Her frisky feel for remixes is infectious. But not surprising. Even a cursory glance around her standard industrial loft—ceiling sprinklers, gangly stripped columns, bare metal windows—takes in a whole stack of examples of decorative remixing. Philippine storm windows with mother-of-pearl panes double as translucent doors to her two-year-old son Jeremy's room. A teddy bear sits on a Thonet chair. A cheap bar sink gleams elegantly from a pedestal of steel crossbeams.

Old and new are spliced as well by a floating wall that stops like a curtain a few inches above the hardwood floor. It snakes down the middle, making four rooms out of the usual one-room loft cliché. "We liked crashing the walls together," Spear says of the deft stroke that she and her husband, architect and developer Campion Platt, carried off when they moved in four years ago. "The old wall with a baseboard versus the new floating wall."

Like her loft, Spear is multitrack. At thirty-three, she designs everything from fancy pillows to affordable housing in the South Bronx. She has her own architecture firm. With her Viennese-born partner, Sabrina Schilcher, she started an auteur furniture company, Candide. She's become the in decorator for Manhattan's youngish F. Scott Fitzgeraldian set. And recently she helped per-



Encaustic-coated walls by Modeworks in the dining room set off c. 1800 Consulat chairs, from Reymer-Jourdan, NYC, and a 1992 Candide tabl - and ottomans. New carpets in the loft were designed for Candide by Judy Ross.

Like her loft,

Alison Spear is multitrack.

She designs everything

from fancy pillows

to affordable housing in

the South Bronx.

It's Holly Golightly

meets Robert Moses



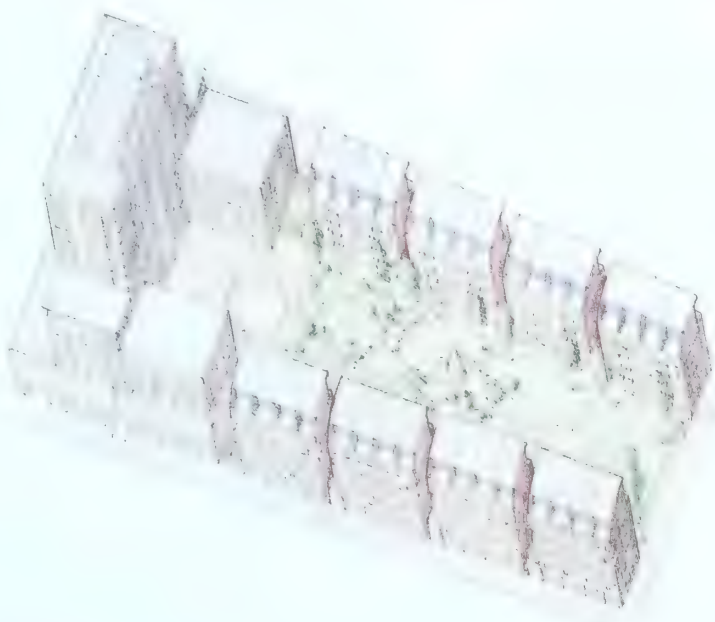
ıade five other architects to join her
the nonprofit City Design Collabo-
ıtive (CDC). It's Holly Golightly
ieets Robert Moses.

"I think I'm into too many things,"
pear muses. "And trying to be a
ıother, too." At that tingle of self-
oubt she rests her glass of white
ine on the coffee table with a clink.
uckily, a look into its vitrine top re-
ives her. It's filled with shells she
ollected on the beaches in Florida.
The original theme of the loft was
lorida, because I'm from there. I
eally do love the ocean." So she had
wave design routed across the base-
oard like a signature.

She grew up in Florida as the sec-
nd daughter, and second architect,
her family. In 1978 her older sis-
er, Laurinda Spear, fresh out of ar-
hitecture school, built her parents a
oup of a pink house in Miami. It
oon became Bruce Weber's favorite
ocale as he shot everyone from *GQ*
nodels to Candice Bergen day-
reaming next to its pastel walls.
aurinda went on to build a slew of
kyscrapers in blender-cocktail col-
ors which invariably showed up on
he establishing shots for *Miami Vice*.
Her firm; Arquitectonica, a partner-
hip with her husband, Bernardo Fort-Brescia, is synonymous with Miami's building boom.

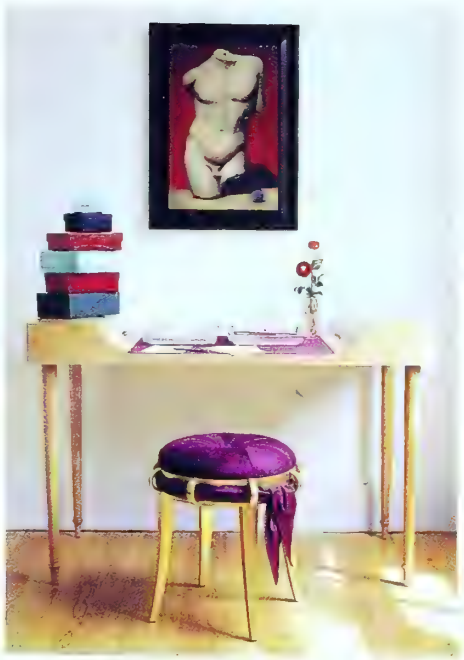
But long before Laurinda made the Brickell Avenue skyline sexy, Alison, eight years her junior, had already been zapped by architecture. Her primal scene was a Palm Beach mansion, Mar-a-Lago. Alison's best girlhood friend happened to be Stephanie Robertson—Cliff Robertson and Dina Merrill's daughter. Stephanie's grandmother, Marjorie Merriweather Post, was still living as an invalid at Mar-a-Lago. So on weekends a chauffeur would collect the girls in a beat-up station wagon for a Palm Beach holiday. The spaghetti they requested for dinner would be served on silver trays by hovering footmen. "And after dinner there we'd be, these two eighth-graders on stools watching reel-to-reel movies in the ballroom."

"Mar-a-Lago made quite an impression on Alison architecturally," says her mother, Suzanne Spear, whose résumé includes running an air charter service, modeling, and acting. (Spear's father, Harold, who swam for Yale in the forties, is a retired cardiovascular surgeon.) Between Cornell and Columbia—her sister's alma mater—Alison worked at Skidmore, Owings & Merrill in



Spear's sketches for chair and sofa, *above left. Above right:* Le Corbusier chairs from AI flank doors made from Philippine storm windows with mother-of-pearl panes. *Left:* A pro bono project by Spear and her partners in the City Design Collaborative to convert a former brewery in the Bronx into housing.





The former Floridian's turf is now more *Bright Lights, Big City* than *Miami Vice*

Chicago. After architecture school, she spent two years launching the New York offices of Arquitectonica. To earn her epaulets as a decorator she worked on Juan Pablo Molyneux's renovation of an 18,000-square-foot Addison Mizner house in Palm Beach.

The year before last marked a plot point in the Spear family's architectural home movies. Dr. and Mrs. Spear moved from their pink landmark to a glam condo on Collins Avenue a minute away from Morris Lapidus's legendary Eden Roc. And they hired their younger daughter as their decorator. Spear swiftly ripped out "popcorn ceilings and horrible plaster walls" and installed white oak floors and Brazilian blue marble.

"Her sister and brother-in-law did the pink house," explains Suzanne Spear. "So we said to Alison, 'Now it's your turn to do the blue apartment.'" Lots of high profiles agree that now it is Alison's turn. But her own turf is more *Bright Lights, Big City* than *Miami Vice*. Her client list reads like a roster of names from William Norwich's *New York Post* gossip column, which covers the cusp between uptown and downtown.

A glossy page turned for Spear in 1988 when she did novelist Jay McInerney's bachelor pad—which he's since outgrown—in Greenwich Village. There she had a chance to flaunt her knack for decorative puns and oxymorons. She spray-painted a set of Georgian-style dining chairs gold and designed a coffee table topped with broken glass. McInerney, in turn, named the loopy narrator of *Story of My Life* Alison. And Spear claims to share a few tics—including a complex marriage—with Corrine in McInerney's latest, *Brightness Falls*.

Other boldface projects include a house off lower Fifth Avenue for model agency scion Katie Ford and hotelier André Balazs (Campion Platt is his partner in the Mercer Hotel, scheduled to open next year), a Park Avenue kitchen for oil executive Tom Edelman, an apartment in the San Remo on Central Park West for a private investor. "Alison's the only person I *(Continued on page 150)*

A gilt scroll-arm chair, *right,* found at a flea market echoes the curves in Margaret McCann's *Earthquake*, 1992, which Spear hung above her bed. Pillowcases by Frette. *Above left:* Jeremy stands next to one of the loft's stripped-metal windows. *Above right:* Spear paired a Candide maple desk and silk-tied stool beneath *Torso*, 1990, by Steven Skollar.




GREAT ARCHITECTURE OF THE WORLD



Making Room for Three Generations

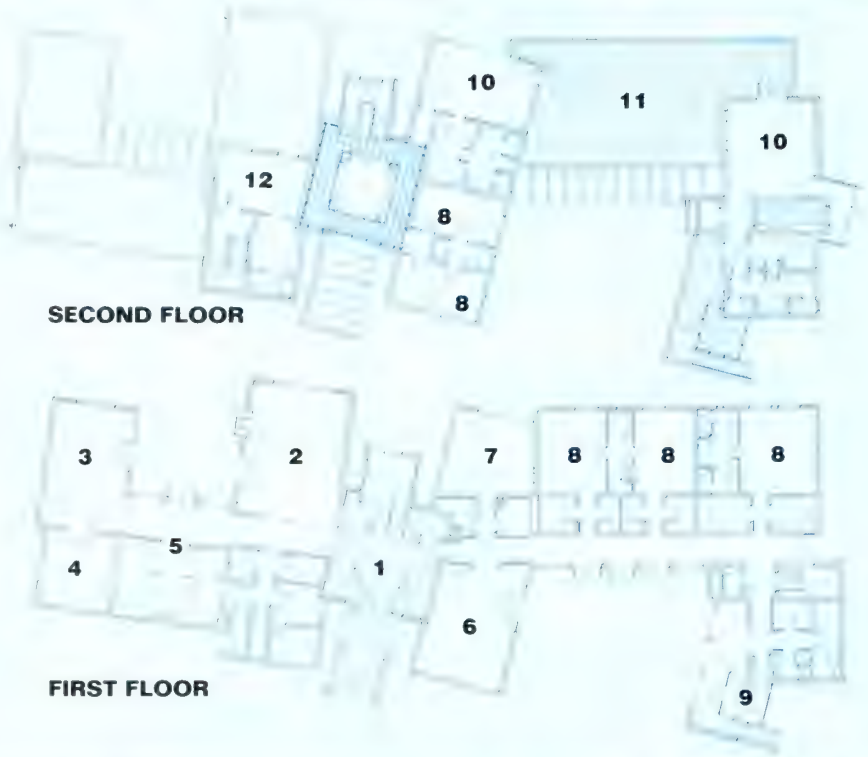
An extended family on two sides of the Pacific finds common ground in a rambling suburban California house. By Pilar Viladas

Photographs by Christopher Irion Produced by Heather Smith MacIsaac



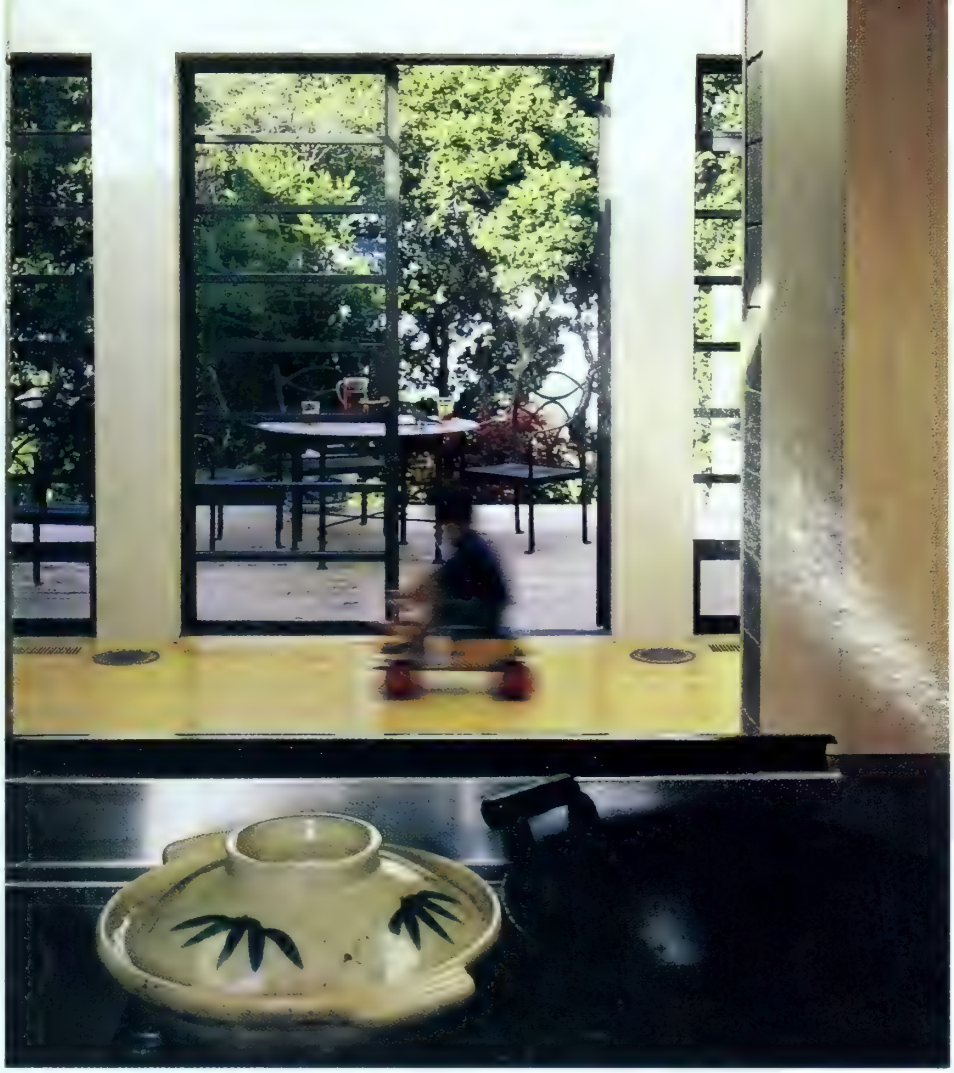
...que French school-
... graces the bedroom
...or of Tim Kobe and
...u's house for their
...ded family. *Opposite:*
...nd Joy, in black,
... balcony with Joy's
... Mickey Yeh; Joy's
...ts, Chen Ching and
...Fa Ou, above, in
...Buddha room";
...elow, Leigh Anne
...Matt Kobe with
...ly and Wilson Yeh.
...ls see Resources.

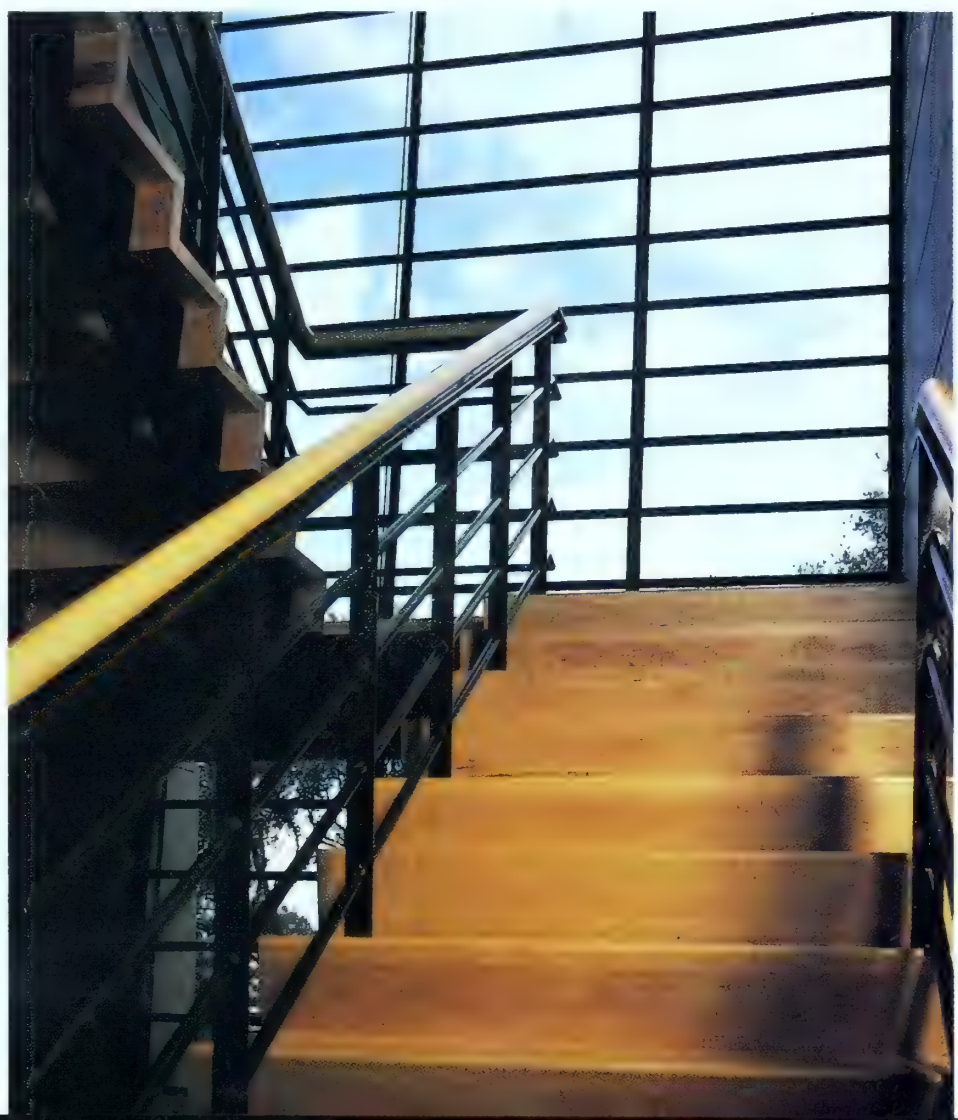
Leigh Anne and Matt in the living room, *above*, where a carpet designed by their mother and Bonni Evenson and woven in Hong Kong sets off large-scale chairs and a sofa in Donghia fabrics and Diesis leather daybed and coffee table by B&B Italia. Fortuny lamp from Écart International. *Right:* The living room, kitchen, and eating areas are to the left of the square entrance hall, and the bedroom wing to the right. Upstairs, Tim Kobe and Joy Ou's room is in the rear near the hall, while her parents' quarters are across the deck to the right.



CALIFORNIA-BORN Tim Kobe is Austrian-Irish on his father's side and English-Scots on his mother's. Joy Ou, his wife, was born and sed in Taiwan. They live near San ncisco with their six-year-old ghter, Leigh Anne, and their r-year-old son, Matthew—and h Joy's parents and her three sibgs, their spouses, and their seven ldren during their long and frent visits from Taiwan. "We have ee birthdays this week alone," says n. Then there are assorted nans and school chums—not to mention the Chesapeake Bay retriever the two Tibetan mastiffs.

f there is something almost oldhioned about this extended fam- there is nothing old-fashioned out the house, in suburban Hillsrough, that they call home in nerica. A strikingly contemporary ster of stucco and concrete-block xes joined by glazed corridors and en loggias, it incorporates centus-old traditions of family life, but h a modern design vocabulary. nich is entirely fitting, since this is many ways a very modern family. Kobe and Ou are designers whose ultidisciplinary San Francisco m, Kobeou, takes on everything om condominium developments Vancouver and San Francisco to tware for Dansk. Joy's parents and lings are involved in a transportan company based in Taiwan, but ey also have real estate interests at often bring them to the West ast. And since Joy's brothers and ters prefer to send their children American high schools and col-





yond the kitchen, *above right,* Matt ots down the hallway to the dining d breakfast rooms, past the deck that rms the less private of the house's two urtyards. Outdoor furniture from the rdener, Berkeley. *Right:* A dramatic ircase with plain-sawn maple treads d risers and a steel balustrade with a od handrail cuts through the double-ight central hall. The walls of the irwell are clad in oxidized copper, a aterial used throughout the house.

leges, it seems only logical that she and Tim would find themselves designing a nine-bedroom, 11,000-square-foot house (if you count the four-car garage) on a wooded ridge with mountain and city views.

Fitting the building gracefully onto the existing geography meant stringing its considerable size out in a long narrow floor plan, but Tim, Joy, and project architect Scott Williams avoided the railroad-car effect by breaking the house into two wings—one for living, dining, breakfast, and kitchen areas and one for bedrooms—that flank a central double-height entry hall. To create a more intimate feeling, the two wings are skewed



ghtly to avoid long vistas from one rough the other.

Although Tim's and Joy's own architectural references tend toward e early modernists, Joy's parents ok to the traditional Chinese courtrd house for a conceptual, though t a literal, model. Thus the house is ranged around two courtyards: he, at the front of the house, is dened by the family room, bedroom rridor, and grandparents' rooms; e other, at the rear, is a deck conecting the living and dining rooms. he former is somewhat public, the tter private, for alfresco family dinng or reading in the sun.

Another traditional Chinese influnce on the house is its placement, at he insistence of Joy's mother, acording to the principles of feng hui. For example, the stair in the enry is rotated slightly out of line with he front door to deter evil spirits om entering the house.

While the house is formally austere, its materials and finishes are ot. Exterior colors were chosen om rocks found on the site. Inside, eiling beams and window frames re made from a favored material of oatbuilders, fine-grained cedar om Port Orford, Oregon. Bird's-ye maple floors, ash cabinets, and ranite and marble countertops omplete the subtle, elegant palette f materials.

Tim and Joy have devoted equal ttention to furnishing the house. im and Kobeou associate Erik Anerson designed the table and sideoard in the dining room. Joy ollaborated with graphic designer Bonni Evenson on the design of the ving room and dining room rugs, which were then woven in Hong Kong. Tim, Joy, and Erik devised the nusual double-bar curtain rods of ickel-plated steel.

Throughout the house, East meets West in graceful—and sometimes whimsical—ways. Flanking the big window in the dining room is a pair of giant Ming dynasty vases brought over by Joy's mother. Just inside the front door a stylish contemporary Brazilian wood cabinet of many draw-





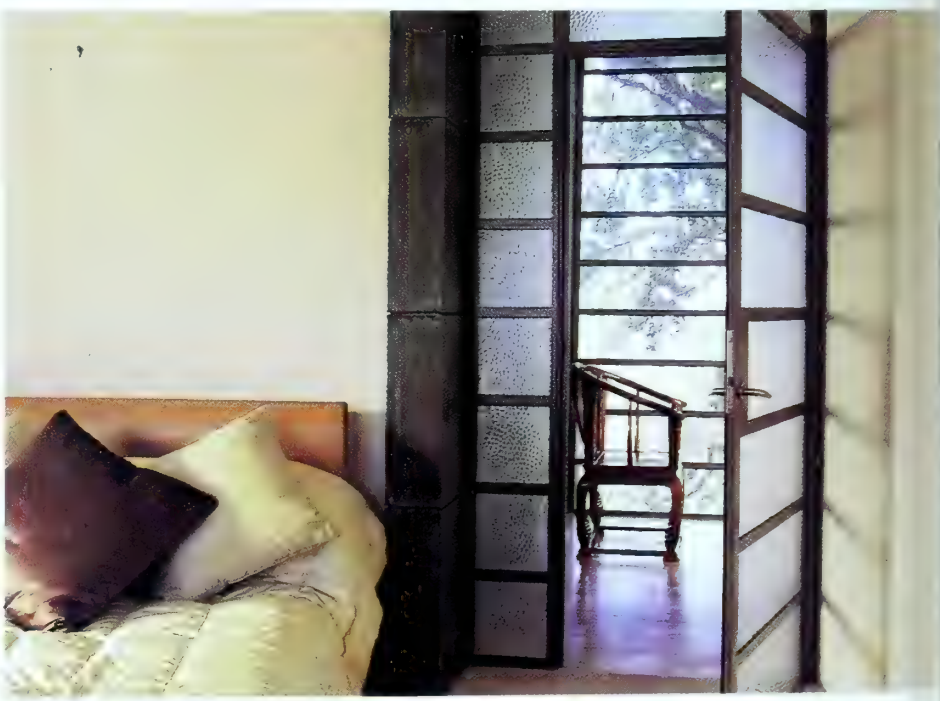
The kitchen, *above*, has ash cabinets, black granite countertops, and a stainless-steel exhaust hood. *Below:* A breakfast room window frames a view of a Japanese maple and live oaks. Philippe Starck's Lilla Hunter chairs for XO accompany a table of Kobe and Erik Anderson's design, made by Ceccotti. *Opposite above:* Ming vases flank the dining room window, which is curtained in a handwoven silk and wool blend from Jack Lenor Larsen. Profili chairs by Loewenstein surround a table by Kobe and Anderson. *Opposite below:* From the front the house seems to be a cluster of small stucco and concrete-block buildings.



ers contains various family members' shoes, in the Asian tradition. In the second-floor gallery at the top of the main stairs, an antique Chinese console and chairs coexist peacefully with a rabbit cage and a drum set. And perched above the hubbub of children racing around the house, Joy's mother, in her steel and glass fo tang, or Buddha room, communes with Buddha before each meal and at each day's end to ask for continued good fortune for her family.

Tim and Joy are avid art lovers. In addition to Francisco de Zurbarán's seventeenth-century portrait of Cardinal Niccolò Albergati, which hangs in their bedroom, the house currently contains works by such contemporary artists as Francesco Clemente, Tim Rollins & K.O.S., Anish Kapoor, and Stephen Davis. But for Tim, one of the most poignant pieces in the house hangs in the master

Tim and Joy's architectural references tend toward early modernism, while her parents look to Chinese tradition





Matt and Leigh Anne do some designing of their own in Matt's room, *opposite above*, furnished with cabinets made in Finland by Muura Me. *Opposite below:* An antique Chinese armchair stands in the hall outside the grandparents' bedroom. *Above:* In Tim and Joy's bedroom, Zurbarán's portrait of Cardinal Niccolò Albergati, 1637–39, contrasts with Paolo Deganello's Torso chair for Cassina and Gae Aulenti's table on wheels for Fontana Arte. *Right:* A molded plywood stool by Yanagi for Tendo, from Japonesque, San Francisco, sits in the dressing room.

bathroom: *Zissou in His Tire-Boat* by Jacques-Henri Lartigue, the French photographer famous for the pictures he took as a youth of his large, tight-knit, and often madcap family. While none of the Ou clan seems to be leaping down flights of steps or floating in the water, fully dressed, in an inner tube, Tim's bemused affection for his in-laws is understandable. These days, when even the nuclear family seems to be an endangered species, it's nice to know that extended families like this one still thrive. And it's also nice to know that architects and designers can come up with ways to help them live gracefully under one roof. ▲





the art o

DESIGN ANALYSIS









arranging



"I made my dining room shelf from a Victorian window pediment that turned up at a London flea market," says Chahan Minassian. "The fact that it's shallow and gilded makes it ideal for displaying frames united by a palette of gold, ivory, and off-white which prevails throughout my little apartment. During the day, everything looks creamy and cool. At night, lit by candlelight, it all takes on a wonderful sheen." Details see Resources.

Master of display

Chahan Minassian practices his craft in his tiny Paris apartment — assembling objects into unexpected vignettes

By Christopher Petkanas

Photographs by Mario Testino

Produced by Susan Goldberger





EIGHTY-FIVE BUSINESS TRIPS kept retail display designer Chahan Minassian in the air, between the sheets of blandly familiar hotel beds, and out of his chocka-block Paris pied-à-terre exactly 260 days last year. His job is so consuming he could not possibly dedicate himself to it if the composition of layered still lifes and the wild-eyed buying and amassing of objects were not also among his chief personal interests.

"At work and in my own apartment, what things are made of—how they feel in the hand—is what inspires me," says Minassian, who was born of Armenian parents in Lebanon in 1961. "I am constantly setting up confrontations—between matte and shiny, sophisticated and rustic, natural and man-made, worthless and precious. It's my interest in different materials and my insistence on a subdued neutral palette that hold this place together."

The tiny proportions of Minassian's apartment in the first arrondissement, just south of the Palais Royal, dramatize a tabletop confrontation between a spidery coral branch made of Murano glass, an elegantly tall English crystal candy urn, a silver lamp with a stitched parchment shade from Germany, and a Victorian porcupine quill basket. "This whole apartment is about contrasting textures," says Minassian. "The bundle of textiles on the living room floor contains a

Chahan Minassian has learned not to be afraid of putting large things in small spaces: "In my nine-foot-wide dining room, the enormous collage of engravings, found as is at an antiques market, extends almost to the ceiling and gives a great feeling of depth to the wall. The sizable iron chaise isn't overpowering thanks to its clean lines and neutral upholstery. I chose a cream linen velvet because it feels good and wears well—over time it turns the color of old plaster."



Mexican serape, a length of antique toile de Jouy, a kilim, and a bit of Aubusson tapestry—and they're all waiting to be put to use."

The textiles obey Minassian's rule barring strong head-turning color. Walls upholstered in white canvas with a soft powdery finish provide a sympathetic backdrop for sculptural objects of marble, ivory, shell, plaster, and horn in a catalogue of shades of cream. He also favors burnished wood tones and reflective flashes of mirror, mercury glass, silver, and crystal.

Minassian reins in all of these elements with a sure and disciplined sense of composition. "Some of my arrangements may seem random, but I make sure the effect is pleasing to the eye," he says. "Unruliness is always offset by organization; if there's a baroque feeling, I counter it with simplicity." In his bedroom, for example, one end is treated as a catchall, and the other, where he sleeps, is all order and harmony.

Minassian insists that when it comes to creating his expansive still lifes, nothing is too planned or self-conscious. "Wherever I go," he says, "I find things—an Italian picture frame made out of piano keys, a scrapbook of 1920s Indian cigarette packages, a card of French brass military buttons—and when I get home, I pile them on the floors and tables." Minassian admits, nonetheless, to constant fiddling: "I am always stepping back to evaluate. I can't stop myself from adding or eliminating objects to create a more aesthetically powerful effect." ▲

"I try to balance busy and empty spaces so that every room feels both dynamic and serene. One end of my bedroom is filled with distractions; the other, where I sleep, is organized and peaceful. The bed is just a mattress on a box spring covered in white canvas; the walls are empty except for a series of architectural prints aligned to suggest a frieze. The muted shades of the linens and blankets allow a mix of patterns to work well together. Any bright colors would keep me awake."

"The busy end of my bedroom, *left*, is anchored by a Fornasetti commode that I consider a 3-D version of the prints on the walls. Every time I empty my pockets I add more things to it. What makes the arrangement look balanced is a mix of contrasting lines—verticals supplied by the crystal lamps and the framed sepia photograph; horizontals supplied by the books, the low bouquet of roses, the array of paperweights. One more addition-long-stemmed roses, for example—and the whole thing might fall apart."



"To introduce a sense of order to a corner of my living room, *above*, I hung a group of embossed prints of architectural reliefs in a grid. I left the prints frameless because I like the way they blend with the walls and create a trompe l'oeil effect. The large frame, with a small frame floating inside it, is like a window—it adds scale and provides a strong focal point. The Victorian tortoise-shell resting on a row of parchment-covered books presents a striking example of a contrast between disparate objects that have color in common."

"[salvaged 1920s radiator
c er, *right*, makes a
g at console—and another
s face for gathering
s venirs from my travels:
1 0s Venetian glass candle-
s ks, a French vellum
f ne, an English snail-
s ped capital. On the floor
I ranged a series of
p nts as a folding screen—
l ve the way screens can
a r the volume of a room,
e n in miniature. Since
t eye needs a place to
r t, the large, almost-empty
r hogany frame offers
a antidote to the clusters
c small objects and
g es scale to the room."



dislike standard book-
elves and side tables—
rticularly since I don't
ve enough space for
em. Instead, I create tidy
es that can be used as
dges. My bedside table,
ove, consists of several
oks, an English orientalist
irror, and two vintage
ligator suitcases that I
eat as drawers for keeping
ings like pocket squares
hich I don't need to get to
very day. I contrasted all
the worn caramel browns
ith a 1925 shiny nickel
mp. It's often just one
ut-of-place object that can
vigorate an otherwise
eepy-looking group."



Mr. Belushi Gets His Dream House

The actor found his ideal retreat in Brentwood and decorator Michael Smith provided all the comforts of home. By Peter Haldeman

Photographs by Jeremy Samuelson Produced by Anne Foxley

HIGH IN A PEPPERTREE UNDER
cloudless Brentwood sky, blue jay
and sparrows are harmonizing ove
the gurgle of the pool filter. A so
breeze carries the scent of rosemary
Memo, the golden retriever, is bus
uprooting a cyclamen. A humming
bird floats nearby like a tiny sus
pended missile. Also nearby
attempting to light his cigar, is Jame
Belushi. "This is what we saw Coro
net films on in high school back i
Chicago," says the actor between in
halations. "Know what I mean? 'The
hummingbird beats its wings thre
thousand times a minute.' "

There is about James Belushi
raffish vibe, the disarming charm o
the misfit. This may have something
to do with his career—mainly a string
of feature parts calling for, in the
sympathetic words of Pauline Kael
"a rancorous pig from the word go."
But after a decade of playing side
kicks and slobs, Belushi recently at
tained leading-man status, in this
fall's *Traces of Red*, a sexy thriller
He looks the romantic lead, too
slimmed down and pumped up. I
his outsiderness has something to do
with image, then, it goes beyond that.

James Belushi began to grapple
with fame shortly after John Belushi
succumbed to it, and by the same
means: as a cast member on the tele
vision show *Saturday Night Live*. Giv
en the circumstances, it's perhaps
less surprising that Belushi frère
commenced his own self-destructive
cycle—boozing too much, getting
suspended from the show, ending
his marriage—than that he managed
to reverse it. He's had his disappoint-



An Italian feeling is what James Belushi, *opposite*, with Memo, wanted for his new house. *Above:* In the living room, peach stucco walls overglazed in brown and yellow and a sofa covered in Clarence House cotton and velvet patchwork evoke an appropriately old-world mood. Details see Resources.

ments since—the dissolution of another long relationship, less than challenging movie assignments—but he seems to have achieved a certain equanimity, the self-possession of the survivor. He is philosophical about his film work, quick to identify the pluses of each project, including, he'll be the first to admit, the sort of income that is useful in fashioning a comfortable existence.

"This is the house that *Real Men* bought," says Belushi, brandishing his cigar as proudly as any new father (and referring to a 1987 comedy with John Ritter about a pair of bungling spies). He disappears inside for a moment and returns with a framed 1935 photograph of the small balconied Mediterranean house, shaded by a handsome Douglas fir. This street, full of such trees and such houses, came to Belushi's attention shortly after he moved from Chicago in 1986 to a bungalow a few blocks

Decorator Michael Smith persuaded Belushi to go beyond the "kind of wheat colors you see in Italian paintings"





The living room, *opposite above*, is awash with reds and golds, from the Cowtan & Tout check at the windows to the Bennison upholstery on the George Smith armchair. *Above:* In the dining room the same rich wall finish mediates the stylistic differences between 18th-century Dutch chairs, a Basque table, and a French bench. Curtain and chair fabrics from Brunschwig & Fils; bench stripe from Henry Calvin. *Opposite below:* An 18th-century bacchanal painted by Corrado Giaquinto hangs in the entry hall.

away. Having arrived with nothing more than his bags—and having always left the homemaking to his wife—his efforts at interior design there ran to a few pieces of patio furniture in the living room. His plans for his new residence were less modest if no less nebulous: they hovered somewhere over Italy, among its atmosphere and colors, "the kind of wheat colors you see in Italian paintings." Belushi's notions about what he did not want were more specific. "I didn't like that Louis stuff," he recalls with evident disgust, "that gaudy kind of gold stuff."

It may be assumed that the actor enlisted the aid of a decorator with some skepticism. By any objective measure, Belushi and Michael Smith —a restive Newport Beach native who began working on the project while he was affiliated with the decorating firm Indigo Seas and completed it after he left—are as dissimilar as any two varieties of the same species. Not that Belushi need have agitated about the Louis stuff. At twenty-eight, with a following that includes Dawn Steel and Charles Roven, Michael J. Fox and Tracy Pollan, Smith both flaunts and flouts his station as a Hollywood darling. "I like to mix couture and surfwear," he camps, proboscis elevated and hands aflutter in a convincing approximation of an insufferably avant-garde designer. But the next minute he's all business. "Seriously," he says, launching a whirlwind tour, "the nice thing about this house is that it's villa-like, so it lent itself to the Italian feel Jimmy wanted."

Smith began with color, coaxing Belushi beyond the wheat range. Color is something of a passion for the decorator, who rhapsodizes about "historical colors that people aren't aware of—the idea of the Acropolis being polychrome, Adam



The living room may suggest an Italian poet warrior, but the bedrooms are pure donna

rooms in really vivid colors, et cetera." The broad stucco surfaces in Belushi's house, the starting point for the project, are now in shades otherwise found only in nature—and perhaps in exurban clothing catalogues: they might have names like palm, hollyberry, burnt amber, watermelon. The yield of several coats of different pigments and a water glaze overlay, these colors have depths that respond dramatically to variations in texture and light. Behind patinated antiques or overstuffed banquettes, above Aubusson fragments or sea grass matting, against sensuous nudes or precise architectural renderings, the richly complected walls gracefully resolve aesthetic disputes that in other rooms could have gotten ugly.

A preponderance of banquettes and throws and pillows invites a horizontal orientation. In the living room—of the burnt amber tones—the view from a big worn sofa with a velvet patchwork quilt is celestial: a galaxy of gold moons and stars is stenciled on the ceiling. "Vaguely D'Annunzio-esque," Smith intones, "very romantic but in that sort of Italian *male* way—the idea of the poet warrior." The bedroom, on the other hand, is pure donna. Without a trace of a blush, Belushi says, "I always wanted a pink kind-of-girly bedroom. I like sleeping in a room that reminds me of warmth and a female kind of—you know." The bed was designed around Venetian painted posts, which also inspired the selection of a baroque architectural panel in soft pastels, a few delicate antiques, and drawings and gouaches on silvered-pink walls that are mostly silver or mostly pink according to the time of day and the arrangement of the curtains and shades.

Like most comfortable houses, this one has a protean nature. In the dining room, cotton curtains after an ancient chintzlike Indian fabric



–"it's the granddaddy of Pier 1 bed-
›reads," Smith quips—open to ad-
ıit light from the back of the house
ınd guests from the front or close to
efine a cozy tented space suggestive
f seraglios and concubines, though
elushi points out that his more like-
dinner guests are "my agents and
awyers." A Basque draw-top table
nd an eighteenth-century French
ench, which comfortably seats six,
urther expand the possibilities.

A study tucked off the Tuscan-
tyle kitchen is the actor's sanctum
anctorum. "I never really had my
›wn room," he says. "I always wanted
o have one of those hunt rooms, you
.now? With that dark red wallpaper
ınd the big leather armchairs and
he guns on the walls." If there are
ny weapons here, they're not on dis-
›lay, and a leather sofa stands in for
ırmchairs, but the sofa and a hand-
ome Bennison fabric on the walls
ıre emphatically dark red. The room
›espeaks sports, if not blood sports. This is where the television is, where Belushi watches football and listens to the stereo and indulges all those other passions that make the private lives of movie stars so fascinating. "I *love* changing light bulbs," he deadpans, proving himself equal to Michael Smith's self-mockery.

But get him started on the hand-painted pot he was given by neighbors on the occasion of some recent relandscaping or on the visits he receives from his twelve-year-old son, Robert, and James Belushi's pleasure in small but hard-won domestic triumphs is one hundred percent genuine. When Robert is out from Chicago, he spends most of his time around the pool practicing dives. His father watches. Belushi himself is more of a jogger than a swimmer. He jogs with Memo early every morning to a place at the beach called Inspiration Point. Each way, it's a hilly six-mile trek—one mile up, then two down, two miles up, and one down. ▲

The lime green of the guest bedroom, *above*, was inspired by an 18th-century Venetian damask of the same vintage as the landscape above the bed. The painted steel bed with brass mounts is from the 1920s. Curtain check from Brunschwig & Fils. *Opposite:* "I always liked the bedroom to be feminine," Belushi says. His own room has silvery pink walls, pink damask on the antique French chaise, and Manuel Canovas toile balloon shades with curtains in Henry Calvin's Sarah Sheer. Paisley lampshade from Paul Ferrante, L.A.

Avid riders and horse breeders, Mort and Donna Fleischer, *opposite*, sitting tall in the saddle near their house. In the great room, *below*, Louis XII bronze sconces flank Edgar Payne's c. 1925 view of the Matterhorn, part of the Fleischers' collection of paintings by California impressionists. Saladino's fireside tête-à-tête makes clever use of the classic cowboy bedroll. His Amphora lamp rests on a table covered in Fortuny cotton. Details see Resources.







DEFINING A NEW LOOK FOR THE SOUTHWEST

A Native American ruin and a Roman villa inspired John Saladino's alternative to faux adobe

By Christine Pittel

Photographs by Michael Mundy

Produced by Anne Foxley



UNDER THE SEARING ARIZONA SUN, THE DESERT landscape Mort and Donna Fleischer see out their windows dissolves into shimmering views, much like those in the California impressionist paintings they collect. The affinities are not entirely accidental. New York designer John Saladino, trained as a painter, sited their house as an amphitheater, framing the desert vistas to capture the ever-shifting play of light on rugged rock outcroppings and spiny cactuses. The harsh midday glare almost erases all trace of pigment, then at sunset the desert blushes with color. "Most people think the desert never changes," explains Donna Fleischer. "But it has its seasons—there's every shade of green imaginable."

"Saladino came out to Scottsdale, looked around, and saw some things no one else had seen before," says Mort Fleischer, president and CEO of the Franchise Finance Corporation of America. Instead of the ubiquitous Santa Fe–style adobe, Saladino envisioned a new form—a house conceived as an Anasazi Indian ruin fused with a Roman villa. He was inspired by the remnants of New Mexico's Pueblo Bonito, dating from the ninth century, built in the shape of a half circle with a central entrance. "The idea was



A wrought-iron gate that the Fleischers found in Santa Fe divides the foyer from the great room, *right,* lined with columns of cantera, a volcanic stone from Mexico. The mottled wall texture was achieved by adding instant coffee to the plaster. Saladino anchored the lofty space with intimate groupings of furniture. His high-backed sofa, glass and steel coffee table, and tub chairs are joined by a Louis XIII armchair draped with a Jeffrey Aronoff chenille throw. The far sofa, also by Saladino, is in a Grey Watkins fabric. *Above:* The window wall frames Pinnacle Peak.



In response to Mort Fleischer's request for a traditional English study, Saladino created a paneled room, *above*, appointed with a partner's desk, an 18th-century Italian chair, and a tree of life Herez carpet. The c. 1939 seascape is by Jack Wilkinson Smith. Saladino's Calla chair is in a Lee Jofa cotton. *Below:* The references switch to Roman and Spanish colonial designs in the dining room where the doors are wrapped in Spinneybeck leather and studded with copper nails. Saladino's use of understated earth tones extends from his glove-leather chairs to the silk on the walls. The baroque mirror is Spanish.



An oak-topped table set in a bay of French windows opens the kitchen to the dense desert highland vegetation. Natural beech chairs by Jack Lenor Larsen are upholstered in a Gretchen Bellinger white cotton bouclé, which doesn't distract from the scenery. The oversize ceramic floor tiles, custom made in Osaka, were chosen to form a sea of blue against all the sandy colors. The Italian granite counter is equipped with a cooktop from Gaggenau. The large jar is Italian majolica.

to build a house that grew out of the traditions of the Southwest," he explains. Then he grafted on another layer of imagery with a similar geometry. The floor plan approximates the Villa Giulia in Rome, built in the 1550s for Pope Julius III, where a columned classical façade curves around a semicircular forecourt.

"It's an interesting wedding of two cultures," says Saladino of this variation on his concept of "civilized ruin," achieved with the help of project designer Benjamin Noriega-Ortiz and assistant designer Hilary Frame. The wings that reach out to embrace the view of Scottsdale have canted stone walls and eroded surfaces, evoking an ancient dwelling crumbling atop a mesa. The worn soft stone, found in a creek bed, looks as if it has been there a long time.

A visitor first walks through a tunnel-like passage leading to the sun-filled courtyard. "You step from dark into light," explains Saladino. "Architecture should be emotional." A rivulet of water runs down the center of the courtyard garden and spills into a lap pool. You have arrived at the oasis. The shady gallery, roofed in Arizona copper, is supported by a western version of the Doric column, carved from cantera stone with convex fluting (instead of the classical concave) to mimic the giant saguaro cactus.

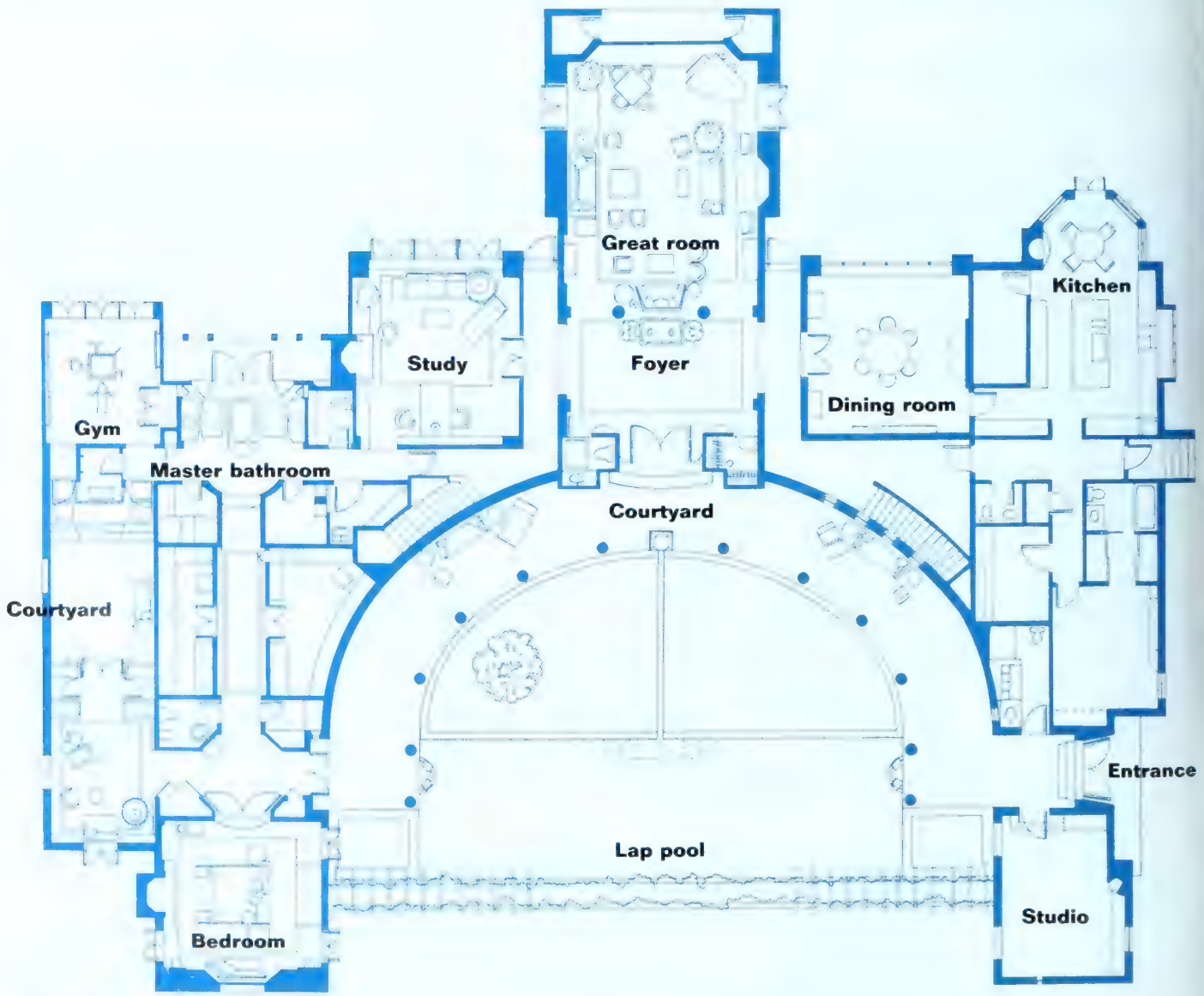
At the center of the colonnade, tall glass double doors open onto a column-lined foyer reminiscent of a Roman peristyle. Only a salvaged wrought-iron gate poised between two stone columns separates it from what Saladino calls the great room, which is the heart of the house. Extending the length of the main axis, the lofty salon climaxes in a dramatic view of Pinnacle Peak framed in a huge arched window wall at the far end. The barrel-vaulted ceiling is seventeen feet high. Furniture arranged in intimate conversation groups creates little rooms within the big room. Saladino designed a high-backed mohair-covered sofa and the western rendition of a tête-à-tête—a two-sided leather chaise topped with a channel-quilted mat that looks like a cowboy's bedroll. An immense nineteenth-century Per-

The muted palette reflects the hues of the desert and its parched vegetation





On the patio, *above left,* the teak table and chairs by Summit Furniture provide an oasis from which to enjoy the brittlebushes and paloverde trees. *Above right:* A long spine of water runs down the center of the courtyard and into a lap pool, which extends from the east wing of the house to the west. The stucco gable echoes the lines of Pinnacle Peak in the distance. *Opposite:* An ironwood tree casts dappled light on Donna Fleischer's plantings of lobelia, dichondra, evolvulus, statice, and African iris. *Below:* The floor plan with its semi-circular court was inspired by both the Villa Giulia, built c. 1550 for Pope Julius III, and an Anasazi ruin.







Matching his-and-her cabinets with white marble counters stand at either side of an American Standard cast-iron tub, sunk Roman-style and positioned to face a desert view. The floor is lined with Chinese marble tiles in what Saladino calls a "bleached lettuce color," which resembles jade. The c. 1580 oak stools are French. Saladino designed the enameled steel sconces. Beyond the French doors a carved portal from Santa Fe opens onto a porch. Shade fabric from Lee Jofa.

sian rug covers a floor of volcanic cantera stone.

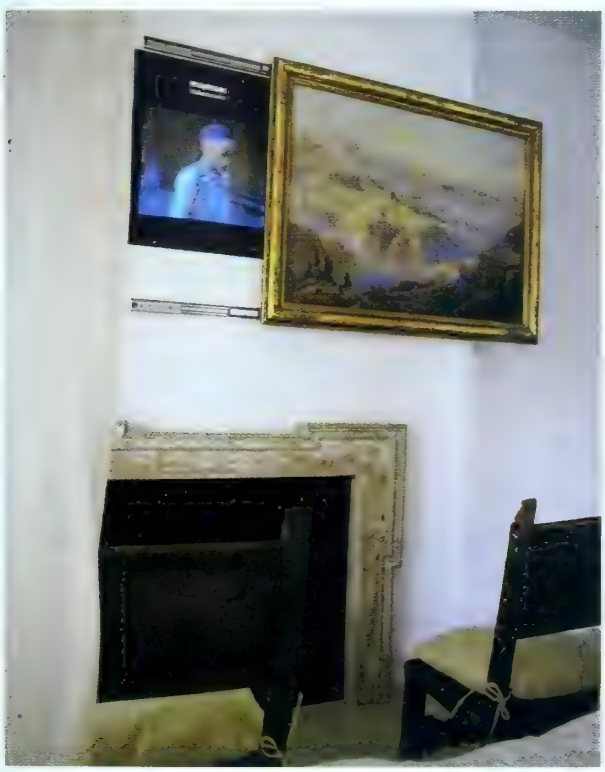
Saladino is renowned as a colorist, and here the muted palette reflects the desert and its vegetation: sage green, gray, umber, violet, and indigo. "When it's 110 degrees outside, it's a relief to walk in to these cool colors," says Donna Fleischer. Nothing looks too new. Saladino likes the feeling of corroded surfaces—raw silk, weathered wood, worn leather. The scratch-coat plaster walls, with rough and smooth areas, seem archaic: "This is the underplaster you normally hide, but I like it. It's humble, nontechnological, romantic." The timeworn patina was achieved by pouring buckets of instant coffee into the plaster. Some parts of the wall dried more quickly than others, creating a bleached bone look. The color changes from chalk in the morning to taupe at night. In the kitchen, periwinkle-blue ceramic tiles psychologically quench your thirst after all those sandy shades.

"If you think of the exterior as a barnacle shell," says Saladino, "this is the smooth skin"

The progression from room to room is ceremonial, heightened by stately leather-wrapped doors studded with oxidized copper nails. Once again Saladino deftly merges imageries—the pattern on the leather simultaneously suggests ancient Roman grillwork and Spanish colonial hacienda doors. One pair opens onto the dining room where the walls are sheathed in iridescent apricot silk. A rib-vaulted ceiling culminates in a skylight. Says Saladino, "I want you to feel light pouring over you like water into cupped hands."

For this designer a house should offer not merely shelter but sanctuary: "I always seek a sense of repose. In fact, I like spaces sometimes to be somnambulant." In the master bedroom the chaste steel canopy bed is

In the serene ivory-toned master bedroom, *above*, the steel four-poster from J. Lambeth & Co. is hung with gauze curtains and positioned next to a window in a shell-shaped niche. A Casella brass lamp curves over a burled ash night table from William Switzer. The chest is French Gothic. The handwoven wool and mohair rug is a Saladino design. *Below:* J. Bond Francisco's c. 1907 painting of the Grand Canyon, above an 18th-century English mantel, slides sideways to reveal a TV.



draped in white gauze. A jewel-like window is set in a shell-shaped niche scooped out of the thick wall. The ivory-toned walls are more polished here and the light is opalescent. "If you think of the outside of the house as a barnacle shell," says Saladino, "this is the smooth skin." The room is classical and serene. "A house should be a great cathedral in the daytime and shrink at night to a womb," he continues. "You can hear the desert silence," says Mort Fleischer.

Saladino considers a house a success when the clients "finally wash you out of their hair and spread their own personalities around." The Fleischers have added mementos from their travels to Africa and beyond. Not long ago, Donna Fleischer climbed Kilimanjaro, in between riding cutting horses in competition and serving as executive director of the Fleischer Museum, which is dedicated to California impressionism. Saladino thinks their house will be even better in a few years. "I'm just waiting for more of the desert to sift between the cracks." ▲

Alone on a table or as part of a group on the collector's shelf, the teapot stands out among decorative household objects. The same cozily efficient vessel that retains heat for a proper brew, and pours without spilling or scalding, is also a triumph of sculptural form. Teapot connoisseurs Bennett and Judie Weinstock of Philadelphia have surrounded themselves with a museum-quality array of eighteenth-century English examples. Their classic pots hold more than tea—they offer insights into changing styles of ornament and the ebb and flow of culture and taste.



DR. JOHNSON, A MAN OF MORE vices than his biographer chose to mention, did make one significant confession. He was, he owned up, a "hardened and shameless tea-drinker, who has, for twenty years diluted his meals with only the infusion of this fascinating plant; whose kettle has scarcely time to cool; who with tea amuses the evening, with tea solaces the midnight, and with tea welcomes the morning."

He would never have gotten any sleep in the Philadelphia house of Bennett and Judie Weinstock, whose collection of eighteenth-century English ceramic teapots might have kept the thirsty lexicographer awake just counting them by the score. Johnson's devotion to tea was shared by as many of his contemporaries as could afford the indulgence. The Chinese had a head start of almost five thousand years, but from the time tea became an inextricable, if costly, part of English life in the early 1700s, teapots have solidified the equation of domesticity with Britishness.



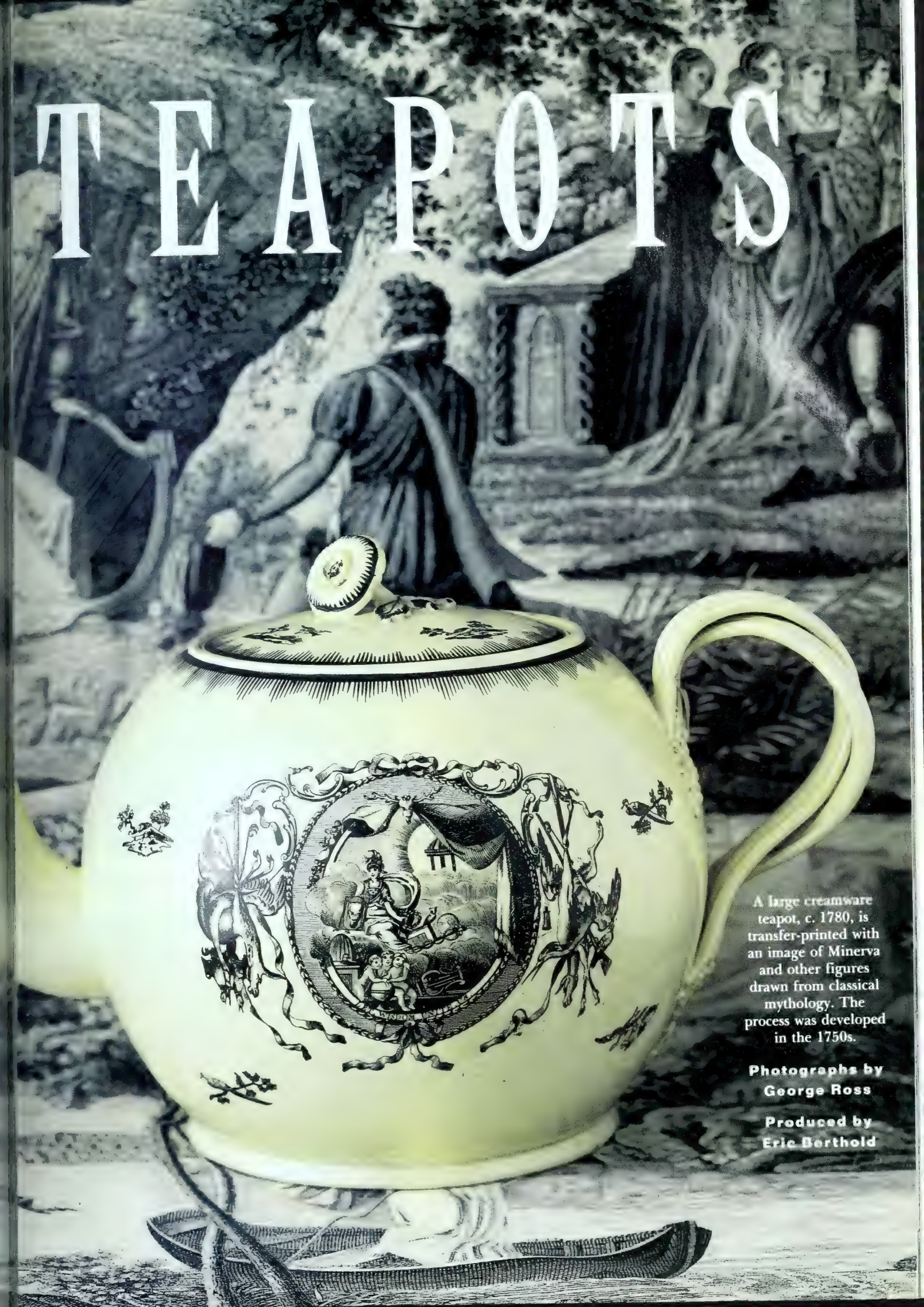
Bennett and Judie Weinstock, *above*, entertain at teatime with Minton porcelain and Georgian silver. Some of their 18th-century teapots line the shelves. *Top:* Patterns copied from chintz are combined on a creamware teapot.

The Weinstocks' collection comes in practically every variety made in Staffordshire from the 1740s to about 1810, when pottery began to lose its aesthetic innocence to the industrial revolution. Master teapotter Thomas Whieldon was one of the first to establish himself, in 1740, with a knife- and fork-handle factory at Fenton Low which soon expanded to other forms and helped spread potteries throughout the district of the Five Towns. He and young Josiah Wedgwood were briefly partners from 1754 to 1759, before Wedgwood went off on his own, winning royal patronage with his cream or Queen's ware, building an earthenware empire with a combination of scientific acumen, artistic sensibility, and business sense and giving teapots a neoclassical spin.

Mass-produced for the middle classes, relatively few pots were signed, dated, or marked; the rest made their way anonymously into the heart of the English home. Their fragility and their increased popularity among collectors have made them a rarity. They can now end up in collections for as much as $50,000 apiece. The Weinstocks have some signed pots and many historically significant examples, including their oldest piece, a tubby flower-entwined footed pot attributed to Enoch Booth of Tunstall, who discovered the double-firing method for liquid lead-glazed cream-colored earthenware in the 1740s. But provenance is only a secondary consideration. "It has to do something for us emotionally," Bennett says. It's what you'd call a consuming passion. "Other men play golf or ten-

By Celia McGee

TEAPOTS



A large creamware teapot, c. 1780, is transfer-printed with an image of Minerva and other figures drawn from classical mythology. The process was developed in the 1750s.

Photographs by George Ross

Produced by Eric Berthold



Traces of gilding remain on a salt-glazed teapot in the shape of a Georgian house. A dog knop, or finial, crowns the lid.



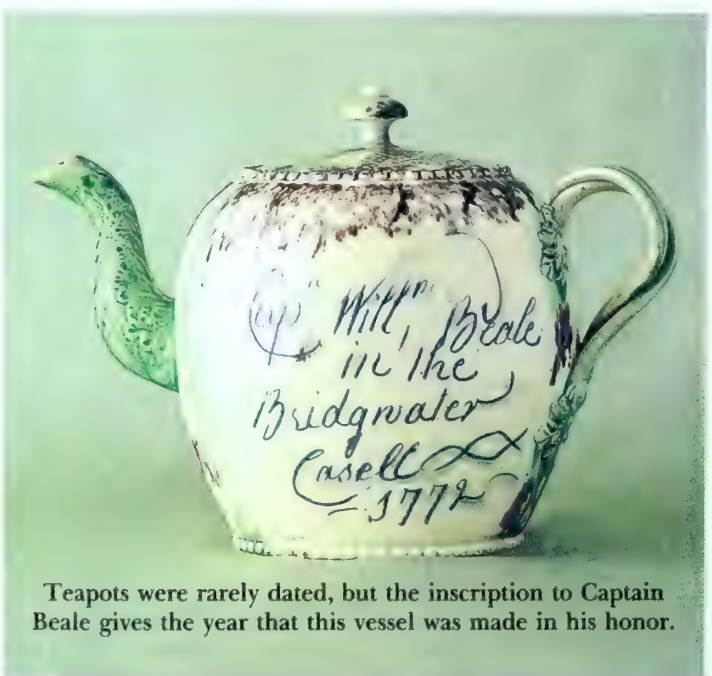
A pearlware teapot, c. 1790, the latest type collected by the Weinstocks, fancifully suggests a Persian garden pavilio



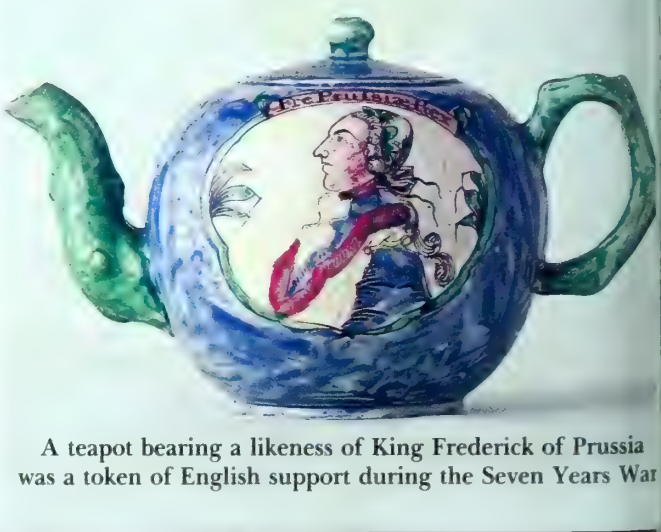
The tartan on this salt-glaze pot may be a gesture of political affection for Bonnie Prince Charlie and the Jacobite cause.



Subtle glazing and fine modeling distinguish a Whieldon-typ overhandled teakettle that mimics a cauliflower, a popular for



Teapots were rarely dated, but the inscription to Captain Beale gives the year that this vessel was made in his honor.



A teapot bearing a likeness of King Frederick of Prussia was a token of English support during the Seven Years War



One of relatively few signed Staffordshire teapots, this [o]n-Voyez piece shows a couple dallying among the bulrushes.



[t]ops and bottoms often got separated during firing, but the two segments of this striped melon line up beautifully.



The sober figure on the front of this transfer-printed teapot is a cleric. On the back is the motto "Pray Always."

Some eighteenth-century designs could fool the eye into pegging them as modern art pottery

nis," he explains. "I go looking for teapots."

The pots display enough artistry to evoke the full range of eighteenth-century provincial English life. Entire families gathering around the hearth for their afternoon brew. Misses in sprigged muslin whispering tête-à-tête over the teapot. Burly farmers celebrating a good harvest with the luxury beverage. Elderly widows cuddling the warmth from their one-person pots. True to the collection's utilitarian origins, the Weinstocks have actively avoided turning their redbrick house into a museum. "They're really like our toys," says Bennett. The couple, partners in the decorating firm they started when Bennett switched careers after fourteen years as a lawyer, have a grown daughter and son. "We never wanted an atmosphere that would be intimidating to our children," Judie says. "We wanted them to feel comfortable here, and comfortable about having their friends around." For teatime at the Weinstocks', Judie will have made the scones, and Minton the china. (The Weinstocks don't use pots from their collection because some are in delicate condition and the impurities in modern water may be harmful to the pottery.) The teapots can be found on a revolving Sheraton bookcase or tiered Georgian wall shelves, in a Hepplewhite satinwood bookcase-secretary or a miniature Regency painted bookcase. That *is* a splendid creamware overhandled teakettle being used to hold flowers.

The Weinstocks bought their first teapot on their honeymoon in England twenty-eight years ago. "We were running around to museums and flea markets and began to appreciate the luxury of sitting down and having tea at the end of the day," Bennett says. "We wanted to infuse that into our way of life at home." The teapot was agateware, the type *(Continued on page 150)*





A Sheraton wall shelf, *opposite*, holds agateware, the pottery made from variously colored clays folded together to resemble the veining of agate. The diamond-shaped pedestal pot at right on the middle shelf is the first teapot the Weinstocks ever bought. The smallest pot on the bottom shelf was intended for one person's use. Lion's-head knees and paw feet on the footed vessels were attempts at imitating silver. *Above:* A Regency bookcase displays creamware with floral decoration based on pattern books for amateur painting, embroidery, and stenciling. Many pots are topped by flower knops.



Seasons

GOLD-STAR GATHERING
A boldly striped Lieux salad plate from Henri Bendel tops a Bernardaud dinner plate and a gold-leafed charger from Philippe Deshoulières for a table that is formal without being fussy. Crystal flute by Orrefors. Napkins from Wolfman-Gold & Good Co., NYC. Sterling silver salt cellar, pepper shaker, and candlesticks from Tiffany & Co. Stars silk from Christopher Hyland. Linen napkin by Leslie Pontz. Delft bust of Louis XVI and 18th-century Russian flatware from Willard Vine Clerk, Malden Bridge, New York. Cotton stripe by Waverly. Details see Resources.

Settings

From sophisticated formality to casual country, holiday tables take on their own personalities



ND BLUE CHRISTMAS
ue ornaments inspire ewel-like palette for ive but informal family l. Royal Oak porcelain Puiforcat. Gold-plated are by Hermès. Iittala l votives. Bisazza wine- es in green, white, and . Crackled blue green balt goblets with a clear re base from Bergdorf man, NYC. Archipelago from Barneys New York. crystal salt and pepper ers from Cose. Antique h vase from Willard Vine erk. Ornaments from . Mavec, NYC.

ERIC BERTHOLD
ographs by David Frazier



SOPHISTICATED RHYTHM
Geoffrey Beene's Drum Papaya plate for Swid Powell sets the beat for a modern table. Christofle's Talisman lacquered silver-plated flatware. Narcisse wine-glass from Baccarat. Sasaki crystal water glass. Set of conical salt and pepper shakers echo the ribbed effect of two Gunnel Sahlin Atelier vases for Kosta Boda. Napkin from Barneys. Napkin ring from ABC Carpet & Home, NYC. Candles by Bernard Roth. Country Field tiles from Intaglio.

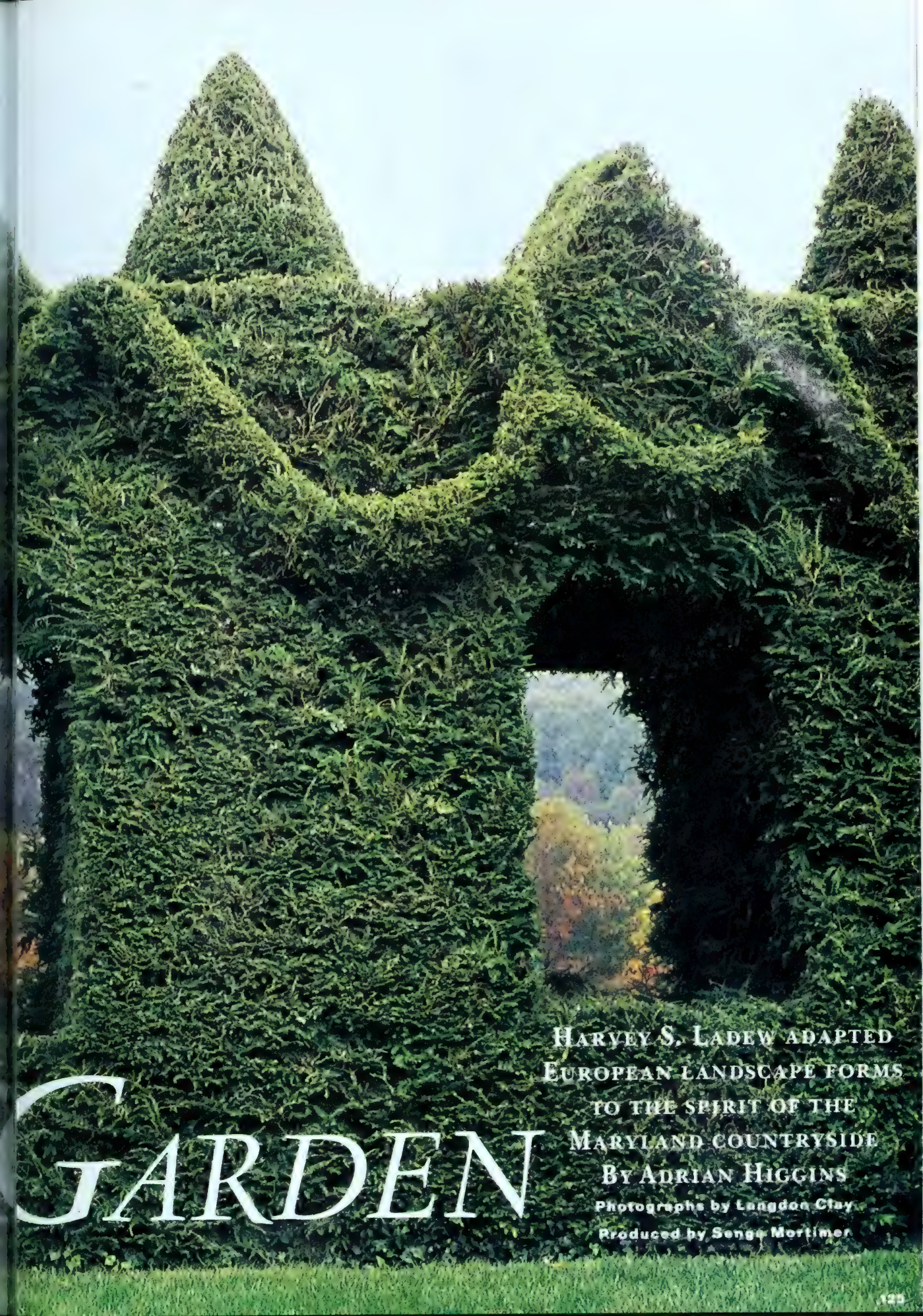


WINTER HARVEST
Haviland's Jardin d'Eden porcelain and a Blue Raffia service plate from Fitz & [illegible] become a metaphorical [illegible] distressed-wood [illegible]. Billy Goldsmith's cups and saucers from Wolfman-Gold & Good with American Garden sterling teaspoons from Tiffany's. Stylized flower plates from Barneys. Pearlized resin flatware by Laure Japy for Barneys. Table, pressed glass, and napkin ring from ABC Carpet & Home. Napkin from Wolfman-Gold.



Windows in hemlock walls outside the house open onto views of the Maryland hunt country Harvey Ladew adored. Sheared swags are a classic Ladew touch.

AN AMERICAN GENTLEMAN'S



GARDEN

HARVEY S. LADEW ADAPTED EUROPEAN LANDSCAPE FORMS TO THE SPIRIT OF THE MARYLAND COUNTRYSIDE

By Adrian Higgins

Photographs by Langdon Clay

Produced by Senga Mortimer



The Terrace Garden, *above*, aligns with the portico and breezeway Ladew added to the old farmhouse he acquired in 1929. Steps symmetrically flanked by topiary obelisks mark the start of a garden axis that extends northward beyond the vast sunken lawn and central fountain of the Great Bowl, *below*, and between high buttressed hedges, culminating in the domed Temple of Venus set on a hillock. While the grand scale of the vista and the use of a classical folly as an eyecatcher recall the landscapes of Georgian parks, the geometric plan and architectural topiary evoke earlier Italian and French precedents. Ladew sculpted his obelisks and ramparts in native hemlock, *Tsuga canadensis*, chosen for its fine texture and dense growth. The topiary is clipped in late spring and, in wet years, again in early fall.

HARVEY SMITH LADEW WAS BORN INTO New York society, into a world of dazzling characters dressed each to his role. He recalled dowagers in tiaras attended by footmen in livery and powdered hair. His father was a hardworking businessman and investor, his uncle Joe was a charming wastrel and yachtsman, and another spendthrift uncle, E. Berry Wall, was a dandy who claimed to be one of the first men in America to wear a tuxedo. Harvey Ladew liked his uncles, liked their style. He came into his own fortune at the age of twenty-five and, after World War I, decided he would live a life of adventure and elegance until he was fifty and then settle down and get a job. As he approached the half-century mark, however, this rash promise went by the board. Instead, he spent the rest of his life building a cluster of splendid gardens for himself and his friends in the Maryland hunt country north of Baltimore.

Today, sixteen years after Harvey Ladew's death, the gardens have been restored as a quiet masterpiece of American landscaping. Between early spring and late fall an average of 30,000 people wander through the twenty-two cultivated acres of the Ladew Topiary Gardens, and if they go thinking they will see some dotty display of cartoonlike creatures, they are in for a pleasant shock. Unlike other public gardens' topiary, which tends to be amassed in a single garden room, Ladew's forms



ne backbone to a series of spaces that elicit all the correct motional responses. Passing among and through the fteen gardens, there is mystery, surprise, joy, and an ndercurrent of whimsy that never sinks to silliness.

The gardens reflect their creator's cultivated tastes nd cosmopolitan experiences. Ladew was an adventurr who once trekked across Arabia on a camel (with butr in tow); he painted, decorated his own interiors, and, s a linguist, became a liaison officer in France during Vorld War I. But Ladew's abiding passion, before his arden-making phase began, was fox hunting. It was the ox that drew him from New York to Maryland's Harord County where, he said, the hunting "was keen and he fences weren't wire."

In designing gardens he was inspired by the images he collected" wherever he traveled, but his powers of inention ensured originality. The most famous example s his hunt scene topiary: two riders and their mounts ly over a fence behind six hounds in pursuit of a fox naking for covert. Ladew got the idea from a topiary unt atop an English hedge, but he turned a mere plant culpture into a tableau vivant of great visual energy. Near the entrance to his estate, on the hedge surrounding his gardener's cottage, a topiary Scottie runs oward his bowl and ball.

Farther up the drive is a pair of vast wooden dovetes: one waits for the thunderous clapping of pigeons he size of condors. The dovecotes mark the start of the garden tour, near the circular forecourt to the eighteenth- and nineteenth-century clapboard farmhouse adew acquired in 1929. To the west of the forecourt, he Wild Garden, one of two areas of studied wilderness, eads to the Victorian Garden, whose tiered iron fountain is glimpsed in advance through a tunnel of rhododendron. Inside this secret garden, one's eye is drawn to he delicately planted edges where, in summer, purple heliotrope, lavender pink impatiens, and deep lavender hostas evoke the pastels of an old-fashioned border.

Next along the connecting pathway, the Berry Garden—a long enclosure that runs perpendicular to the path and tempts one away from it—is a masterstroke of design. The garden presents a dichotomy: its central beds of topiary, marble fountain, and gravel floor evoke a classic Italian or French parterre, but the air of old-world tradition is countered by all-American redbrick edging, glaring blue light in summer and winter, and masses of trees and shrubs chosen for the berries that supply off-season color and food for the birds.

The grass walk is again interrupted, this time by a semicircular landing which turns out to be the viewing platform for a formal lawn to one side. Originally devoted to tennis and later to croquet, the greensward is bounded by high hemlock hedges with windows giving views of treats yet to come. But returning to the path, one comes upon the Pink Garden, where crape myrtle, astilbe, nicotiana, phlox, and malva attest to Ladew's favorite color, and gently curved plantings mark the



One of a flock of twelve topiary swans appears to float on a wavelike hedge along the eastern arc of the Great Bowl. The birds' necks have been regrown to restore their graceful bend.

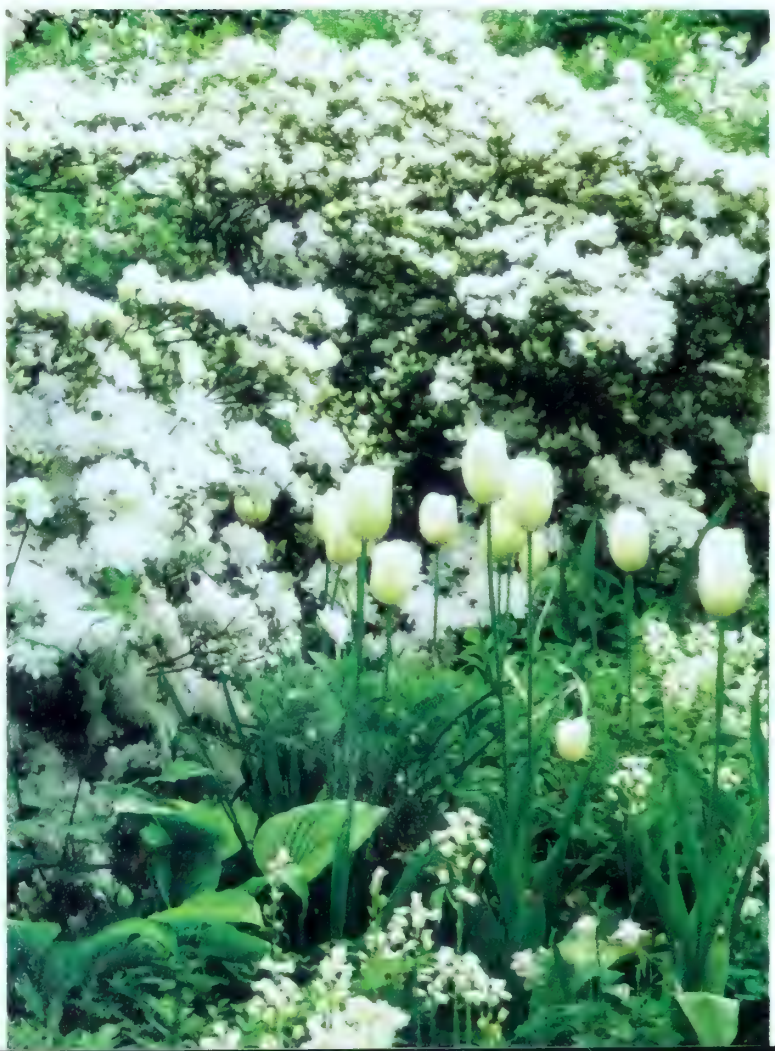


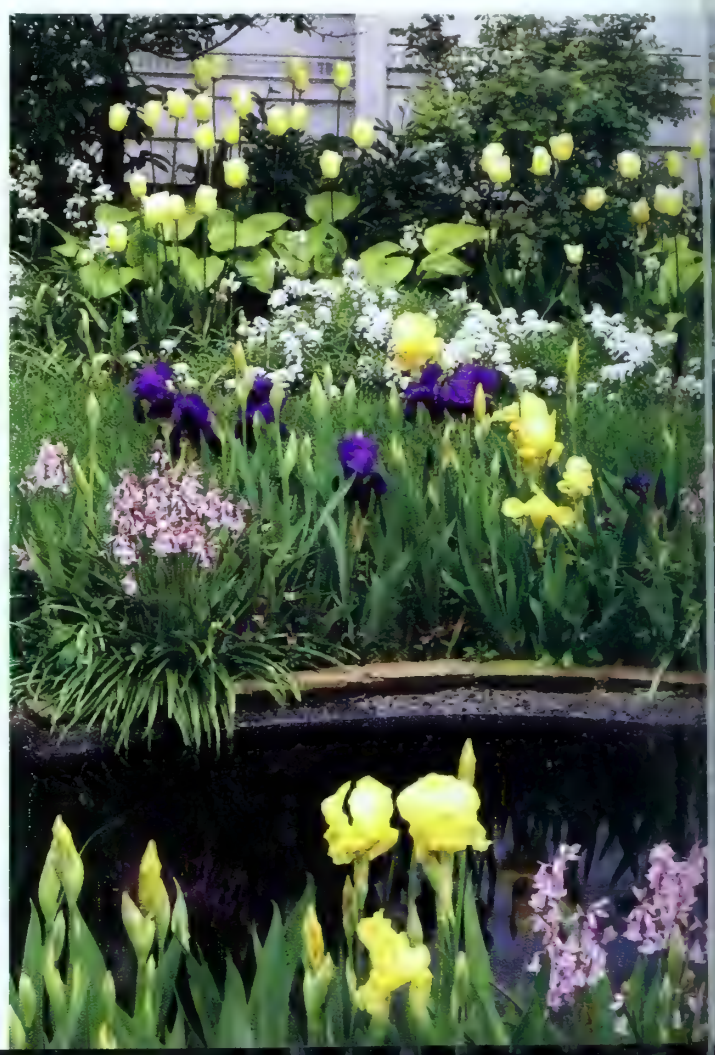
Ladew's hunt scene embodies his dashing style and wit. The horse and rider jumping the fence as well as the hounds were carved from small-leafed English yew trained over metal forms.



A lyrebird perches in the Topiary Sculpture Garden, which also contains sea horses and Winston Churchill's victory sign.

Among the shrubs and trees that sustain the color scheme of the Yellow Garden, *above*, are *Kerria japonica*, a variegated golden dogwood, and a meandering hedge of golden privet. *Below left:* 'Maureen' tulips underplanted with *Scilla campanulata* in the White Garden. *Below right:* In a typical Ladew color counterpoint, Johnny-jump-ups echo the yellows and purples of tulips and irises.





Like Ladew's other passion, the hunt, his gardens display grace and skill within strongly drawn lines of behavior

landscape's first conspicuous departure from regular geometry. Order is soon restored, though, in the Rose Garden, where a circular brick wall encloses concentric beds of climbers, ramblers, grandifloras, floribundas, and hybrid teas in solid blocks of pink, white, crimson, and yellow underplanted with blue pansies.

Formality gives way to nature in Ladew's own Garden of Eden. Paths wind through groves of old apple and crab apple trees and broad clumps of mature azaleas, leading to a small keyhole-shaped entrance to a garden in crimson, maroon, and silver and to a shady corner where statues of Adam and Eve speak to the garden as enduring metaphor for paradise. Eve holds an apple to Adam's chest. He gazes back in mild reproof, but the joke is that more fruit is hidden in his hand. Where Harvey Ladew trod, jokes followed. At the far end of the landscape's main axis—a vista extending northward from a terrace outside the house—stands the Temple of Venus, a classical folly perfectly poised on the rise of a hill, but crowned by an incongruously large white swan.

Near a brook that traverses the axis, Ladew placed the teahouse he built onto the façade of a ticket office salvaged from London's Tivoli Music Hall. Above the working fireplace he installed a pane of glass that looks out to the countryside and surrounded it with a picture frame inscribed: "*Everchanging Landscape.* By Harvey S. Ladew." It is a joke rooted in reality, for each of his gardens is sophisticated enough to carry through every season. The Water Lily Garden, for instance, only improves with the passing of summer. In July the dark slate terraces are washed out by the high sun, but in October the paving turns jet black and is flecked with fallen leaves of pure yellow and crimson. The dried rose purple panicles of hydrangea standards capture the afternoon light.

In the sloping Iris Garden there is more topiary tomfoolery: a Chinese junk is moored at the end of a stream, overlooked by a leafy Buddha. The Topiary Sculpture Garden has similarly light moments in horticulture, including giant fingers raised in Winston Churchill's victory sign. Despite such plant antics, Ladew also understood when to leave nature alone—or, at least, to carry off a naturalistic illusion. There is nothing forced about the beauty of the Yellow Garden, where the verticals of golden juniper and arborvitae are balanced by the layered branches of specimen Japanese maples and a variegated golden dogwood.

Nor is all the topiary a caper. Yew swans float serenely on billowing hedges rimming the green hollow of the Great Bowl, clipped walls are *(Continued on page 151)*



Adam hides apples behind his back in the Garden of Eden, *above,* where azaleas flower under apple and crab apple trees. *Below:* A ladylike chair sits near hanging baskets of sedum in the wisteria-clad breezeway. Clematis climbs the pillars.





The landscape was crafted for anticipation and surprise



ay in the Rose
wall forms an
colonnade with
arch that
the Iris Garden
far side of the
owl. *Opposite:*
isteria canopies
umbrella frame
limbing rose
s the handle.

"I'll have
a rose garden
and a gazebo—heavy
on the bluegrass."



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Putting Together the Perfect Kitchen



THE NEW COUNTRY KITCHEN at Nan and Stephen Swid's Southampton house combines a gas range with painted oak cabinets. Above the stove a luggage rack from a railroad car displays old mixing bowls. Details see Resources.

FROM A COUNTRY KITCHEN to a sleek galley, HG finds the best solution for every taste, including storage, lights, hardware, seating, and experts' sources. By Terry Trucco

New Country Kitchen



NAN SWID, PRESIDENT OF SWID POWELL, CREators of household items designed by architects, artists, and fashion designers, had strong ideas about the kitchen she wanted for the Southampton, New York, house where she and her husband, Stephen, founder and CEO of SCS Communication, spend their weekends. It had to be light and airy, a friendly funky place to hang out—a 1990s interpretation of a country kitchen. "I didn't want one of those kitchens without a salt shaker in sight," she says. Generous storage, efficient work space, and a checklist of restaurant-type appliances rounded out the requirements.

If, by definition, the ideal 1990s kitchen reflects the needs and personality of its owners, this one—with plans from architects Gwathmey Siegel & Associates and decoration by Stephen Sills—gently nudges perfection. "The rest of the house is so spare I wanted this to be a lived-in working area," says Nan Swid. "Usually there are seven or eight people in here when we're cooking."

THE CIRCULAR EATING AREA, designed by Gwathmey Siegel and decorated by Stephen Sills, helps make the Swids' kitchen a gathering place for friends and family. Light streams through a spherical skylight in the domed ceiling and a row of square skylights above the windows. The stainless-steel sink in the work area has drawers for stashing damp towels and aprons. On the counter at right, Geoffrey Beene's Drum china for Swid Powell.

KITCHEN FLOOR PLAN

1 Eating area	**5 Gas range**
2 Island	**6 Dishwasher**
3 Sink	**7 Table**
4 Refrigerator	**8 Pantry**





CURVED SHELVES that house early 20th century ceramics separate the eating and food-preparation areas. From the work island the Traulsen refrigerator, at left, and the Garland range are an easy reach.

New Country Kitchen



WAINSCOTING, a barn hinge, and French limestone floor tiles, *left,* accentuate the kitchen's rural roots. At the marble counter, Justin Terzi's Cypress Garden tea service. *Below left:* The table is set with Calvin Tsao's Flip Flop. All china from Swid Powell. Chair fabric from Brunschwig & Fils.



Sills, who saw his chief task as "softening the kitchen's architectural edge," warmed the walls with pale pink and placed what he calls "humble furnishings" in the window-lined eating area: a round oak table on a Thonet base and green "pioneer chairs." Tall plant stands allow an unobstructed view of the garden.

The kitchen's nerve center is the maple-topped work island, its laminated beech base outfitted with drawers, a trash compactor, and shelves for cookbooks. From here chef Kate Manchester, who cooks for anywhere from sixteen to sixty on summer weekends, can easily wash vegetables at the double sink, peel fruit at a smaller round sink, or warm bread in the sleek stainless-steel cabinets over the six-burner stove. Dirty dishes are relegated to a third sink, which is flanked by twin dishwashers, all a discreet distance from the cooking area. "Everything you see in this kitchen gets used," says Manchester. "Even those four big bowls over the stove." ♠

Specialized Storage



Slots for serving trays and baking tins.



A metal-lined bread drawer in the island.



Pull-out appliance shelf in a cabinet.



Shallow shelves for tea boxes.

A Place for Everything

Every kitchen—and every cook—has unique storage requirements, from teapots and table linens to cookbooks and cookie sheets



GLASS DOORS offer many possibilities. Kevin Walz's vitrine, *left,* for a farmhouse kitchen provides both natural light and storage. The double-paned window does not open, Walz points out: "Otherwise the neighbors could take the dishes." Cynthia and Patrick O'Neal had a red lacquered cabinet, *right,* built to set off their Bauerware collection. Details see Resources.









PARTICULAR NEEDS call for inventive solutions, like the slotted wood racks with hooks, *left,* that display rolling pins in a California pantry. *Above:* Chicken wire both shields and reveals the contents of Smallbone's pine cabinet. *Above right:* Allmilmo's melamine-sheathed lazy Susan makes the most of corner space and keeps items secure with a false back that follows the shelves' contours. *Right:* To protect a silver collection, Odom Stamps lined hardwood shelves with felt.



Small-Space Kitchens

Even when every inch is at a premium, there's no need to choose between individual style and efficient organization





TO CAPTURE THE MOOD OF A BUTLER'S PANTRY, architect Robert McAlpine outfitted his own 12-by-12-foot kitchen with a leather-covered banquette, a linoleum floor, and a work island that serves as a table, *above left.* The appliances—among them a Viking range, KitchenAid dishwasher, and Traulsen refrigerator—are lined up along one wall where electrical outlets hide behind an angled spice shelf atop the quilted stainless-steel backsplash. Oval plates—"They make me feel as if I'm eating out," McAlpine says—are stored like record albums in vertical-slatted shelves, beside a mahogany cabinet. *Above right:* The island's sink lets McAlpine wash vegetables without turning his back on his guests. Details see Resources.

DIMINUTIVE KITCHENS POSE A DISTINCT SET OF challenges, from providing sufficient storage to shoehorning in a dining area—all without creating a cluttered feeling. To make close areas feel spacious, designers suggest long countertops, consistent colors, and streamlined cabinets. Some architects avoid recessed lighting, which entails lowering the ceiling.

Themes often work well in minimal spaces. For Deborah and Peter Krulewitch, enthusiastic collectors of vintage furniture and appliances, architect Hermes Mallea and decorator Carey Maloney of M (Group) devised a room that "Lucy and Ricky could relate to," as Mallea puts it, in an apartment on New York's Upper West Side. (The bright red wallpaper depicts bakers balancing pies.) And when designer Terry Gamble asked a San Francisco client about his dream kitchen, he responded with a magazine photograph of a stateroom on an old luxury liner, which suggested Gamble's elegant curved mahogany cabinetry.

Not everyone yearns for a vast kitchen. Architect Robert McAlpine, an admirer of the classic American diner, deliberately chose to keep the kitchen compact when he remodeled his seventy-eight-year-old Montgomery, Alabama, house two years ago. The work island, topped with stainless steel, doubles as the dining table, and eight guests can squeeze onto the leather-covered banquette while the host chops vegetables. "I can make dinner and chat with my guests without shouting from another room," he says. ♠

A PLAYFUL RETRO KITCHEN, 10 by 15 feet, by architect Hermes Mallea and decorator Carey Maloney of M (Group) showcases 1940s enameled metal tables and 1930s painted wood chairs that owners Deborah and Peter Krulewitch acquired at flea markets. Side cabinets were removed to create a shallow eating alcove, separated from the work area by a colonial revival–style screen wall, and a refrigerator was tucked into a doorless closet opposite the alcove. Old-fashioned cabinets—one wall is vintage, the other new—dotted Swiss curtains, and linoleum flooring from Stark add to the nostalgic flavor.

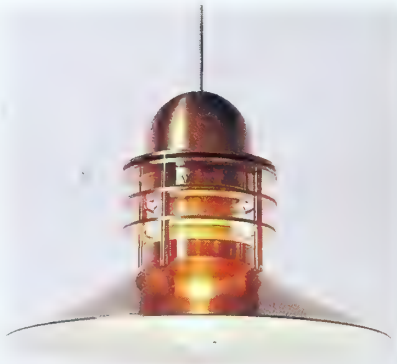


AN OCEAN LINER inspired Terry Gamble's design for an 11-by-15-foot kitchen on Nob Hill. The gently curved work area, with mahogany cabinets and a marble countertop, shares a wall with the round living room. The natural light entering through a French door onto the terrace, at left, is augmented by a pendant lamp and task lights. The appliances include a Dacor cooktop, Elkay sink, KitchenAid dishwasher, and Thermador combination oven and microwave.

Elements à la Carte

OVERHEAD LIGHTS

The best-lit kitchens mix natural light from windows or skylights with task and overhead lighting. Task lights on a counter or work area can hide discreetly under cabinets for maximum brightness and minimal shadows, while decorative fixtures suit dining areas and islands. New York kitchen designer Florence Perchuk likes angled lights aimed at a painting or plant. Food looks especially appetizing under incandescent lights, but energy-efficient fluorescents and halogens are also effective.



DAVID FRAZIER

Alfred P. Homann and Ole V. Kjar's pendant lamp for Louis Poulsen is crafted from copper. $683. At the Lighting Center, NYC (212) 888-8383. For other stores (305) 625-1009.



Six flame-shaped bulbs illum[inate] handwrought-iron chandelier[.] From Nancy Fierberg, Wood[bury], Conn. (203) 263-4957.

HARDWARE

The quickest way to customize a kitchen is to add distinctive hardware—a process made easier if the cabinets are ordered without predrilled holes. Hardware choices abound, from antique pulls in porcelain, brass, or nickel to sleek hooks in stainless steel. Pieces need not match; designer Charles Morris Mount of New York's Silver & Ziskind/Mount suggests pulls that are complementary but not identical for upper and lower cabinets. The best hardware is often the simplest: aprons can get caught on elaborate edges. Function matters with kitchen hardware: the best feels as good as it looks.



MONICA STEVENSON

Classic bin pulls from Merit Metal in chrome, brushed chrome, and brass, 3⅝ inches long. $10–$12 ea. At Simon's Hardware, NYC. For other stores (215) 343-2500.



Japanese netsuke inspired [hardware] Revness's cast-bronze pulls [4] inches long. $48.50 ea. At Zo[lo] For other dealers (213) 938-[16]

COUNTER-HEIGHT SEATING

From backless perches to chairs on stilts, the classic kitchen stool blends function with style. The smartest stools, ergonomically speaking, have footrests and back supports. Backless models are fine if a countertop or armrest is nearby. The right stool allows the sitter to rest elbows comfortably on the countertop. Few authorities wholeheartedly approve of stools. Still, problems are rare "if you don't sit on them too long," says ergonomics guru Marvin J. Dainoff of Ohio's Miami University.

All prices approximate



MONICA STEVENSON

Drucker café stool, 31 inches high, in rattan and Rilsan fiber is handmade in France. $322. To order at T & K French Antiques, NYC (212) 219-2472.



Painted Windsor tavern chair, [with] seat height of 26¼ inches, in [maple], pine, and oak. $523. At Bar[nes] Sharpe, NYC (212) 925-95[..]

The right lighting, hardware, and seating are as essential to a comfortable and workable kitchen as the right spices are to good food: they accent the major elements and help define the personality of the room and of the cook



...er Jensen's Orbiter light in ...iz steel is made in Denmark ... Lis Poulsen. $340. At the ...ght Center, NYC. For other ...res (305) 625-1009.



Ribbed-glass hanging lamps, c. 1902, 20 inches in diameter, use conventional bulbs or halogens. $900 ea. At Urban Archaeology, NYC (212) 431-6969.



Robert Sonneman's New Age halogen light for George Kovacs combines glass and copper-finished metal. $825. For dealers (718) 628-5201.



Brian Donovan's spun aluminum Metro 1800 fixture was designed for a Chicago restaurant. $280. For dealers (607) 539-7089.



...Collicott's animals, 6½–8 ...es long, are sand-cast ...minum. $34–$38 ea. ...order (213) 876-5112.



Rocks served as models for Modern Objects's antiqued brass-plated knobs, 2–4 inches in diameter. $16.50 ea. For dealers (203) 845-0331.



Michael Aram's stylized utensil pulls, 4½–5 inches long, are handmade in India of sand-cast bronze. $36 for 3. For dealers (914) 232-7465.



Baldwin Hardware's brass pulls, *left,* ¾–1¼ inches in diameter. At Simon's. For other stores (215) 777-7811. From $5.50, ea. *Right:* Philippe Starck's aluminum pulls or hooks, 1¼ inches in diameter. $150 for 4. At Modern Age, NYC (212) 674-5603.



..., c. 1920, 26 inches high, ...n with hooked seat cover. ...75 in muslin. At Gomez ...ics., NYC (212) 288-6856.



The Mobius III chair, with a seat height of 30 inches, blends leather with steel. $750. From Cy Mann International. For dealers (212) 758-6830.



Dakota Jackson's Saturn stool, with an anodized aluminum base, adjusts from 21 to 28 inches. $3,291. To the trade; for showrooms (212) 838-9444.



Studio X chair, with a 25-inch seat height, has raffia upholstery. $1,135. To the trade at Donghia; for showrooms (800) 366-4442.

Inspirations

Leslie Land asked three dozen professional cooks, restaurateurs, food writers, and the like about their favorite sources, coast-to-coast, for old and new cooking equipment and vintage stoves. Their recommendations, listed alphabetically:

WHERE THE EXPERTS SHOP

For Cooking Equipment

Avery Restaurant Supply
905 East 2 St.
Los Angeles, CA 90012
(213) 624-7832
The professional's favorite for quality, price, and comprehensiveness, from old standards to the latest thing. Focus is on restaurants, not home kitchens, but members of the public are welcome.

Bridge Kitchenware
214 East 52 St.
New York, NY 10022
(212) 688-4220
The precursor. Huge selection of professional equipment, much of it French or Italian. Retinning service. The store of both first resort and last hope. Catalogue $3, which is applicable toward first order.

Chef's Cordon Bleu Warehouse
926 Broadway St.
Redwood City, CA 94063
(415) 364-3604
Discounted prices on everything from Traulsen refrigerators and commercial ranges for home use to garlic presses. Also, a San Carlos warehouse full of items for the tabletop.

Cookin'
339 Divisadero St.
San Francisco, CA 94117
(415) 861-1854
"All the stuff your mother won't give you," says owner Judith Kaminsky. European and American items from the 1950s and '60s, like heavy-gauge Revere Ware, Waring blenders, serving pieces.

The Cook Shop
7251 Southwest 57 Ct.
Miami, FL 33143
(305) 667-5957
Everything from eats to appliances in south Florida, where pickings in the kitchen department have been notoriously slim.



Vintage meat grinders and whisks at Cookin' in San Francisco.

TOP: ALAN WEINTRAUB

Dean & DeLuca
560 Broadway
New York, NY 10012
(800) 221-7714
Famous for its edibles, D&D also offers a serious assortment of high-quality cookware, utensils, cookbooks, baskets, and serving pieces. A browser's delight, but not for the faint of pocketbook. Catalogue ($2) and mail order available.

Fante's Cookware
1006 South 9 St.
Philadelphia, PA 19147
(800) 878-5557
A Philadelphia institution with customers worldwide.



A melon patch in its glory on Melopepo Belgian linen, to the trade at Carleton V. For showrooms (212) 355-4525.

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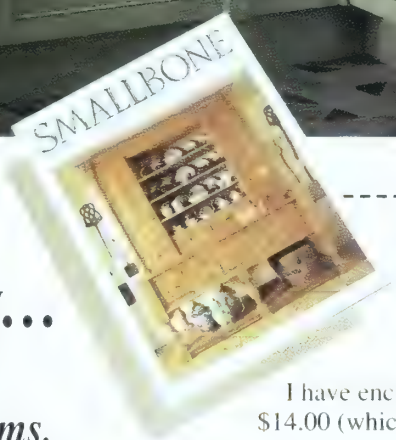
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Famous for museum quality early kitchenware, especially iron and hearth cookery items from the 18th and early 19th centuries. A wide range of items at a wide range of prices, with emphasis on the high end.

Kitchen Glamor
26770 Grand River Ave.
Redford, MI 48240
(313) 537-1300
Proprietary copper cookware made in France for the store, large selection of new cookbooks, plus the full range of impedimenta, including gadgets, small appliances, and a well-stocked cake-decorating department.

Lucullus
610 Chartres St.
New Orleans, LA 70130
(504) 528-9620
European antiques from the 18th and 19th centuries, all related to eating and drinking: paintings, utensils, porcelain, pottery, lighting, plus the dining tables to put it all on and the armoires to store everything handsomely away.

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3244 Raleigh Ave.
Minneapolis, MN 55416
(800) 328-6722
Everything you ever wanted for cake decorating and candy making, as well as a very great deal you never dreamed existed. The 192-page catalogue ($2) contains approximately 8,000 items; retail outlets list most of the highlights.

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5414 Southwestern Ave.
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Gas ranges from before 1950, repaired, restored, and sold. Some sell for up to $7,000—"and if something lasts for sixty or seventy years with hard use and still sells for that much, it tells you something," says Antique Stove Heaven's Winsor Williams.

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Box 2048
Thorndike, ME 04986
(207) 568-3665
Anything in older stoves—wood, gas, and all the permutations thereof—mostly pre-1940. Some 250 stoves (including those intended primarily for heating) are usually on the floor. Catalogue available.

Erickson's Antique Stoves
2 Taylor St.
Littleton, MA 01460
(508) 486-3589 by appt.
The old stove as art. Restoration and sales of late 19th and early 20th century wood burning ranges and gas stoves. Prices about the same as those of high-quality modern equipment.

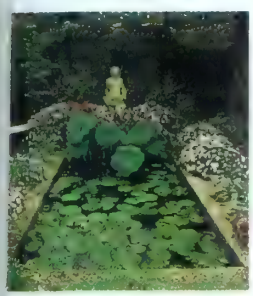
Green Grocer wallpaper by Motif Designs to the trade at Sonia's Place, NYC, or call (914) 633-1170.

BURNING QUESTION

Pretend your kitchen is going to be destroyed and you will have to start over from scratch. What single item would you take with you?

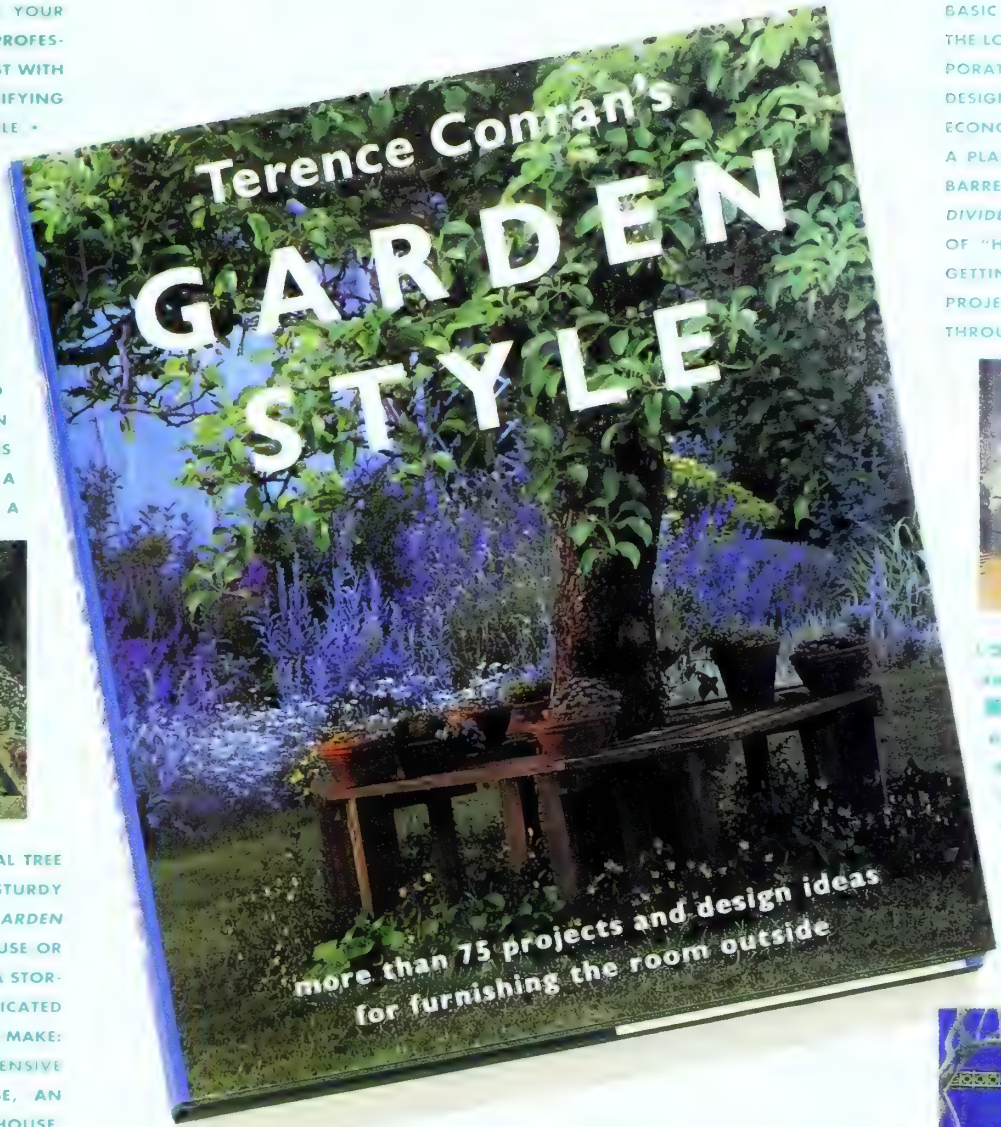
NORMAN VAN AKEN (A Mano, Miami; *Feast of Sunlight*) is undecided: "Either the ancient yellow saltcellar my grandmother brought from New York to Illinois or my favorite hundred-year-old balsamic vinegar. I drilled a tiny hole in the cork and I shake it out drop by drop." **JULIA CHILD** (*The Way to Cook*) says, "I might take my KitchenAid-K5A mixer—and I would definitely gather up my knives." **PATRICIA WELLS** (*Simply French*) doesn't hesitate. "My old oak cooling rack. It's probably German, from a pastry shop. It's just big enough for a loaf of bread, and it's always right out on a shelf where I can get at it." **LEO LERMAN** (editorial adviser, Conde Nast Publications) wants, from the kitchen he shares with Gray Foy, the antique majolica monkey who "dangles from the center of the sixteen-foot ceiling and looks wherever he pleases." From the kitchen shared by **MARK PEEL** and **NANCY SILVERTON** (Campanile and La Brea Bakery, Los Angeles) expect the salvage of his knives, "the ones I've collected over the years," and her Brazilia espresso machine: "It has good power; you can make coffee and steam milk at the same time." **CHARLIE TROTTER** (Charlie Trotter's, Chicago) is taking his espresso machine, too, an old-fashioned brass La Pavoni, because "it's an aesthetic pleasure to work with. I love the ritual: grinding the beans, waiting, smelling the coffee. It's twenty minutes of joy." Beauty comes first for **LYDIA SHIRE** (Biba, Boston) who's taking her collection of Murano glassware—"the colors are wonderful." **MOLLY O'NEILL** (food columnist, *The New York Times*) gave a wistful glance at her blue Hobart mixer but decided on the antique botanicals from the Paris flea market. **GENE HOVIS** (creative director, Macy's Marketplace) wants his razor knife. **EMERIL LAGASSE** (Emeril's, New Orleans; *Emeril's New New Orleans Cooking*) wants all his knives. So do **JACK McDAVID** (Jack's Firehouse, Philadelphia) and **JIMMY SCHMIDT** (Rattlesnake Club and Buster's Bay, Detroit), who keeps his in a palomino-skin knife roll and explains, "You really get used to the weights and balances of the knives you use all the time." You get used to your spoons, too, says **LAURA SHAPIRO** (senior writer, *Newsweek*; *Perfection Salad*): "My short old wooden spoon couldn't be replaced—no good wooden spoon can be replaced; the new ones are so pale and flimsy. I use that spoon for everything, love the way food tastes on it. Until you asked, I didn't realize it's the thing that makes me feel at home in the kitchen." **JULEE ROSSO** (The Wickwood Inn, Michigan; *The Silver Palate Cookbook*) says she "can't feel at home without my Champion juicer. I use it every day." **MARGARET VISSER** (*Much Depends on Dinner: The Rituals of Dinner*) will tear from the windowsill her two pots of special ivy, "one from Dante's tomb in Ravenna, the other from Saint Mark's cemetery in Vienna where Mozart is buried." The import's much closer to home for **DEAN FEARING** (The Mansion on Turtle Creek, Dallas; *Dean Fearing's Southwest*

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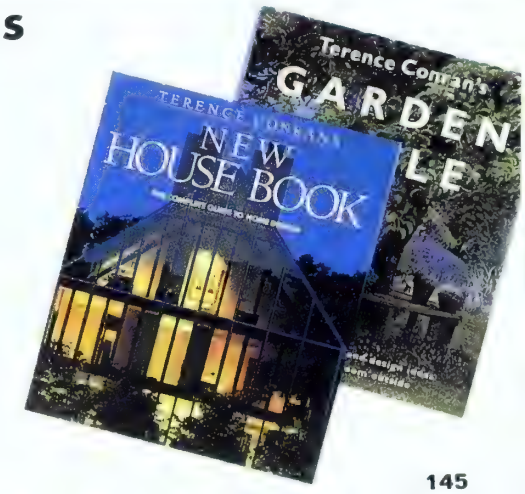
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Inspirations

EXPERTS' CHOICES: Appliances

HG asked more than forty designers from across the country to list the appliances that they would use in a dream kitchen. Among their favorite brands:

STOVES **Viking** was the designers' number-one choice. "It has the look, shape, form, and quality of the professional range without the disadvantages," explains New York kitchen specialist Florence Perchuk. "You get the larger grates and higher burners without having to install additional fireproofing or a water-activated hood, both of which are required by most codes."

COOKTOPS **Gaggenau** and **Thermador** tied, with the **GE** Monogram line close behind. Gaggenau cooktops, says kitchen designer Robert Schwagerl, are easy-cleaning and compact, with room for a drawer underneath. Thermador cooktops have similar virtues, he says, although the commercial model is too deep to allow for a drawer. Beverly Ellsley, whose Westport, Connecticut, firm specializes in kitchens, prefers GE's component system for its looks and flexibility—a two-burner unit is interchangeable with a griddle or grill.

OVENS **Thermador,** once again, followed by **Gaggenau.** Michael De Giulio of De Giulio Kitchen Designs in Chicago says Thermadors are "best for their flush design, great wide interior space, and flexibility: regular oven and convection."

REFRIGERATORS **Sub-Zero**—"the vault," as one designer dubs it—was named the most popular built-in for its wide variety of sizes and its ability to fit into the overall design.

SINKS **Franke** won the largest following for what De Giulio calls the "clean simple lines" of its stainless-steel sinks, particularly the undermounted system that allows water on the counter to flow easily into the sink. **Elkay** also has a good many boosters. "In stainless steel, Elkay is one of the best names, and it's generally less pricey," says Jack Bales of McBride & Associates Architects in New York.

DISHWASHERS **Miele** and **KitchenAid** attracted the most positive comment. The German-made Miele—along with another European make, **Asko**—is said to be blessedly quiet, while KitchenAid's reported strengths are reliability and value.

EXTRAS To make the dream kitchen complete, our experts suggest: **Wine Cooler** by **Traulsen** or—for those like Schwagerl, who insists that coolers "are not to be seen"—**U-Line,** which can be built into an undercounter cabinet. **Pizza Oven** by **Gaggenau, Bakers Pride,** or **Renato. Indoor Barbecue** by **Gaggenau** (electric) or **Thermador** (gas), both of which feature the lava rocks that assure barbecue flavor. **Warming Drawer** by **Toastmaster** or **Thermador** to warm plates or whole dinners, since even the best cook does not always have perfect timing.

Anne Foxley

Cuisine), who is rescuing a jar of fellow Texan Warren Clark's barbecue sauce: "I can't light up the grill without it—and maybe a small bottle of the Mexican habanero sauce Mark Miller turned me on to." What **ELI ZABAR** (E.A.T., New York) needs is people: "I'd take my wife, Devon Fredericks, or my friend David Ziff. No, really, ninety-five or ninety-eight percent of my cooking is done with one or the other and it's the only cooking I really enjoy. As I've gotten older, I do less and less by myself. I hardly pick up a knife." **LAURIE COLWIN** (*Home Cooking*) picks up her knives at flea markets, cheap—"I never pay more than three bucks"—and would flee with her favorite, a bone-handled Victorian number with a carbon-steel blade. No telling how much **YANNICK CAM** (Yannick's, Alexandria) paid for the "absolutely fantastic" Japanese knives he'd rescue, but they're from the atelier of a samurai sword maker and had been displayed in the shop on velvet, like a set of diamonds. The jewel for restaurant designer **ADAM TIHANY** (Remi, New York; Gundel, Budapest) is the telephone: "No, I'm definitely taking the telephone. It's the only thing that saves your life." Unfortunately, Delta Air Lines lost the favorite knives of **TOM NEY** (food editor, *Prevention*), so now he'd take his big enameled cast-iron pot, though the "food is more important to me than the equipment I use." Important means different things to **JANE** and **MICHAEL STERN** (*American Gourmet; Roadfood*). He insists on taking his little jar of habanero paste, but she's saving the threadbare copy of *The Settlement Cookbook* which has her mother's annotations in it. A sharpening steel that belonged to his father goes with **CARLO MIDDIONE** (Vivande, San Francisco; *The Food of Southern Italy*): "It's fourteen inches long, with a wonderfully turned wooden handle. When I took it to be regrooved after seventy years, the company wanted to buy it back, but I wouldn't part with it." **NACH WAXMAN** (Kitchen Arts & Letters bookstore, New York) plans to grab his marble mortar and pestle since "I hardly make a meal without using it." **EDNA LEWIS** (Gage & Tollner, New York; *In Pursuit of Flavor*) also leans on "my mortar and pestle, the kind the Africans use, with crockery lines on the bottom for a better grip." **CHARLES PERRY** (food writer, *Los Angeles Times*) is keeping his grip on "a square-ended paring knife. The handle got scorched and now it's taken on the shape of my hand—like those pets that come to resemble their owners." For similar reasons **HAROLD McGEE** (*On Food and Cooking; The Curious Cook*) is taking his cast-iron pans. "It's taken quite a while to get them to their present place," he says. "That sort of thing you can't buy." **MADHUR JAFFREY** (*Indian Cookery*) will take the volcanic-granite grinding stone her mother gave her when she left India thirty years ago: "For grinding small amounts of spices, no blender will do." Rural dweller **ED BEHR** (editor, *The Art of Eating* newsletter) opts for his hand-cranked Tre Spade coffee grinder "in case of a power outage. It's shiny iron painted the green of old country furniture, with a brass-plated globe to hold the coffee." **DEBORAH MADISON** (*The Greens Cookbook; The Savory Way*) keeps her coffee in a bright yellow olive jar that's "so cheerful I'd hate to lose it. But oh, the ceramic strainer from the flea market in Nice! It has an orangy glaze and crude holes, and with fruit it makes beautiful still lifes."

Leslie Land

Where to find it

OOD/PRESENTS

age 60 4½-qt steel **mixer** with stainless-steel owl, by KitchenAid, at Williams-Sonoma, to der (800) 541-2233, for other dealers (800) 22-1230 Heavy-gauge steel nonstick **Bundt an,** by Kaiser La Forme, at Williams-Sonoma ee above); for other stores, (800) 966-3009 luminum nonstick **Bundt pan at rear,** by Nordic Vare, at Williams-Sonoma (see above); for other tores (800) 328-4310 Wooden **spoons,** $3 50 5 50, at Williams-Sonoma (see above) Sussex ooden **trugs,** $59 1½-gal size (not shown), $69 gal size, to order from Smith & Hawken, (415) 83-2000, catalogue available **Seeds:** to order om the Cook's Garden, Londonderry (802) 824-400, catalogue available; Shepherd's Garden eeds, Felton (408) 335-6910, catalogue vailable. Claw steel **weeder** with wood handle, 9.95, from the Kinsman Garden Co , to order 800) 733-5613, catalogue available Derby orcelain **cake stand,** c 1800, $750, at Bardith, NYC (212) 737-3775 CushionAire insulated luminum **cookie sheet,** by WearEver, at Williams-Sonoma (see above) and other gourmet nd department stores Timer 60', by DAS, $17.50, wood-handled stainless-steel **spatula,** $14, French **baker's parchment paper,** $3 50 10 heets, at Williams-Sonoma (see above) **Basket,** o order at Dean & DeLuca (800) 221-7714 Grappa Italian ceramic salad **bowl,** at Wolfman-Gold & Good Co., NYC (212) 431-1888

STYLE

Page 64 Buckingham Palace **cookware,** c 1840, at Bulgari, 730 5th Ave , NYC (212) 315-9000 Naturalia Collection Snail **brooch,** ancient **coin ring,** Naturalia Collection Tulip **cuff bracelet,** Onda wavelike sterling **dish,** at Bulgari, NYC, Aspen, Bal Harbour (opens in Dec), Los Angeles, San Francisco



SWEDISH COUNTRY STYLE

Pages 68–77 Weekly **auctions,** international antiques and art auction every March and October, and special antique textile auctions, at Uppsala Auktionskammare, Kungsgatan 70, 753–21 Uppsala, Sweden, (18) 12-12-22

SHOWING HER COLORS

Pages 78–83 Architecture and **decoration,** by Alison Spear of Alison Spear, AIA, 636 Broadway #1007, New York, NY 10012, (212) 254-2406 **Paintings, drawings,** similar at Bridgewater Lustberg Gallery, NYC (212) 941-6355 **78–79** Exposé stained-maple/glass **coffee table,** PastPerfect I upholstered **armchair** in French wool felt, raw-steel **stacking chair** with woven raffia upholstery, **ottomans** in purple and gold douppioni silks, bamboo **standing lamp** with woven raffia shade, silk-upholstered **mirror,** Track douppioni silk **pillow on daybed,** Pom Pom



douppioni silk **pillow on armchair,** all by Alison Spear and Sabrina Schilcher for Candide, Block wool handwoven **chain-stitch rug,** by Judy Ross for Candide, all to custom order at Candide, 720 Greenwich St #6D, New York, NY 10014, (212) 206-0309 **79** Wool plaid **pantsuit,** from Emporio Armani's fall winter collection, at Emporio Armani boutiques, NYC, Boston, Costa Mesa, Honolulu, San Francisco, Toronto **80** Encaustic **wall coating,** by Modeworks, NYC (212) 226-4079 Consulat mahogany **chairs** with gold-leaf appliqué, c 1800, similar at Reymer-Jourdan, NYC (212) 674-4470 Stained-maple **dining table, ottomans** in gold and purple douppioni silks, both by Spear and Schilcher for Candide, Zig wool handwoven chain-stitch **rug,** by Judy Ross for Candide, all to custom order at Candide (see above) 19th-century Portuguese **gilt mirror,** similar at Cobweb, NYC (212) 505-1558 **81** Le Corbusier **lounge chairs,** to the trade at Atelier International, NYC, Chicago, Houston, Los Angeles 18th-century Philippine mahogany mother-of-pearl **storm windows,** similar at Tucker Robbins, NYC (212) 832-3092 by appt Entrance wool handwoven chain-stitch **rug,** by Judy Ross for Candide, to custom order at Candide (see above) **82** Beauty and the Beast maple **desk** with felt or wood top, Secret gilded birch **stool** with douppioni silk cover, both by Spear and Schilcher, to custom order at Candide (see above) **82–83** Fiori scalloped Egyptian-cotton standard **pillow shams,** at Frette, NYC, Beverly Hills, to special order at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC Custom-color Rowan hand-blocked **wallpaper,** by Joanna Rock, to order at Candide (see above)

THREE GENERATIONS

Pages 84–91 Design, by Kobeou, 675 California St , San Francisco, CA 94108, (415) 394-6090 **Architecture,** by Scott Williams, 1250 45th St , Emeryville, CA 94608, (510) 428-0787 **85** French school **bench,** c 1890, similar at Jernigan Wicker Fine Arts, San Francisco (415) 922-2213 **86** Custom wool **carpet,** by Joy Ou and Bonni Evenson, to order from Kobeou (see above) Sheffield Cotton Chenille **cotton on chairs,** Mohair cotton/mohair **fabric on sofa,** to the trade at Donghia Textiles, for showrooms (800) 366-4442 Diesis leather **daybed** with metal nickel-plated frame, Diesis nickel-plated base **coffee table** with glass top, both by B&B Italia, at Limn, San Francisco (415) 397-7474, for other dealers (800) 872-1697 Metal **floor lamp,** by Mariano Fortuny, from Ecart International, to the trade to order at Pucci International, NYC (212) 219-0142 **87** Painted **iron table** with glass top, **iron chairs,** at the Gardener, Berkeley (510) 548-4545 **88** Thailana silk/wool handwoven fabric **for curtains,** to the trade at Jack Lenor Larsen, for showrooms (212) 674-3993 Profili wood chairs, by Loewenstein, at Limn (see above) Custom cherry **dining table,** custom cherry **sideboard,** by Tim Kobe and Erik Anderson, to order from Kobeou (see above) Custom wool **carpet,** by Ou and Evenson, to order from Kobeou (see above) **89** Lilla Hunter leather/wood **armchairs,** by Philippe Starck for XO, at Limn (see above) Custom **table,** by Kobe and Anderson, to order from Kobeou (see above) **90** Lacquered furniture board **cabinets,** by Muura Me, at Limn (see above) Manilla **cotton on armchair,** by Ligne Roset, at Limn (see above), for other dealers (212) 685-2238 Brandon ashwood **bed** (#4060), by Vermont Tubbs, Hybrid maple **child-size table** (#6020-XOO) and **chairs** (#6010-XOO), by Vermont Precision Woodworks, to order at Such a Business, San Francisco (415) 431-1703 **91** Torso steel/leather **armchair,** by Paolo Deganello for Cassina, at Limn (see above), for other dealers (800) 645-7254 Tavola con Ruote glass-topped **table** on steel/rubber casters, by Gae Aulenti for Fontana Arte, at Limn (see above), for other stores (212) 477-3188 Butterfly rosewood **stool,** by Yanagi for Tendo, at Japonesque, San Francisco (415) 398-8577

THE ART OF ARRANGING

Pages 92–93 1940s French wrought-iron **sconces,** similar at Frederik Bermond, Paris (1) 40-10-15-67 (Fri –Mon) **94** 1920s chrome **standing lamp,** similar at Jean-Michel Merlin, Paris (1) 40-11-39-83 (Fri –Mon) **95** Framed 19th-century architectural **engravings,** similar at Baxter, Paris (1) 45-49-01-34 Rene Drouet 1940s bronze dore **sconces on books,** similar at Patrick Fourtin, Paris (1) 40-10-17-87 (Fri –Mon) **96** Palladian **commode,** by Fornasetti, at Norton Blumenthal, NYC (212) 752-2535 19th-century **embossed prints** of architectural reliefs, similar at Alexandre Biaggi, Paris (1) 42-86-08-40 **97** Félix Aublet nickel-plated **lamp,** 1925, reedition available from Ecart International, to the trade to order at Pucci International, NYC (212) 219-0142 1940s Jansen gold-leafed **candlesticks,** 1940s French velum picture **frame,** similar at Alexandre Biaggi (see above)

MR. BELUSHI GETS HIS DREAM HOUSE

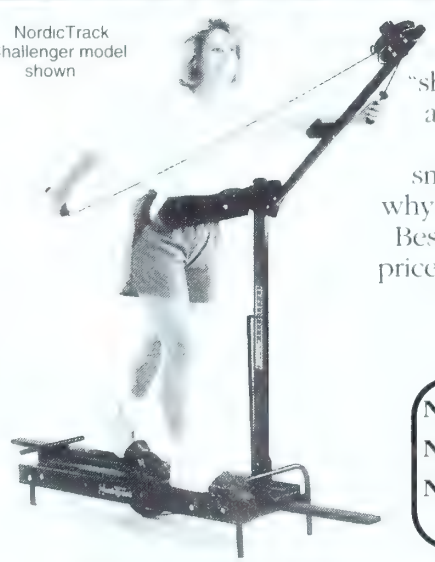
Pages 98–103 Decoration, by Michael S Smith, 8944 Burton Way, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, (310) 278-9046 **99–103 Flowers,** by Shawn Cossette of Eufloria, Santa Monica (310) 828-8122 **99**

Exotic Column (#32979) **cotton on sofa,** to the trade at Clarence House, for showrooms (212) 752-2890. 1920s Murano glass **goblet-vase on coffee table,** similar at J. F. Chen, Los Angeles (213) 655-6310. Late 19th century English majolica **pitcher on coffee table,** late 19th century Pakistani large turned-wood **grain measure (shown as vase),** mid 19th century Provençal glazed pottery **pot à confit at rear,** similar at Antiques by Claude Hubert, Santa Monica (310) 395-5607. **100** Chester Check **cotton for curtains,** by Colefax & Fowler, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout, for showrooms (212) 753-4488. Turkish Star Stripe linen/cotton **fabric on armchair,** at Bennison Fabrics, NYC (212) 941-1212. Standard **armchair** with handmade aged beechwood frame, at George Smith, NYC, for other dealers (212) 226-4747. Empire-style giltwood **mirror over fireplace,** c. 1860, similar at Evans & Gerst Antiques, Los Angeles (310) 657-0112. Seagrass **stair runner,** 13'x1", at Angeles Carpets, Los Angeles (310) 652-3092. **101** Basque **dining table,** c. 1850, similar at Durenberger & Friends, San Juan Capistrano (714) 240-5181. Les Arcades Border Print **cotton for curtains,** Carsten Check **cotton on chairs,** to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, for showrooms (212) 838-7878. Trevor Stripe (#2661) **cotton on bench,** to the trade at Henry Calvin Fabrics, for showrooms (415) 565-1950. French handblown glass **chemist's bottle,** c. 1900, 19th-century English majolica turquoise **jardiniere,** similar at Antiques by Claude Hubert (see above). **102** Louis XIV **chaise,** similar at Evans & Gerst (see above). Mandarin Toile **cotton for balloon shades,** to the trade at Manuel Canovas, for showrooms (212) 752-9588. Sarah Sheer cotton/linen **fabric for curtains,** to the trade at Henry Calvin (see above). Custom paisley **lampshade,** to order at Paul Ferrante, Los Angeles (213) 653-4142. **103** Carsten Check **cotton for curtains,** to the trade at Brunschwig (see above).

A NEW LOOK FOR THE SOUTHWEST

Pages 104–13 Architectural design and **interior decoration,** by John F. Salàdino, Inc., 305 East 63 St., New York, NY 10021; (212) 752-2440. **Contracting,** by J. & C. Builders, 2744 West Osborn Rd., Phoenix, AZ 85017, (602) 257-8123. **106–111 Cantera stone,** from Calduro Natural Stone, San Diego (619) 578-6181. **104–05** Amphora metal **lamp** with green patina and parchment shade, to the trade at Saladino Furniture, NYC (212) 838-0500. Corone (#5051) **cotton for tablecloth,** at Fortuny, NYC, for showrooms (212) 753-7153. Noce **travertine** for fireplace surround, to order at Pride Marble & Granite, Scottsdale (602) 948-3223. **106** Reproduction Regency **barrel-back chairs,** to the trade to order at Smith & Watson, for showrooms (212) 355-5615. **106–07** Wrought-iron **gate,** similar at the Frightened Owl, Santa Fe (505) 983-7607 by appt. Babylon solid camel chenille **throw,** to the trade at Jeffrey Aronoff, for showrooms (212) 645-3155. Bay **sofa at rear,** Tube metal **floor lamp** and **table lamp at entrance,** both with green patina, to the trade at Saladino Furniture (see above). Renshaw (#1028-35) viscose/linen **fabric on rear sofa,** to the trade at Grey Watkins, for showrooms (212) 371-2333. Hermitage (#363-7) directional wool **mohair on high-backed sofa,** to the trade at Joseph Noble, for showrooms (214) 741-8100. Silk Faille (#14900-4) **silk on high-backed sofa pillow,** to the trade at Clarence House, for showrooms (212) 752-2890. Antique Mexican **candlesticks at entrance,** similar at Holler & Saunders, Nogales (602) 287-5153 by appt. **108** Calla **chair,** to the trade at Saladino Furniture (see above). Hatake **cotton on chair,** Versailles acetate **taffeta on pillow,** to the trade at Lee Jofa, for showrooms (201) 438-8444. Pink Juparana Brazilian **granite** for fireplace surround, to order at Pride Marble & Granite (see above). Ducale Velour (#120) grain-sueded **leather on doors,** by Spinneybeck, to order (800) 482-7777. Josephine (#3771-03) iridescent **silk on walls,** to the trade at Gretchen Bellinger, for showrooms (518) 235-2828. **109** Cambridge alderwood base **table** with custom oak herringbone parquet top, to the trade to order at Minton-Spidell, for showrooms (310) 836-0403. Vicenza natural beech **chairs,** to the trade to order at Jack Lenor Larsen, for showrooms (212) 674-3993. Guide Boat (#2523-00) cotton **bouclé on chairs,** to the trade at Gretchen Bellinger (see above). Grigio Sardo Sardinian **granite,** to order at Pride Marble & Granite (see above). Two-burner gas stainless-steel **cooktop** (#VG 223), by Gaggenau, for dealers (617) 255-1766. **110** First Cabin solid teak **deck-top table** (#25) and **chairs** (#SR 203-204), by Kipp Stewart, to the trade to order at Summit Furniture, for showrooms (408) 375-7811.

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(Signed) J. Kevin Madden, Publisher

2 Thassos "A" Greek **marble** for counters and b deck, to order at Pride Marble & Granite (see ove). Roma 5 whirlpool enameled cast-iron **b,** by American Standard, for dealers (800) 1-7700 ext 4023 Ming green Chinese marble **es,** at C. A. International, Kansas City (913) 8-4488. Enameled-steel **sconces,** to the trade Saladino Furniture (see above) Glacé Ice olyester/nylon **fabric for shade,** to the trade at e Jofa (see above). **113** Custom handmade eel four-poster **bed** (#0285), to the trade to der at J. Lambeth & Co., Washington, D C 02) 646-1774. Linen (#1206) **gauze for bed angings,** to the trade at Henry Calvin Fabrics, r showrooms (415) 565-1950. Round-base djustable brass **floor lamp** with dimmer #C1130-F), by Casella, for dealers (415) 626-600 Cylinder burled ashwood **table,** designed y Harry Lawenda, to the trade to order at Villiam Switzer, for showrooms (604) 255-5911 andwoven wool/mohair **rug,** to the trade at aladino Furniture (see above). Natural (#9023) **ilk for bedskirt,** to the trade at Victoria abrics, West Lawrence (718) 327-0210

SEASON'S SETTINGS

Pages 120, 122–23 Flowers, by Blue Meadow lowers, NYC (212) 979-8618 **120** Limoges orcelain **salad plate,** by Lieux, $120, at Henri endel, for stores (212) 247-1100 Botticelli imoges porcelain **dinner plate,** $395 5-pce lace setting, at Bernardaud, NYC (212) 37-7775. Carat gold leaf Limoges porcelain **late shown as charger,** $122, by Philippe eshoulières, for stores (201) 939-4199 Nobel rystal **flute,** $75, by Orrefors, for stores (609) 68-5400. All-purpose **wine and water goblets,** 15 ea, at Wolfman-Gold & Good Co , NYC (212) 31-1888. Chrysanthemum sterling **saltcellar and spoon,** $1,575, sterling **pepper shaker,** 425, sterling dog **candlesticks,** by Tiffany & Co., for stores (800) 526-0649. Opera Star **silk for tablecloth,** to the trade at Christopher Hyland, for showrooms (212) 688-6121 Sophia printed linen **napkin,** by Leslie Pontz, for stores (215) 242-3366. Louis XVI **delft bust,** c. 1770, Russian 18th-century gold on steel **fork** and gold on steel **knife** with chinoiserie blade, $4,800 24-pce set, similar at Willard Vine Clerk, Malden Bridge (518) 766-3650. Garden Room Stripe (#658450) **cotton chintz,** from Waverly, for dealers (800) 423-5881 **121** Antique mercury glass **ornaments,** similar at J. Mavec & Co., NYC (212) 888-8100. Royal Oak Limoges porcelain **plate and bowl,** $750 5-pce setting, by Puiforcat, for stores (201) 939-4199 Moisson **gold-plated flatware,** knife $160, spoon $190, fork $190, by Hermès, for stores (800) 441-4488. Crystal **votive candle holders,** $12 ea, by Iittala, for stores (800) 448-8252; in NY (914) 628-1616. Bellotto handblown **wineglasses,** green $70, red $90. Carmea handblown white **goblet,** $350, both by Bisazza, for stores (800) 398-8071. Smyers handblown **goblets,** at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC (212) 753-7300. Linen **napkin,** by Archipelago, at Barneys New York, for stores (212) 929-9000 Murano crystal **salt and pepper shakers,** $116 pr, to the trade at Cose, Chicago (312) 226-6220 Vieux Paris porcelain **vase,** $450, similar at Willard Vine Clerk (see above) **Flowers,** holly-and-pinecone **napkin ring,** by Deborah Shapiro, NYC (212) 532-2420 **122** Drum Papaya porcelain **plate,** $70 5-pce setting, by Geoffrey Beene for Swid Powell, for stores (212) 753-0606 Talisman lacquered silver-plated **flatware,** $395 5-pce set, by Christofle, for stores (800) 677-7458 Narcisse crystal **wineglass,** $185, by Baccarat, for stores (212) 826-4100 Blue Stem Eon crystal **water glass,** $30 ea, by Sasaki, NYC (212) 686-5080 Acid-washed limited edition glass **vases,** $250, $300, by Gunnel Sahlin Atelier for Kosta Boda, for stores (609) 768-5400 Linen **napkin,** by Archipelago, at Barneys New York (see above) Multicolor **cord napkin ring,** at ABC Carpet & Home, NYC (212) 473-3000 Wax **candles,** by Bernard Roth, for stores (212) 964-0363 Country



Field metal/polymer/ceramic **tiles,** $5 50 ea, by Intaglio, for stores (212) 744-3091 Cristal de Sèvres crystal champagne **flute (shown as vase),** at Daum Boutique, NYC (212) 355-2060 **123** Jardin d'Eden Limoges porcelain **plates with peach border,** $190 5-pce setting, by Haviland Limoges, for stores (212) 826-4100 Blue Raffia ceramic **service plate,** $37, by Fitz & Floyd, for stores (800) 527-5211. Distressed wood **table,** $895, at ABC Carpet & Home (see above) Compote Limoges porcelain oversized **cups and saucers,** by Billy Goldsmith Designs, at Wolfman-Gold & Good Co (see above) American Garden sterling **teaspoons,** $425 5-pce set, by Tiffany & Co. (see above) Hand-painted ceramic flower **plates,** large $85, small $25, pearlized resin **flatware,** by Laure Japy, $225 5-pce set, at Barneys New York (see above) Pressed glass grape-motif **goblets,** $15 ea, link **napkin ring,** $3 50, at ABC Carpet & Home (see above) Checked cotton **napkin,** $14, at Wolfman-Gold & Good Co (see above)

THE PERFECT KITCHEN

New Country Kitchen

Pages 133–36 Architecture, by Gwathmey Siegel & Assocs , 475 10th Ave , New York, NY 10018 (212) 947-1240 **Decoration,** by Stephen Sills of Stephen Sills & Assocs., 204 East 90 St., New York, NY 10028, (212) 289-8180 Beau Harnais French limestone **tiles,** Thassos **marble** for countertops and backsplash, at Southampton Gallery of Marble & Tile, Southampton (516) 283-7525. 9-inch bronze flush-mount **lights on walls,** at Urban Archaeology, NYC (212) 431-6969 **134** Drum **porcelain,** by Geoffrey Beene for Swid Powell, for stores (212) 753-0606 **135** Ultraheavy-gauge stainless-steel **refrigerator** (#UR48HT), by Traulsen & Co , for dealers (800) 825-8220 **Stove,** by Garland Industries, for dealers (800) 257-2643 **136** Cypress Garden china **tea service,** by Justin Terzi for Swid Powell (see above) Superba **dishwashers** (#KUDS220T) with porcelain-on-steel interior, by KitchenAid, for dealers (800) 422-1230 Flip Flop **porcelain,** by Tsao & McKown for Swid Powell (see above) Magnolia Gardens linen/cotton **print on chairs,** to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, for showrooms (212) 838-7878 Oster Classic chrome/glass **blender,** by Osterizer, for dealers (718) 236-5065 Classic 4½-qt steel **mixer** with stainless-steel bowl (#K45SS), by KitchenAid (see above)

A Place for Everything

Page 137 Window **vitrine,** by Walz Design, NYC (212) 229-2299 California **pantry design,** rolling pin **racks,** by Joan Borinstein, Los Angeles (213) 272-4411 Barley Twist pine **cabinet with chicken wire,** by Smallbone, for dealers (215) 750-1928 Full round melamine **lazy Susan** with heavy-gauge steel bars, by Allmilmo, for dealers (201) 227-2502 Felt-lined **cabinet design,** by Odom Stamps of Stamps & Stamps, Los Angeles (213) 933-5698 Felt-lined **cabinet fabrication,** by Gennaro Rosetti Furniture, Los Angeles (213) 750-7794

Small-Space Kitchens

Page 138 Architecture, by Robert McAlpine of Robert Frank McAlpine Architecture, 644 South Perry St., Montgomery, AL 36104, (205) 262-8315 **Range,** by Viking Range, for dealers (601) 455-1200 **Dishwasher,** by KitchenAid, for dealers (800) 422-1230 **Refrigerator** (not shown), by Traulsen & Co , for dealers (800) 825-8220 **139 Architecture** and **decoration,** by Hermes Mallea and Carey Maloney of M (Group), 207 West 86 St #815, New York, NY 10024, (212) 874-0773 **Cabinet fabrication,** by Milton Hadiks Crafted Interiors, Teaneck (201) 833-0761 **Woodwork design,** by Tess Grundon, NYC (212) 274-9764 Marmoleum **linoleum** (#3002), to the trade at Stark Carpet, for showrooms (212) 752-9000 1940s **wallpaper,** similar at Secondhand Rose, NYC (212) 431-7673 **Stove,** by Garland Industries, for dealers (800) 257-2643 **Range hood,** by Viking Range (see above) Potscrubber **dishwasher,** by General Electric, for dealers (800) 626-2000 Single-faucet stainless-steel **sink,** by Elkay, for dealers (800) 223-5529 **Architecture** of Nob Hill kitchen, by Cass Smith of Cass Calder Smith Architecture, 522 Second St., San Francisco, CA 94107; (415) 546-6470 **Design** of Nob Hill kitchen, by Terry Gamble Interiors, 276 Edgewood Ave , San Francisco, CA 94117, (415) 731-8143. Four-burner stainless-steel **cooktop** (#GC), by Dacor, for dealers (800) 793-0093 Single-faucet stainless-steel **corner sink** (#LCCR-3232), by Elkay (see above) Superba Selectra **dishwasher** (#KUDS21S) with porcelain on stainless-steel interior, by KitchenAid (see above) Stainless-steel **oven/microwave** (#CMT), by Thermador, for dealers (213) 562-1133

ALL PRICES APPROXIMATE

Showing Her Colors

(Continued from page 82) know who trusts operates as an architect and a decorator all at once," says Balazs, who bravely collaborated with her in knocking down a few walls. "Her approach is that everything is OK to try. She's immensely playful, very self-confident. She just jumps into these things and makes successes of them." These days Spear is acting on her social conscience, too. In their spare time she and the other architects in the CDC group have been drawing up blueprints for a plan to revamp the Ebling Brewery on a 2.33-acre site in the Bronx to provide three hundred family-size units.

All of a sudden there's some commotion in Jeremy's room. We hurry through the bookcases which make up his walls. ("Books are the best sound insulation.") But by the time we arrive Jeremy's nanny has already smoothed his upset and returned to a telephone conversation across the room. "I totally disagree with anyone who tells me budget relates to aesthetic," Spear goes on, picking up on a lost point about her elegant flea market sensibility. "It's a challenge to make something work with less money. It's like a puzzle. You fit the pieces in." Exhibit A is Jeremy's crib, ordered from a hotel supply catalogue. "It was only a hundred dollars," says Spear proudly. "*And* it's on wheels." Then she fusses with an armful of Salvation Army mosquito netting so that it falls over her son, asleep in his chromed-steel crib, as gracefully as if it were a lace mantilla. ▲

Teapots

(Continued from page 117) of pottery—developed in ancient Rome and all the rage in classically minded, natural-history-besotted eighteenth-century England—made by layering clays of different colors to simulate the elaborate veining of hard stone. The Weinstocks own one of the largest-known agateware pots as well as possibly the smallest, a so-called one-dish teapot. The agate designs could fool an untutored eye into pegging them as early twentieth century art pottery.

In the molding and decoration of teapots, nothing mundane was used when the exotic or romantic would do, and every effort was made to create vessels that looked like anything they were not. The Weinstocks' undecorated white salt-glaze ware—their thin, slightly pitted surfaces the result of salt thrown into the kiln while firing at the highest temperature—takes the shapes of squirrels, hearts, even manor houses, with serpents for spouts, dogs for knops (the Dutch word is used for the finials on lids), and leafy tendrils and bunches of grapes in relief winding over the bodies. The more distant the climes the better for inspiring the Weinstocks' pearlware pot resembling a Persian pavilion, their polychrome salt-glaze replica of Chinese export porcelain, their pots citing Greek mythology with transfer-printed huntresses and temples. In an effort to imitate the patterns of more princely silver vessels, pots were given lion's-head knees and paw-shaped feet.

Like a latter-day Venus rising, Bonnie Prince Charlie tops a pecten shell on an enameled salt-glaze pot that is just one of many manufactured for Jacobite supporters of the Stuart cause and its heartthrob leader. One of the more imaginative ways of sporting the tartan was on a plaid teapot. The decoration on the Weinstocks' unusual checked pot embodies the whimsicality that snares them every time. "We're drawn to naive, folksy things," says Judie. "I like the fact that these pots look handmade." Sometimes the artisans she admires would let loose on pots whose decorations, like the tartan, are so stylized or abstract Motherwell or de Kooning could have painted them. One fellow (fellows is apparently what they were) covered a pot with feathery curlicues in green, yellow, and red. There's even a whole group of pots designed to look like the geometric chintzes of the time.

Of course, England would not be England without a yen for nature. A full-scale rural idyll, complete with twee cottage, sheltering trees, and rugged yeoman, works its way around a large pot finished off with crabstock, the picturesque form suggested by gnarled branches—and rooted in rococo style—that appears on the handles, knops, and spouts of so much Staffordshire. Whieldon pottery, famous for its lovely subtle glazes, went this one better, with fruit- and vegetable-shaped teapots: melons, apples, pears, pineapples, cauliflowers. The connoisseur in Bennett values his melon pot for the precision with which the lid and body match up, since parts often got mixed up during firing.

This is a finicky customer, but for his fiftieth birthday two years ago, Judie knew exactly what to give him. The Weinstocks, their children, and twenty-four of their closest friends, including Philly's own Dr. J., met for a long weekend in England at Cliveden, kicked off with afternoon tea. The invitation had been transfer-printed on teapots, along with a photograph of Bennett. "It was like stepping back into the eighteenth century for the weekend," says Judie. Just the Weinstocks' pot of tea. ▲

Swedish Country

(Continued from page 74) leather-bound natural history books in the library and the scalloped Turkish wedding gowns hanging ready in a guest room are a tribute to bibliophile Claes Rålamb, a counselor to Karl XI, who built the manor and later traveled to Turkey where he made his mark as the first Swede to taste coffee. In honor of Fredrik I's master of the hunt ("a master at hunting mistresses for the king," says Holmberg), who was an avid collector of weapons during his sojourn at Länna, there are three cannons carved above the front entrance and lances leaning against a wall outside the dining room, as if their owners had checked them at the door before going in. The rococo and neoclassical flourishes throughout are an homage to the eighteenth-century steel magnate responsible for updating Länna by redecorating upstairs and down and adding a fashionable mansard roof.

Opposed to handling antiques with urators' white gloves, Holmberg and undquist use eighteenth-century oblets as everyday drinking glasses, ack Chinese export plates in the dishasher, and put up guests in a Gustaian tester bed layered with a 1750 mbroidered spread. They have had to earn how to edit out all but the essentials of modern life and, whenever possible, keep these anachronisms out of eyeshot: their Rolling Stones and Steppenwolf albums are stashed in a medieval iron safe near the front door.

Throughout the year the couple give elaborate parties, including a New Year's Eve ball with a chamber orchestra and an entirely candlelit Gustavian dinner attended by hoopskirted guests. It's unlikely, however, that the manor house has ever seemed as festive as it did at their midsummer seventies-theme night. Posing as members of the Top 40 band Abba, in blond shag wigs and leather bell-bottoms, the hosts did the bump while the chandeliers swayed to blaring disco. ▲

Gentleman's Garden

Continued from page 129) "hung" with garlands, and the ranks of hemlock obelisks in the Terrace Garden next to he house are as elegant as any Italianspired effort in France or Holland. Here too the eye is distracted by the iew through more sheared windows of meadows tumbling down from hickets of oak and hickory.

In his waning years Ladew, who nevr married, gathered friends and relaives and asked them to create a foundation to keep the garden going after his death. Today a staff of five full-time gardeners works under the director, Lena Caron, and fund-raising enterprises include a benefit point-to-point race in April, open-air concerts, and rent from two polo fields on the 250-acre estate.

A visitor is asked what he likes most about the gardens. Everything, is the answer: the rhythm and counterpoint, the crafted moments of anticipation and surprise, the balance between man and nature. It is a composition analogous to fox hunting, indeed to Harvey Ladew's whole life: an exercise in daring, grace, and skill within strongly drawn lines of behavior. Ladew entered the world before the Gay Nineties and left it in the wake of the Age of Aquarius—and was happy to do so. He saw civilization unraveling before him. Young women in the hunt, he complained, tipped back their bowlers irreverently. His grandmother's Madison Avenue brownstone housed an establishment advertising the Whamburger. Perhaps if he could return to see his garden in its renewed splendor, he would want to linger. Even those of us who never knew him would wish that too. But the overriding sentiment is relief that Harvey Ladew never got around to that desk job. ▲

For visitors information: Ladew Topiary Gardens, 3535 Jarrettsville Pike, Monkton, MD 21111; (410) 557-9570. The gardens are open until Dec. 6; the house will be decorated for the holidays and open Dec. 11–13.

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Gandee AT LARGE

Joy to the world

This is a story about five women and two men who live and work in three neighboring houses on Fulton Street in San Francisco. Their names are Sheila, Laverne, Jeannie, Cathy, Marie, Bill, and Jim, and they are, depending on who's doing the talking about them, either special, disabled, retarded, or handicapped.

I know of these seven women and men, who together form a family that is both unlike any other family and exactly like any other family, because last July a whirlwind of a woman named Joy Venturini Bianchi swept into my office in New York and began pulling little velvet stuffed animals out of bags. In the somewhat chaotic show-and-tell that followed, I was informed that the animals covering my desk were Christmas tree ornaments, that they had been designed by *Pee-wee's Playhouse* costume designer Max Robert, who died of AIDS, and that they had been made by the aforementioned group of people whom my visitor couldn't mention without getting misty-eyed. I was also informed that for the fourth year the animals were to be featured in the Christmas windows of Tiffany's in San Francisco, but that if I wanted one, they were only for sale from a shop in Ghirardelli Square (Helpers Homes Bazaar, 415-387-3031). It all happened very fast. And then Joy Venturini Bianchi gathered her little animals and was gone.



"I have never been to a place where people are happier," said Rose Kennedy

After the visit a somewhat formal note arrived: "The young ladies and gentlemen at Helpers Homes look forward to touring you through our home, activity program, and Ghirardelli Square store when you are in San Francisco." Since San Francisco is but a plane ride away from New York, and since Christmas comes but once a year, I went to San Francisco.

The original idea, as conceived in 1953, was to teach Christian doctrine to the mentally retarded so that they could get into heaven. It was a controversial concept for its time, just as it surely would be for our time (though for different reasons), but it was the brainchild of a nun—Sister Miriam Auxilium—and for nuns special dispensation for controversial concepts has traditionally been granted. So Sister Miriam marshaled her forces by enlisting volunteers from the captive audience of San Francisco's Convent of the Sacred Heart. An early convert to the cause was Joy Venturini, who in 1953 was fifteen.

In the intervening forty years, Joy Venturini kept at it, ultimately becoming the group's director. "I wanted to give other people what my parents gave me—a home in every sense of the word," she said by way of explaining her life's work. Which, and it's as simple and remarkable as that, explains the palpable warmth in the trio of houses where I met Sheila, Laverne, Jeannie, Cathy, Marie, Bill, and Jim, who all stopped work on their Christmas animals to greet me en masse. "Hello, Charles," said Cathy, whose task it was to open the front door. "Welcome to Helpers Homes." And then, having delivered her line perfectly, Cathy sighed, visibly pleased with her success. It was Jim who led me on the promised tour, with Sheila and Cathy, helping to point out the highlights, as they saw them, of the women's home, the men's home, and the communal house, which is where the little animals are made, quilting-bee style, around a big table with everybody sewing and stuffing and suggesting decorative additions to each ornament as it makes its way through each of the various hands. One of the major highlights of the tour, certainly for Jim, was the framed photograph of a smiling Jim alongside a smiling Rose Kennedy, who showed up in the spring of 1968 in a big hat and who said, before leaving: "I have never been to a place where people are happier than at Helpers Homes."

The last stop on the itinerary was the shop where Helpers Homes sell, in addition to the Christmas animals, a variety of donated things in a large space provided rent free. As we arrived, Cathy rushed to position herself near the door, once again the official greeter. Jim, meanwhile, had grabbed a pile of fliers and found his favorite spot on Beach Street where, when I walked down to say good-bye, he was handing out the commercial inducements to anyone who would take one. He was wearing a big floppy hat and a big floppy smile and he was a happy man. "Bye, Charles," he said and then he went on with his business.

Charles Gandee

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